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Everybody's Magazine

June Anniversary Number

MAY 23 1914

All
about Rum
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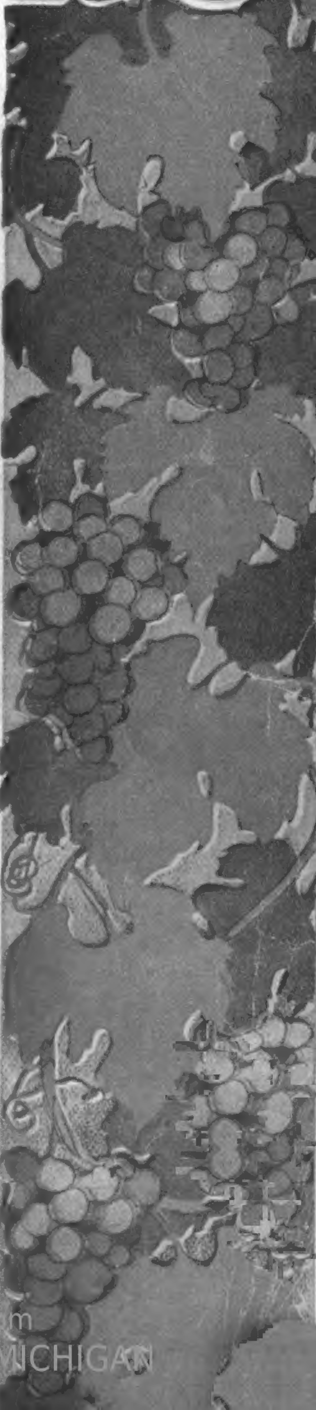
EVERYBODY'S
turn themselves
loose as Editors
and furnish a most
amazing mass of
fact and suggestion
In this Issue



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Everybody's Magazine
VOL. XXX NO. 6
JUNE 1914

WHAT'S WRONG *with* AMERICAN GOLF?

Photograph by Edwin Levick.

by
HARRY VARDON

The great English Golfer explains why American Courses and American Playing are inferior

I VISITED America and made a tour of your golf-courses fourteen years ago. Last summer I returned, and what impressed me most was that during those fourteen years American golf has improved but little.

This is not the fault of your golfers. They have not had the chance. It is the fault of those who are responsible for your courses. Because the American golfer is seldom put to a real test, he has not improved his game to any great extent. You have some good players over here, but they are not trained to play the right way. In other words, America is not getting as much out of its golf as it should. Your golfer can not play a proper game, because his course is not right.

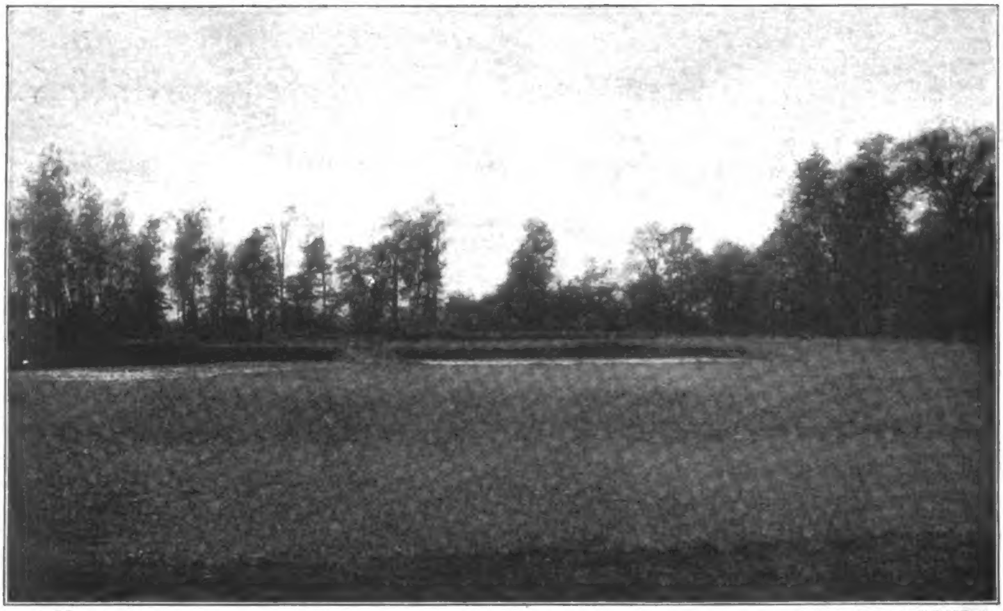
Years ago we faced this same situation in England. Some of us came to realize that if our courses were not made more difficult the skill of our great mass of golfers would not be developed. A general movement was begun to provide severe courses. The poor players in the clubs said they would resign. We told them to go ahead. Then our courses were changed into real links, and the fellows who had threatened to quit were very glad to stay.

To my surprise I saw this all reenacted when the itinerary of our American tour brought Edward Ray and me to Chicago. It seems that the Ravisloe Club was split by an internal fight. One man had determined to give his club a real golf-course, and the membership had taken sides. All the long-handicap men in the club opposed him and threatened to resign. So did others who feared such loss of membership. But the man who foresaw the need of his club obtained the support of the Greens Committee and had the pluck to go ahead. Then, when the work was finished, instead of opposing him longer everybody was delighted. Grumblers and all, they presented him with a big silver loving-cup on the day Ray and I played our match at Ravisloe.

Now that shows what any club could do if it only had the nerve to go ahead and do it. Greens Committees are keeping back the American golfer.

Let me elaborate on this.

The greatest fault of the American golfer



Courtesy of the Detroit Golf Club.

BUNKERS ON THE 10TH HOLE AT THE DETROIT GOLF-COURSE.

is that he plays too much for a "pull." That is, he strives for great distance, lining out a ball that shoots toward the right, then hooks round to the left. He does this because there's nothing to stop him from doing it. When he drives he faces a clear, unobstructed plain. His courses are not bunkered enough. They're too easy. He can "pull" all he wants to and not get into trouble. He isn't playing a proper game, and there's nothing to stop him, for he isn't punished. He plays perfectly rotten golf and then comes up smiling on the green.

VIEW OF HOLE NO. 5 FROM THE TEE, MAYFIELD COURSE, CLEVELAND.

Courtesy of the Mayfield Golf Club.

Photo by Wilson & Thompson.

18TH HOLE AT THE DETROIT GOLF-COURSE.

You have in America about eighteen men who can play really high-class golf. But they've all developed this "pull" game. If they played on one of our good English courses they'd be in trouble all the time. Consider your best golfers who have gone to England. They've all been beaten. The courses have beaten them. Your Americans weren't used to being punished if they "pulled."

It is not in boastfulness, because I am an Englishman, that I say that the two hundred best players of England could beat

VARDON CONSIDERS THIS MAYFIELD COURSE THE SECOND BEST IN AMERICA.

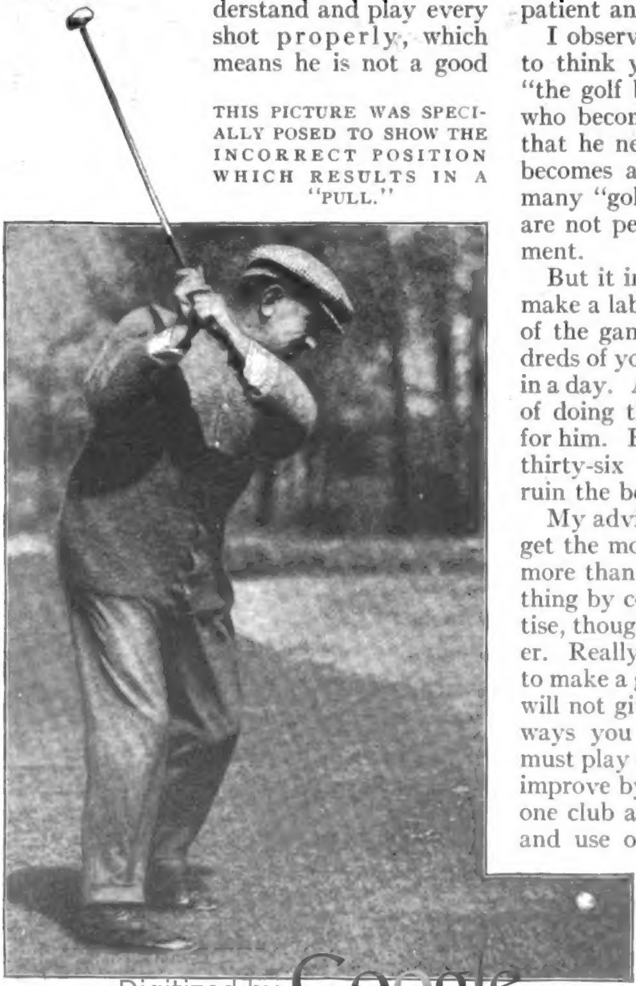
The Green is Marked by an Arrow.

the two hundred best players of America.

I hasten to modify that claim. If such a match were played on your courses, there's no telling how it would come out. You can play any sort of a game over here and make a go of it. I saw it all over the country. Ray and I played on your courses east, south, and west. We formed a good idea of most of your links. On twenty we broke the local records. We played forty-one matches and lost one. The day we lost it was raining and we couldn't see the course—the Wykagyl, at New Rochelle—a strange course to us. We studied your golfers, Ray and I, and reflected upon them, and after a tour that covered your country we agreed that American courses do not make for good golf.

I'll tell you why. Your opponent may be a man who doesn't understand and play every shot properly, which means he is not a good golfer. He can play badly, pull his shots terribly, and yet be able to come up to the green all smiles. Likely as not he'll halve the hole with you. His poor playing, his pulling, will not have been penalized.

Photo by Edwin Levick.



THIS PICTURE WAS SPECIALLY POSED TO SHOW THE INCORRECT POSITION WHICH RESULTS IN A "PULL."

It is my observation that golf is no longer the game of the few in America. Because of your public links everybody can play it to-day. That is good. Nowadays you have just as many young boys playing golf as we have in England. Thirteen years ago you had scarcely any. It has been called to my attention that your young men, because of their youth and suppleness, are invariably better players than those of middle age. That is all nonsense. I took pains to observe both types of players all over the country, and the middle-aged man plays just as good a game as the young fellow. Often, in fact, better, because he is more patient and studies the game more.

I observed too that you Americans seem to think you possess an exclusive species, "the golf bug." By that I mean the man who becomes so fascinated with the game that he neglects his business, and his wife becomes a "golf widow." Well, we have many "golf bugs" over in England. They are not peculiar to the American temperament.

But it impressed me that you Americans make a labor of golf. You make hard work of the game. You overdo it. I saw hundreds of you go out and play forty-five holes in a day. An Englishman would never think of doing that. He'd know it wasn't good for him. He'd know that to play more than thirty-six a day—and that rarely—is to ruin the benefits golf gives you.

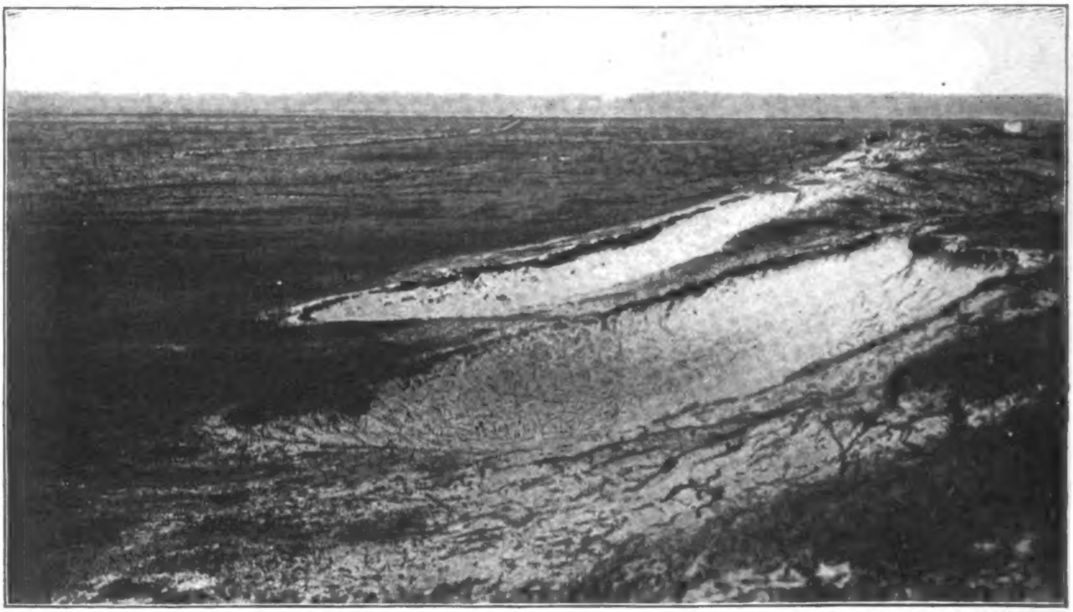
My advice to the American who wants to get the most good out of golf, is to *practise* more than he *plays*. You never learn anything by constant playing. Constant practise, though, will make any one a good player. Really, it's surprising how little it takes to make a great player. But you Americans will not give up your time to practise. Always you must face an opponent. You must play the game to win. Now you never improve by doing that. You ought to take one club at a time and go out on the links and use only that club. Knock the ball from one hole to the other, but always with the same club, brassey, cleek, or mashie. Study your clubs. Get acquainted with them, master

Photo by Edwin Levick.

"CHICK" EVANS, WHOM VARDON CONSIDERS THE BEST AMERICAN AMATEUR.

HARRY VARDON, AT THE BALTUSROL COURSE, 1913. VARDON IS REGARDED AS THE WORLD'S GREATEST GOLF-PLAYER.

Photo by Paul Thompson.

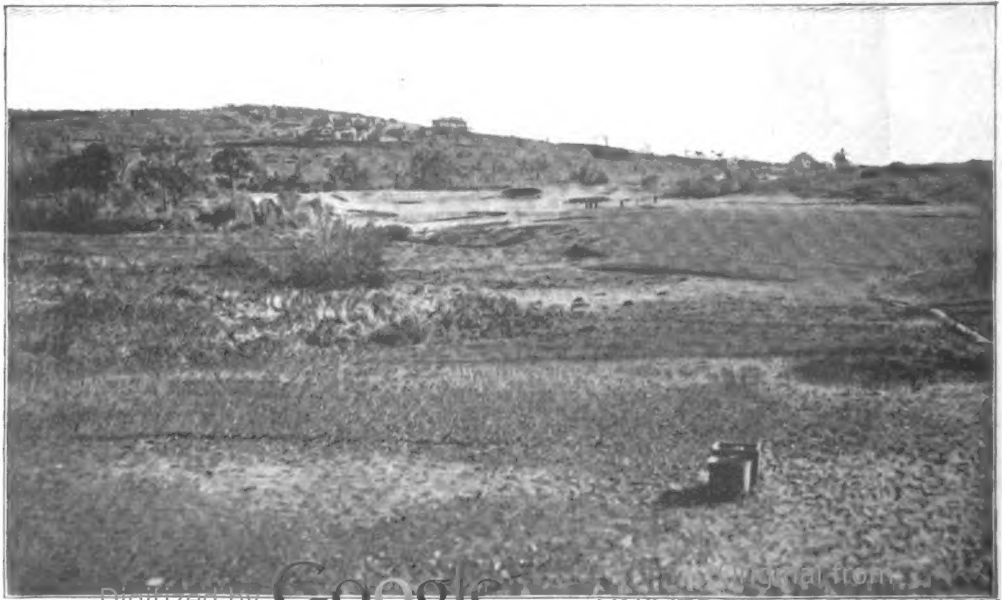


Courtesy of "The American Golfer."

LARGE BUNKER GUARDING THE 8TH GREEN AT SANDWICH, ENGLAND.

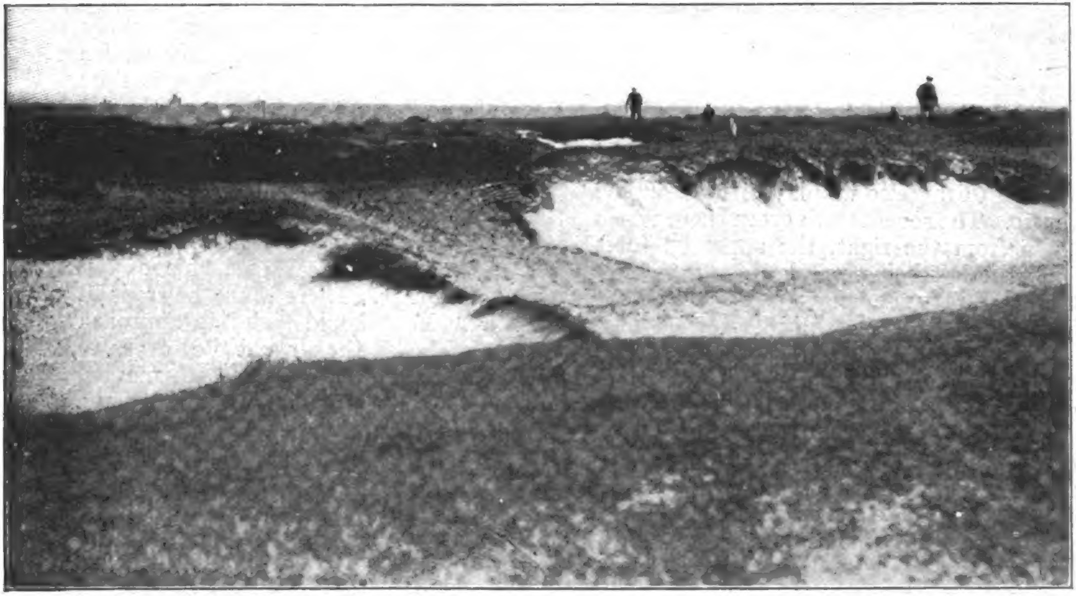
them. You can play golf that way for a while and still get your exercise.

I've noticed that a number of Americans scorn golf form. That is a deplorable mistake. Without form you can never play more than an ordinary sort of game. You may do well for a while, but it's ten to one you go to pieces and drop back to the "duffers" class. As I have said, the greatest weakness of your golfers is that desire for an extremely long ball and a consequent "pull." I might in



VIEW FROM THE 4TH TEE, MYOPIA GOLF LINKS, HAMILTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Courtesy of "Golf" Magazine.



Courtesy of "The American Golfer."

2ND GREEN ON THE SANDWICH COURSE, SHOWING BUNKERS.

connection with that tell you briefly the principles of my own game.

I never try to get length. The 270 to 300 yard drives that Ray makes are simply not my game. All I want is direction. I try to keep the ball from tee to hole as straight as a bullet. I am seldom off the course. I could drive a lot farther if I wanted to. I don't need to because I go straight. People think that Ray takes a fuller swing than I. He doesn't, but he seems to because he hits harder. Now here's a secret of our play:

THE WAVERLEY COURSE AT PORTLAND, OREGON. VARDON PUTTING ON THE 5TH GREEN.

Courtesy of the Waverley Country Club.

Most Americans lay the course of their ball so they work in toward the hole from right to left. Instead, nine times out of ten they should work in from left to right. Hole topography invariably favors the man who doesn't pull but who comes in from the left.

For instance:

In San Francisco we played the Ingleside course. The seventeenth green there slopes down from the right, the approach to it from the left being up-grade. Everybody told us to play the hole from the right, that is, to let our ball take the hill and roll down on the putting green. Instead, we played from the left and ran *up* the hill to the green. They couldn't understand that at all. Maybe they thought we were just pig-headed. But the point was that their balls ran down the hill, thus being likely to roll off the green into a pit. On the other hand, our balls by the time they had climbed the hill were pretty well spent, and just trickled across the grass to the hole. We knew just where they were going to stop; and there you are.

I must say, though, that you Americans are the best putters in the world. Englishmen are the worst; even Frenchmen are better. Everybody putts well on this side. Time and again I saw "100 men" calmly running down fifteen-footers. My advice to anybody whose putting is poor is this: Imagine the hole a foot farther on than it is. Then hit your ball with sufficient force just to reach that imaginary hole.

For approaching, Americans should use the niblick more. Over here too many of you play the "run-up" shot, which is not good golf. On a real golf-course you couldn't do that. There would be traps in the way. You should make an approach that sails high in the air and then drops to the green, thudding into the turf, moving just a few inches when it alights. To make an approach that sends the ball bouncing across the green is bad golf, because it may get you into trouble.

Relative to putting, I suppose I am expected to say something about the Schenectady putter. Well, I think it is sportsmanlike, and that the prejudice in England against it is ill-founded. It isn't the club but the way you hit the ball with that club, and unless you meet the ball properly no club in the world is going to help you.

I think I am going to surprise you now

Courtesy of the Seattle Golf Club.

MATCH BETWEEN VARDON, RAY, JOHNSTONE, AND BARNES, ON THE SEATTLE COURSE. VARDON STANDING AT THE LEFT.

THE 9TH HOLE AT BALTUSROL. RAY PUTTING OUT OF THE POND, AFTER DRIVING 320 YARDS INTO THE WATER. LANDING THE BALL CLOSE TO THE HOLE, HE HOLED OUT IN 3.

Courtesy of "Golf" Magazine.

by saying that I do not consider Ouimet the best golfer you have. He is, of course, very good, and I admire him for his ox heart. That's the kind of a heart a championship golfer should have. Ouimet plays in better style than Travers, but neither one of them is up to "Chick" Evans. Evans I rate the best amateur golfer in America because he understands every shot. He plays every club well. He is easily the best of your amateurs. Ouimet is very good, if he can keep it up, but give me Evans.

Your best professional is McDermott. He improved himself greatly by coming over to England. Our courses made him change his style of play. When he first came over to us he pulled everything. He didn't even qualify. Now he plays everything from left to right, gaging a slice properly, instead of hooking off into bunkers trying to get long balls.

Travers impressed me as being a little weak in controlling his ball from the tee. A golfer who pulls everything and can not use a wooden golf-club off the tee is not a golfer. The man at the top of the list ought to be able to use every club in his bag, not to have to favor one. I saw Travers play only eight shots, and eight were wrong. Of course it must have been an off day. I think he has won the championship so often, though, because he gets his man on match play.

Beyers delivers a lot of good shots, and a lot of bad ones too. We played him at Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and other places. It may be, though, that I saw Beyers, as well as Travers, and some of your other men on off days. We ran across some amateurs who can play the game properly, but they are very scarce. You'd have a lot more good ones if they were only taught properly. The only way a man can become a good player is to watch a good player or consult a professional. A little money spent on a professional will make all the difference in his game. There's nothing in this teaching yourself, in "individual style."

But what impressed me most with American golf is that your courses are inadequate. You can blame them for everything. They're holding back your golfers. Before we went out on our tour, they told us that Myopia, at Hamilton, Mass., and the National, on Long Island, are the two best courses in this country. I played at Myopia, but I don't consider it your best.

Your best course is at Detroit, your next at Mayfield, Cleveland. I would rate the new Toronto course third, Myopia fourth. The Brookline course is not a real championship course. It is like the others. It needs more bunkers. It has some good features, but some that are not so good. It may surprise your satisfied Eastern golfers, but they haven't any putting-greens that can compare with those in the Northwest. The best greens we came across were in Victoria, Vancouver, Portland, and Seattle. I suppose it was the difference in the grass that made them better.

It would seem that good judgment is not used in trapping your courses. Where you have a hundred bunkers on a course, we have a hundred on one hole. You don't penalize the "pull"; you invite it. Then you build a nest of ridiculous hazards. At Myopia, for instance, they have bunkers, but they are in the wrong places. Their other hazards are overdone. I encountered a hole where a ball can get within two yards of the cup only to roll into a bunker. That isn't golf.

I am told that at Englewood they have a big artificial hazard made of boards. That isn't golf, either. Besides, it is dangerous. If a man hits a board, the rebound of the ball is apt to kill him. Bunkers that are boarded are not good.

I am not entirely against the "blind hole," whose flag you can not see from the tee. Some are good, some are bad. It's all a question of their character. Few of your courses have what we call character.

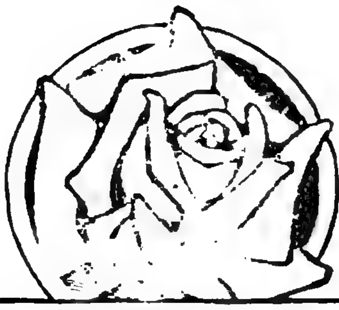
For example, Baltusrol, near Short Hills, New Jersey, has a few holes with real character, and to Americans they are unusual. When Ray and I played there his ball landed in a pond. Of course he played the ball out of the water, sending the spray flying and landing on the green. It amused us the next day when the newspapers went into ecstasies about that shot. It became obvious that it was something an American golfer could not have done. But it was easy for Ray, because in England he'd had to do it a hundred times. So had a hundred other English golfers. Our courses have so many hazards that we are accustomed to them.

Again, at Wykagyl the newspapers thought it wonderful because I approached a green lofting my ball high over a bulwark of trees. The wonderful part about it to me was that I should have been allowed to make such a shot. I had got into trouble, and our rule is "from trouble to trouble." For an Englishman accustomed to having to loft practically every approach, such a shot was very easy.

You don't penalize enough. You ought to have bunkers on every hole guarding every green. Your great public course at Van Cortlandt Park, New York, would be much better if it were bunkered properly. That's why the mass of English golfers is better. Our public courses are bunkered. To be sure, they are the worst links in the country, but then they're better than most of the best private links over here.

For example: We don't consider St. Andrew's a great course. We do think that Sandwich is. It is along the seaside, and unless you can carry 160 to 170 yards you're in trouble all the time. Sandwich is a real golf-course. Some of the people who build your courses might study it.

My advice to the American golfer is to insist that the Greens Committee of his club make his course more difficult. Put in bunkers. Never mind a nest of ridiculous pits; don't overdo them. Instead, line your fairways and guard your greens with bunkers. It's the only way you'll stop your "pulling" game, your greatest shortcoming. It's the only way that as a mass your golfers will improve.



HOME *in the* SUN

by

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE RED GODS CALL," "THE SORCERER'S STONE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H. GARDNER SOPER

SOME one was playing the piano.

It was England; it was May; it was afternoon. Kemp, the famous traveler, was sitting on a garden-bench, eating a junk of honey he had abstracted from a neighboring hive. On the seat beside him lay a sheaf of lilies-of-the-valley and a good armful of Lady Mary Applin's famous early roses.

There was nothing else in the garden that he wanted. If there had been he would have taken it, and Lady Mary—the most old-fashioned hostess of an old-fashioned and conservative county—would have smiled permission. That was what it was to be Glascott Kemp, who said what he wanted and did what he chose, from Nova Zembla to Celebes, and from Torres Straits even to Cape Horn.

Some one went on playing the piano in the house, the length of the green tennis-lawn away. Kemp, his mouth full of crackling comb, his nostrils inhaling scent of rose and lily, listened. Every sense was touched to sleepy pleasure. The sun lay warm on his back; it was the gentle English sun, soft and glittering as spun glass. The shadows were English shadows, blurred, uncertain, blue. There was nothing in the world so green as this English grass, sloping up beyond the gray, moss-painted garden-walls, field after field inclined against the sky.

. . . Oh, the gentle country, the kind green country, how it purred at you as it lay there basking in the tepid sun! It had no harm in it—it would never do you ill, this tamed and fattened England. Other countries you had to handle with care, or they struck at you with claws of plague and fever, they pounced upon you with tornadoes, they bit you, stung you, earthquaked and torrented you out of existence. All the time, whether you remembered it or whether you did not, they were out after you. They meant to get you if they could. But this England. . . .

"It wants me to pet it, I could swear,"

thought Kemp, cramming the last of the honeycomb under his mustache. "I can see it rolling over on its back, asking me to scratch its fat stomach. What a country! for a month or six weeks—or perhaps two months—May or June, the sweet of the year. . . . "

Some one went on playing the piano. The honey was done. Kemp began to get restless—he was never quiet long. He had walked over from the house where he was staying—a mere stroll of twelve miles or so—to call on Lady Mary; found her out, and awaited her in the garden, helping himself to what he saw, as was his way. But she was tarrying too long.

Like a river running beside a railway train, the piano softly followed the course of his clamorous thoughts. . . . He was dreaming now, restlessly and fiercely. He saw black mangrove walls a hundred feet in height, forbidding, secret, grim, winding their table-topped ramparts in and out of unknown gulfs and bays. He heard the yell of the victorious head-hunter splitting the blood-warm air of some deep gully full of orchid blooms. . . . The player stopped; the dream was broken.

A green-plush lawn, Kemp saw. A range of hives, with yellow bees on the wing. Raked gravel walks, box borders. In the distance two well-dressed guests of Lady Mary's, talking under an arch of close-cut leaves—all exactly like the walks, the borders, the leafy archway, the graceful, conventional lovers that one sees on the big drop-curtain when the lights go up.

The wild dog of the forests shook himself, yawned—if I said scratched, I should not be far from the truth. He would have said "Bah!" if men out of books ever did say it. What he really said was something like "Ff-ff!"

"Chocolate-box people," he added, out loud, with the monologuing habit of the bush. Then, lifting his great bulk of bone and muscle out of the seat and across the path in what seemed like a single movement, he began walking lightly down the inner side of the beech wall that culminated in the archway. Frankly, he meant to peep.

Twenty yards away from the pair of lovers—for that they were lovers no one with half the traveler's keen powers of observation could have doubted—Kemp stole a look through a break in the hedge, clapped his hand to his thigh with a sudden smack, and walked out openly by the nearest way.

"You're Cecily Chalmers," he said. "You've grown up prettier than I reckoned you would. You must be twenty-eight. Why aren't you married?"

Captain Jeff Hume, handsome and distinguished ornament of a rather undistinguished infantry regiment, did not know Kemp except by his portraits in the illustrated press. He gasped. Cecily, who had searched the traveler's coat for chocolates and played truant from school to go fishing in his company in her flapper days, thirteen years before, did know him.

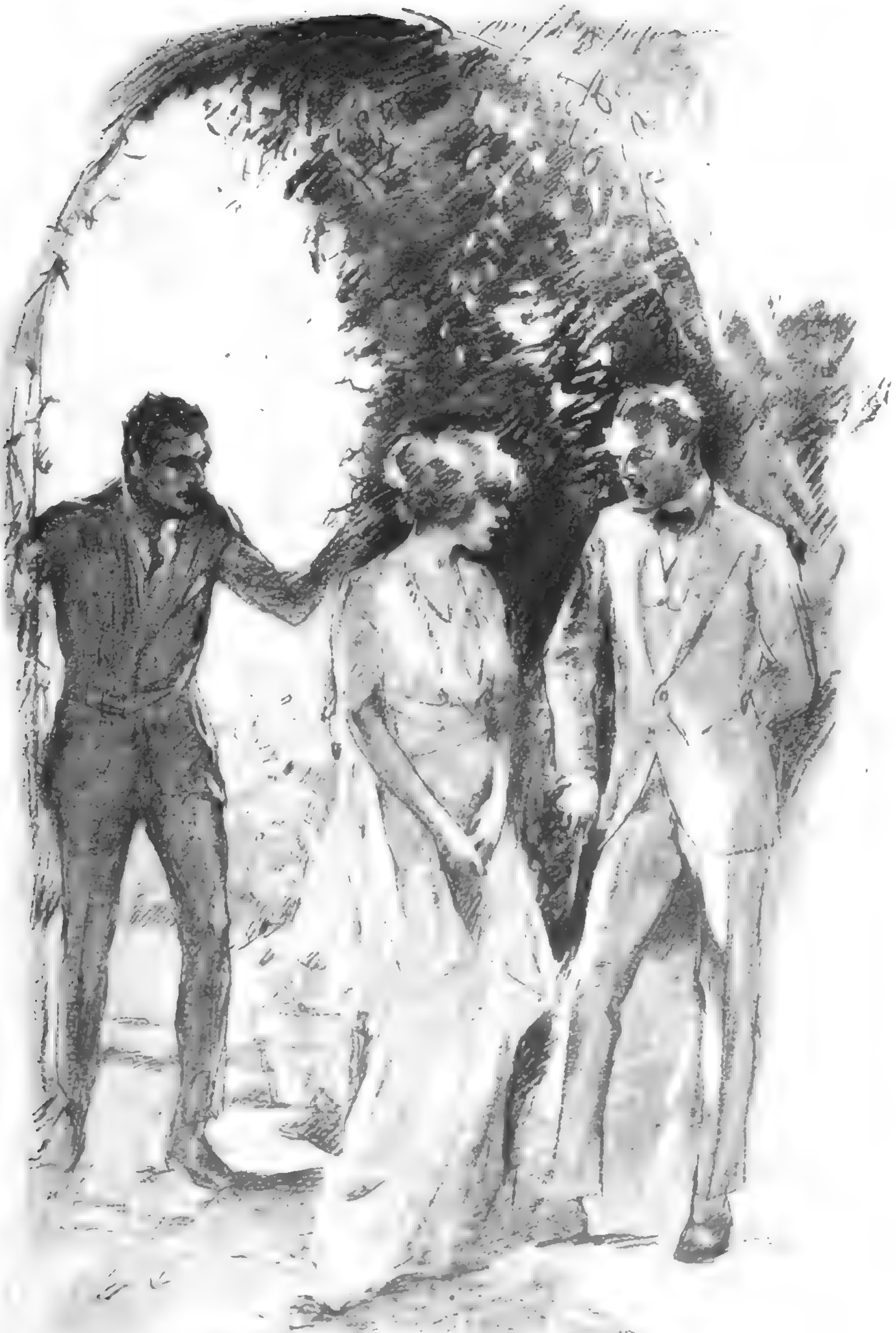
"Glass, you're as improper as ever!" she said. "Those are among the things that are better left unsaid."

Glascott looked at her. She was handsome, not in a chocolate-box fashion after all, but in a very sweet and womanly way. If you want to know exactly what she was like, I can tell you that she was rather a dear. Her face was kissable. Her hair made you wish to find out if it really was as soft as it looked. She had blue, bright eyes, and her features were all right; at least, you never thought about them. You thought about her figure; you could not help that, because it was really splendid. At forty, it might indeed become—but forty had nothing to do with Cecily Chalmers. You felt that she could never be forty. Still, as Kemp had bluntly declared, she was perilously near to thirty—and unwed.

Glascott Kemp had this among other characteristics of the man who has lived in earth's far places—when he had nothing to say, he was silent. Silence, it seemed, inspired him at this moment. He stood light and straight on his feet, as unconscious of his big body as a dog or a horse might be, looking at Cecily and Jeff Hume with a look that was sheerly impersonal—a look that, somehow, scorched by its actual cold, as freezing-pipes in a cold-storage chamber scorch the careless hand. . . .

"Stop it, Glass!" said Cecily nervously. "I remember you used to do that. Jeff, he's horrid—he seems to take the clothes off your soul. Stop him, Jeff; save me!"

"How could he? He hasn't been introduced," said Kemp, and, like Mrs. Primrose of Wakefield, "fell into a great fit of laughter." It was cut short by Cecily, who formally presented the soldier to the traveler, and stood to watch the impression made.



THAT THEY WERE LOVERS NO ONE WITH HALF THE TRAVELLER'S KEEN POWERS OF OBSERVATION COULD HAVE DOUBTED.

There was that in her eyes that Kemp read like pica type. He answered the eyes only.

"I think he's a fine fellow. Captain Hume, you don't mind my calling you names?"

"No, certainly," said the Captain, standing like a soldier and staring a little hard at the grizzled celebrity who seemed to know so much more about Cecily than he did himself. Jeff Hume—but you know what he was like. When a man's friends call him Jeff——

All that Kemp did not know about him he told of himself in the course of the next ten seconds. Jeff had a sense of humor. The whole thing struck him as funny, and he laughed—with the free, bright laugh of fourteen years of age. Now Jeff was thirty-four. To laugh like fourteen, at thirty-four, argues you lovable, clean, and—perhaps—a little stupid. Just the mate for a woman whom one may describe as a dear.

Kemp had forgotten all about Lady Mary now. A scene from the only kind of play he cared to go to—the great drama of life itself—was set for the playing under that arch of leaves, and he was in the boxes. It seemed to be the third act upon which he had tumbled. Cecily's perfect breeding could make her gay at command, courteous and easy when she wanted only to be allowed to go away and die; but it could not hide the dark shade of emotion under her eyes or bring back the red into paper-colored lips. As for Jeff Hume, his face had the burnt-out look that only strong emotion gives, and after that sudden spurt of laughter it was plain that he wished the intruder in—Timor Laut or Adélie Land, at the least.

Whether Kemp was moved by his mastering, cold passion for character-study or by the warmer emotion of fatherly feeling that sometimes descends without reason upon aging and childless men, no one—Kemp last of all—could have told. But he put a hand upon a shoulder of each lover and steered the pair back to his garden-seat.

"You two sit down," he said, drawing them to the bench on each side of himself, "and you, Hume, you tell me what it's about, and why you've been telling this very nice girl that you can't marry her. . . . What the devil, man!" he broke out, pushing away the sturdy captain to look at him, as if he had been an infant of three years old—"why, you and she, for the good of the nation, should have had half a dozen—— Well, well!"

The piano began again, soft and faint; it seemed that a door had been shut between. And, as if some malicious devil had been prompting the player, the piece was Gounod's "Cradle Song." Cecily's mouth hardened as if she were setting close her daisy-white teeth inside shut lips that told no overt tales.

"I don't know how you know about us," said Hume, stupidly. He was feeling too much to be surprised at anything. It was the most commonplace story in the world—so common that it has even happened to yourself, as you will remember. They had no money. They could not get any. So they were going to part.

Still, commonplace as it was, do you remember yours? How old shall you be before you forget that night and that moon; and that morning, and that railway platform, with the train sliding out and away, the engine snorting, the wheels rattling—"For-ever. For-ever"?

Jeff Hume felt exactly the same. You may think that impossible, but he did. And so did Cecily. And Glascott Kemp knew it.

"Smoke?" asked Kemp. "No? Then I will."

Pulling at his long Papuan cigar, he went on: "There are only two reasons—another man or woman, and money. Which is it?"

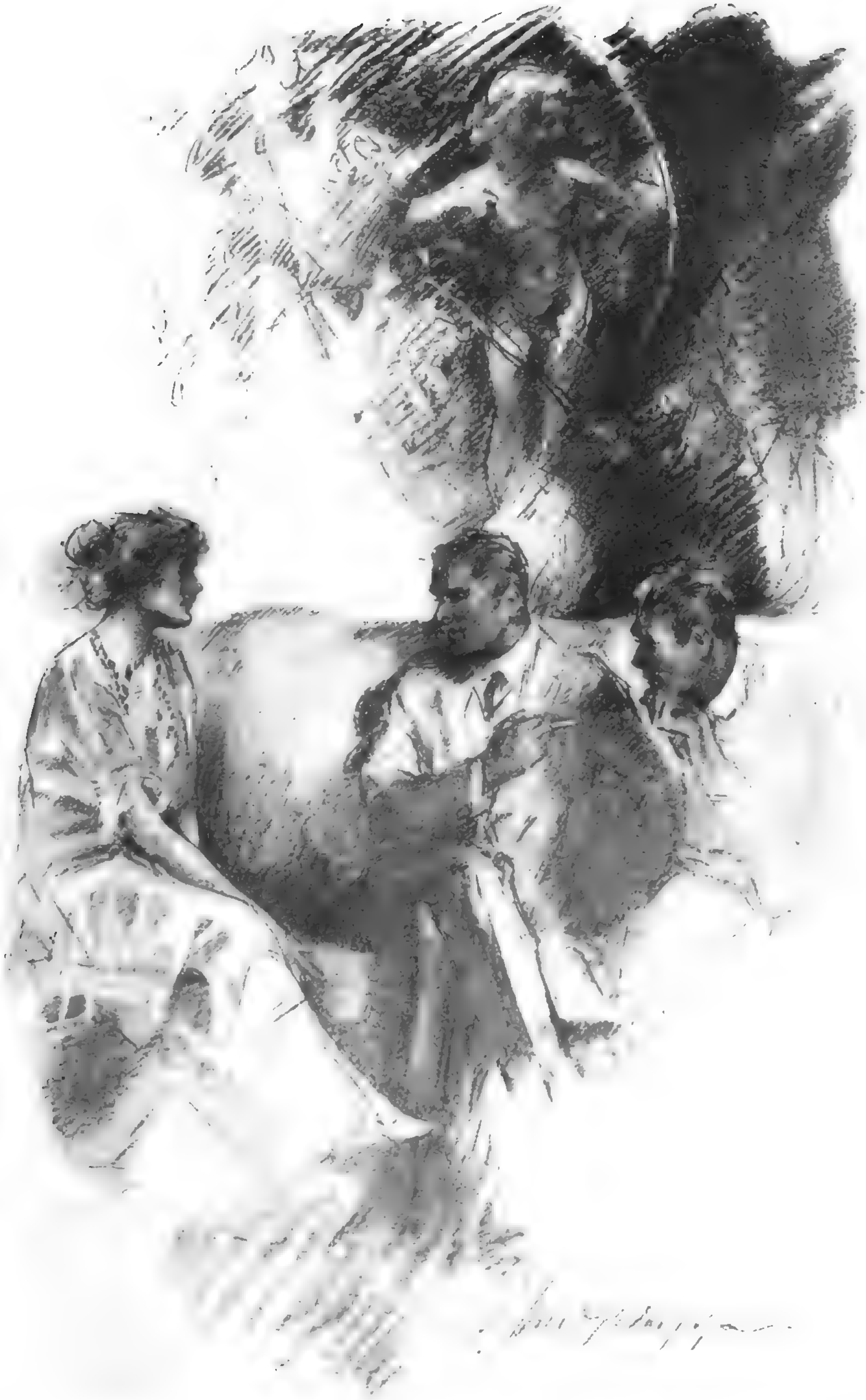
"There aren't any others," said Jeff gloomily.

It was dance music on the piano now. All the pain, the hope, the longing of all the lovers in the world floated out across the lawn from those hidden rows of taut steel strings . . . . See the light dresses flying fast! Slip-slip sound the feet on the floor, where the lamps are reflected as in brown lake-water. . . . See how they look at one another as they dance.

All these lovers are happy. All of them are young—not "young still," but young. They have not waited for each other during eight heart-sickening years. They will kiss one another by and by—in conservatories, on balconies, above the turn of the stairs; they will talk about honeymoons, and say that their happiness frightens them. They like the waltz music that is tearing out your heart and mine, Cecily—Jeff. As for us——

"We shall hate sweet music our whole life long.

"Look here, Jeff," spoke the explorer—"I mean to call you Jeff, because you are



"NEVER THINK THAT YOU CAN HEAR A PIANO, ALL YOUR LIFE LONG, WITHOUT LISTENING TO A CATALOGUE OF WHAT YOU HAVEN'T GOT."

that kind; besides, I'm the next thing to Cecily's father—or used to be. You tell me the whole thing right from the beginning. I heard something about the engagement; seems to have lasted a deuce of a time; now that's bad—bad. Eight years—why, it would break the spirit of a cab-horse."

"It's broken mine," said Jeff, his handsome face growing duller as he spoke. "I'm a beggar, and I always shall be. I can't hope. Cecily's living with her brother, and her sister-in-law is turning rusty and says she ought to settle down. It's me that stops her settling down. So I thought I'd better—I thought I'd better——"

He did not finish the sentence. Kemp knew why. He knew how false is the English convention that men never cry. Jeff, hero of more than one "little war," best rider and most daring motorist in the shire, was choking back a sob.

Cecily was smiling—partly because she could not trust her mouth, partly because her woman's instinct felt that the faintest sun-ray of hope was beginning to gleam somewhere—one could not say where, for everything was hopeless . . . and yet . . .

Kemp, taking his cigar out of his mouth and looking critically at the ash, spoke just one word:

"Rats!"

"I don't think I understand," said Hume, a trifle stiffly. After all, this Kemp, however famous he might be, was simply a total stranger—though he had an amazing way of making you forget it.

But Cecily, with the intuition of the dull, dear kind of woman, kept her gaze fixed tight to Kemp's hard face, and felt the sun-ray grow.

The quartz-gray eyes of the explorer were looking out and away now, beyond the shorn beech hedges, beyond the slope of dozing fields, beyond the ultramarine and Chinese white of the soft, prim sky—far beyond where thoughts of Cecily or Jeff might follow. He had seen something great, and his mind took wing to those heights and depths unknown whence all life's great things flow.

How much larger than dear, sweet, stupid Cecily, than that good soldier-man Jeff Hume, was Jeff and Cecily's love!

And this wild, marvelous bird, this phœnix that had nestled in two burning hearts, was dying—on an English tennis-lawn, beneath the approving eyes of brothers and sisters-in-law, in the presence of the best county society!

"No, confound me if it does!" said Kemp—aloud. He threw his cigar into the heart of a standard rose, and put a leathery, well-kept hand on Cecily's arm.

"There's nothing hopeless, Lil," he said, using the old childish name that had belonged to the black-stockinged girl with Gretchen plaits, "if you're only brave enough. It all comes to that. You may have everything, just everything in the universe—at a price. You may even have Jeff at a price. Jeff, you may have this very nice girl, at a price."

"I'd give my life," said Jeff in a low voice, ashamed to admit that he had feelings, yet unable to contain himself altogether at such a heavenly saying.

"I'd give mine," said Cecily. She looked suddenly prettier, and yet you could see the tiredness in her eyes.

Again Kemp laughed, after the fashion of Mrs. Primrose. "Lil, Lil, that's just it," he said. "You and Jeff probably wouldn't give your lives. You wouldn't even give a little piece of them. Oh, yes, I know you would die for each other—I quite believe that—but that's not the question. Would you buy Jeff with——"

"I'm not clever and all that, and I don't know what you're driving at," interrupted Hume, "but you may take it as read that I'd give everything I have on earth, and all my chances of heaven, just to go to hell along with her." He blushed furiously at his own eloquence.

"So would I," repeated Cecily, monotonously.

"No price too big," said Kemp. "Just so." He lighted another cigar, while they watched him anxiously. They were drowning, and he was at least a straw.

"Not your chances of eternal salvation," he said at last, when he had made the cigar draw to his satisfaction, "and not even your life. Just—your class. Would you pay that for each other?"

There was a little stiffening, a little shudder, somewhere in the air. It was almost as if he had said a thing that was slightly indecent, or a shade profane. Had the Great Tin God indeed been lightly treated? They could not quite believe their ears. Kemp must have meant something other than he had said.

But he had not; and he went on: "You two try—you'll have to try very hard—to realize, if you can, that you are in a prison of your own making. It's like the story of the man who was in a stone cell for years and years, shut off from the world by thick doors and iron bars. And one day an idea suddenly came to him, and—he opened the door and went out.

"That's how it is with you," he went on, while the air about him seemed still to stiffen as he spoke. He knew it, and did not care. "You are beggars, as you say, here and in your own class. That's the world to you. But, Cecily and Jeff, it isn't the world. It's a corner. It's a room full of bars that don't really bar, and locks that aren't locked. Outside—oh, you two, you two, if you knew the freedom that's outside! If you knew the sea and the wind and the sun—the sun! Jeff, you've tasted the sun in Africa. You know what it stands for. You know what it burns away and what it gives."

Still silence, for all reply. They almost understood—they were shaken. Yet . . .

"Beggars! One isn't a beggar—in the sun. The earth is kind there; cruel, I give you, but kind too. She'll claw you if she can—but if you stroke her right, she'll purr. You can get fortune from her while you're young—while you'd be making ready to think about it, here. You can have your parks and greenhouses as Nature made them, a hundred times finer than Chatsworth or Kew; and, for your shooting, killing things that could kill you, instead of popping at driven birds. And your yacht too—only you'd use her for carrying goods to market, and she'd not have satin and bird's-eye maple in her cabins. And you two—your home. Yours forever, and your land yours, and all you grew or raised your own. Everything your own. In the sun, Jeff."

Captain Hume rubbed the toe of his boot into the gravel walk. "One doesn't live on air, anywhere," he contributed.

"Yes, but your class is never really beggared—if it opens the door. There's always something. I suppose your brother, Lord Ramage, makes you an allowance, or you wouldn't be in the army?"

"Yes. He shells out three hundred. He's poor too. I've often thought of cutting the army and trying anything else, but I'm good at nothin' except huntin' and shootin'."

"And managing men. I have heard a little of you."

Jeff blushed. He was proud of his company, and it was proud of him.

Cecily, her gentle soul shaken to its depths, held tight on to the arm of the garden-seat. It was real; nothing else seemed to be. What was all this talk about leaving your class? Where would the world come to if . . . And yet she felt . . . Oh, she must be mad!

"Three hundred represents seven thousand five hundred pounds, at four per cent.," remarked Kemp. "Ramage—I know him, remember—would probably think he was cheaply rid of you at five thousand pounds. Do you know anything of tropical agriculture?"

"Not a blessed thing," replied Jeff, with awakening interest.

"Then, listen. Cocoanuts can be grown by any intelligent child. They will grow almost all over the tropics. You can get good land in British colonies for pretty well nothing, if you pick your place. You can get native labor for very little. Four thousand put into cocoanuts would bring you a thousand a year in about six to seven years' time—rising up to two thousand—two thousand for eighty years or so. Expenses about three hundred a year. Two thousand capital would bring you four or five hundred a year—practically forever. You could sell your plantation when you liked, and have the capital representing the income to spend as you chose. You would live for six or seven years, while the plantation was growing, on the two thousand you didn't lay out in planting. Because, you see, you would have your house free, built by your men, and most of your food free.

"Cocoanuts are the safest thing that grow on earth; you can't go wrong or risk anything with them. Rubber has certain risks, not very serious—chemical rubber might knock it out; too much might be grown—but still, if you put two thousand into rubber, you ought to get seventy per cent. easy in six years. These are facts; bed-rock truths."

"But why—" began Jeff.

"I know. Why doesn't every poor devil scrape together a few hundreds, and go to the sun countries? Ah, well, because, Cecily and Jeff, every one won't pay. It isn't only money that has to be paid. Nothing is really cheap, things only look cheap. What you don't give in cash you give in something else. And the small man must pay—with himself. He can't have a salaried manager to take the heavy end, and stand the loneliness and all the rest of it, while he plays about and goes to theatres in Sydney or Singapore or Buenos Aires. And—and—he has to give up his class."

The spun-glass sun dropped lower above the sloping fields. The soft-limbed hills were darkening down to sleep. And in the house the piano went on and on. Cecily sighed a long, deep sigh. Jeff listened, chewing a rosebud stem. Something that almost seemed a new, strange dawn was rising up before the eyes of these two lovers, as the English sun went down.

"In those places," went on Kemp's deep, passionless voice, "in the outback lands where you would have to go, you must take men as men and women as women. You will be none the better because you were born in the English 'county set.' You will be the worse—till you can prove that a life spent in pursuing, cultivating, and worshiping the non-essential has not destroyed the essential things, the great things, in both of you. If I thought it had, you two, I'd have sat by and grinned while I saw Hume, here, go to the dogs alone, and Cecily marry some fat brewer, and bolt afterward——"

"Glass! Glass!"

"Kemp, you go too far," growled Hume.

"Not one iota too far. A real love, when you do meet that rarity, wrecks something—always. In this case, it's only going to wreck the things that don't matter. It might have played hooky with the things that do. You, Cecily, do you understand that?"

"Go on about the cocoanuts, Glass," said the girl, her face a little pale. Kemp was certainly uncanny. There was, on the immediate horizon, not a brewer, but a successful railway-contractor — fat certainly, vulgar a little, but worth two millions and a half. . . . And you never could know . . . And Marjorie Crathorne, who had sent her young sailor away because Crathorne was next in succession to the Marquis— Marjorie was "somewhere on the Riviera," visited by nobody. That was how it had ended—when the sailor came back from the Australian station.

Kemp went on. "You will be, always, a lady and a gentleman, because you were born so—but you will have to be that second, not first. You'll have to learn that the man and the woman come first. The lady and the gentleman have been more than first to you—they have been everything. They've stood in front of you and kept you in the dark."

Cecily winced ever so little. She had a vision of herself dressed in dowdy clothes, on some railway-platform or steamer-deck very far away, carrying her own parcels, under the coldly amused eyes of bright people who "belonged" . . . Every one went to the ends of the earth nowadays; you could never be sure . . .

But Jeff was seeing a different vision, and it looked out of his eyes—those great, shining eyes of his, beautiful as a woman's, yet in their fire and force unlike the eyes of any woman who ever lived beneath sun and moon. Cecily met his look, and instantly the Tin God fell from his pedestal and lay in the dust.

Kemp was continuing: "If you two go," he said, "if you choose to walk out of the prison that isn't a prison, remember one thing."

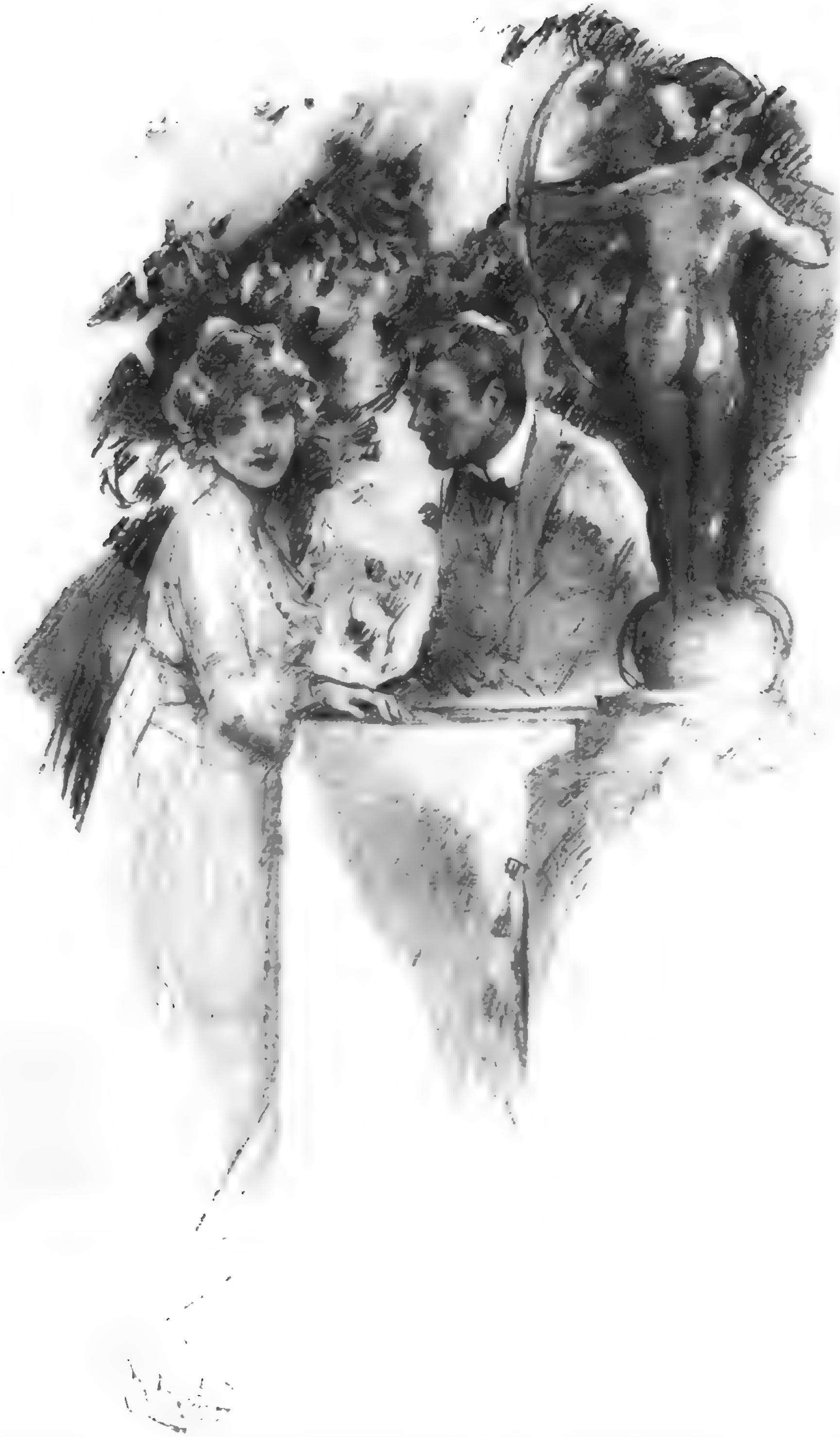
"What have we got to remember?" asked Jeff, whose face seemed to have broadened out and lost a line or two, even in the last few minutes.

Kemp had stopped and was listening to the music from the house. "That," he answered slowly. "That—the piano."

"Glass, you're talking riddles," objected Cecily.

"No. There are no riddles in that. Listen to it. What does it say to you? It's singing about the things you haven't got. It always will, Cecily and Jeff, whatever you do, or wherever you go. Only the things will be different. Never think that you can hear a piano, all your life long, without listening to a catalogue of what you haven't got. . . . Violins? Not so much. They talk of only one thing—love. They'll not say much to you in the future. But the piano: It's because it is such a homely thing, mixed up with all one's life and memories, from pinafore days up—even scales mean something.

"Well. In the Malay Straits, or Burma, or Sandakan, or perhaps in New Guinea, or up-country in Argentina—wherever you go—some day you'll come down to the township. And there'll be pianos there. And you'll find out all of a sudden that they don't sing the tunes they used to, here in Hampshire. They'll have a set of new ones. They'll sing 'England, England!'—they'll



HE SAW THEM, STANDING AMONG THE ROSES AND THE HUMMING, GOLDEN BEES—ONE BRAVE AND TENDER, ONE SWEET AND SIMPLE; SHAPED, BOTH, BY THE MOLD OF THEIR CLASS. "I WONDER!" HE SAID.

make you see cold gray seas, and feel the bite of the air at Liverpool landing-stage. They'll show you—that."

He swung his stick comprehensively about the clipped, combed, beautiful prospect of the gardens and the house. "They'll make a picture of Covent Garden Opera House on a Royal night, and hang it up in front of you. They'll count the price you've paid, out loud, and keep on counting it—Cecily and Jeff."

The piano seemed to laugh at such a prophecy.

It went on talking about Jeff's dull, lonely barrack-rooms; about the nights that Cecily had spent leaning on her window-sill looking at the stars, and drying her eyes very carefully now and then so as to leave no marks next morning. . . . It told them that nothing mattered—nothing mattered—except . . .

They saw that Kemp was standing. Captain Hume rose to his feet.

"Your advice is good—we're both obliged to you," he said. "Cecily and I will think. Thank you—I can't say things, but——"

"Good-by," said Kemp, taking each hand quickly in his own. "I sail to-night for Alaska. I've just time to motor to Southampton now. I'll borrow Lady Mary's car. No, I'll go myself; they know me. Good-by. Come out, you two—come out into the sun . . . if you can."

Down the beech avenue, by the laurel walk, round to the stables, the thought of Jeff and Cecily held his mind. He saw them where he had left them in the garden—standing among the roses and the humming, golden bees—one brave and tender, one sweet and simple; lovably stupid, both; shaped, both, by the mold of their class, sworn to its shibboleths, broken to its ways. He saw the phalanx of sensible relations in the background; the fat brewer; Lady Mary; the county.

. . . Some one had the car out in the yard, cleaning it. Kemp looked at his watch. The picture in the garden began to fade. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I wonder!" he said.

He put his fingers to his mouth and whistled for the chauffeur.

THE THREAD SPEAKS TO THE LOOM

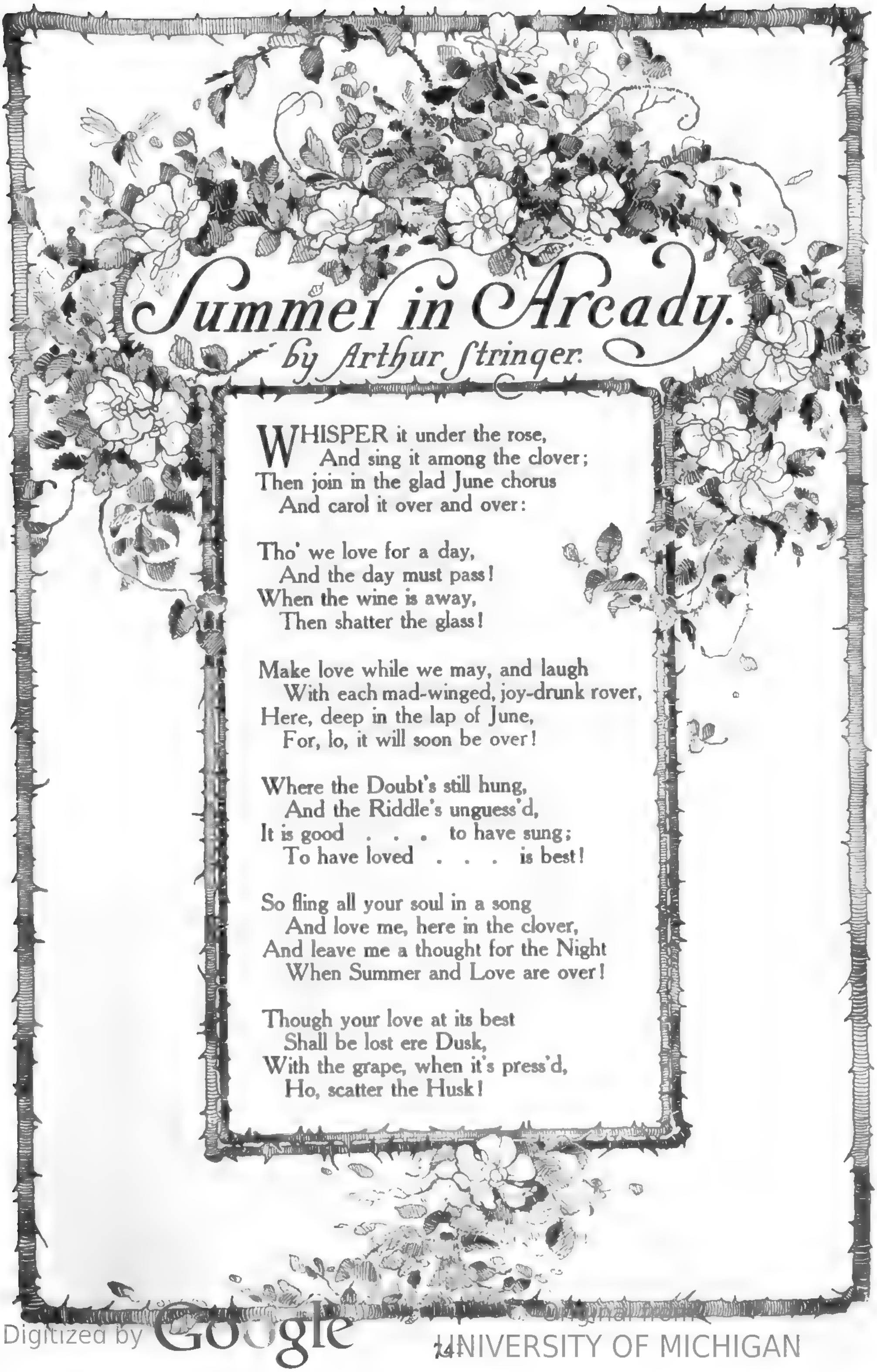
BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

"ALAS, what means this endless range
Of wide unrest, perpetual change?
Is nothing then to stay
Where it stood yesterday?

"My hopes and aims are all undone;
I never creep into the sun,
But swiftly I am plied
Back to the shadowed side.

"I can not find an hour's repose,
Yet never finish, nothing close,
No half-done task resume:
Such chaos rules the loom!"

Thus did the fretful thread repine,
While mingling in a rich design
On the bright ground of chance,
As in a festal dance!



Summer in Arcady.

by Arthur Stringer.

WHISPER it under the rose,
 And sing it among the clover;
Then join in the glad June chorus
 And carol it over and over:

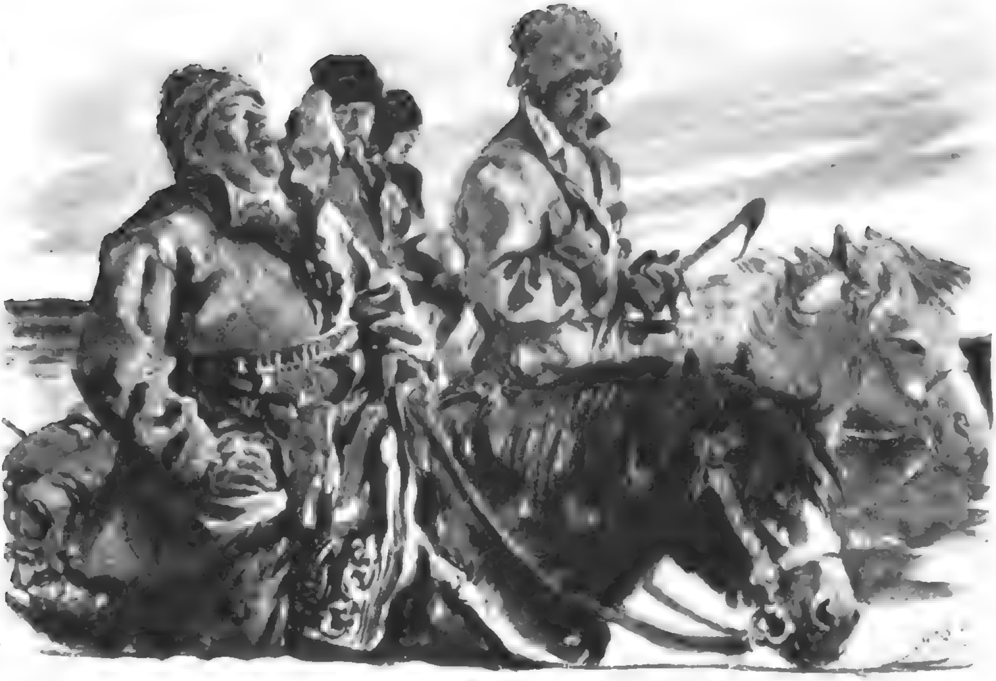
Tho' we love for a day,
 And the day must pass!
When the wine is away,
 Then shatter the glass!

Make love while we may, and laugh
 With each mad-winged, joy-drunk rover,
Here, deep in the lap of June,
 For, lo, it will soon be over!

Where the Doubt's still hung,
 And the Riddle's unguess'd,
It is good . . . to have sung;
 To have loved . . . is best!

So fling all your soul in a song
 And love me, here in the clover,
And leave me a thought for the Night
 When Summer and Love are over!

Though your love at its best
 Shall be lost ere Dusk,
With the grape, when it's press'd,
 Ho, scatter the Husk!



The VOICE of LOB

by

William Ashley Anderson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

THE six camels slouched along in sullen silence. Tatour, the Usbeck guide, jogging in front on his Mongol pony like a sack of fodder on a shaggy pack-dog. The two Mongol servants—a Kalkhat and a Bouriat—ensconced on camels, were gazing with sleepy eyes at the unapproachable horizon, their normally red faces whipped to flame by the stinging wind which poured down from the far-distant slopes of the Altai Shan. A northern Chinese from Kwei Hua sat huddled on another camel, looking the perfect picture of misery, and longing, no doubt, for the chop-houses and sing-song girls of Kalgan.

On one side of the cavalcade rode Moffatt, the large Englishman, who had been chief of the Indian Survey work in a remote district of Afghanistan; while on the other rode Peirce, famous for his reports on the geology of Mindanao.

I rode well behind the little party to see that no one strayed and that the camels kept a steady gait.

On every side the desert stretched away in undulations of flaky sand, coldly reflecting the rays of the dim sun like soft light on tarnished gold and silver. The Mongolian sky seemed infinitely remote, as if the cover had been lifted from the world. Neither desert nor sky showed the slightest sign of life; nor did all that sea of sand betray by so much as a footprint the presence of beast, or fowl, or man. The thin air was cold as ether.

After crossing the Khingan Mountains and turning toward the eastern boundaries of the Kirghiz steppes, the trail had sometimes been marked for us by the bleached skeletons of camels that had sulked—as camels will—lain down to die, and been picked clean by wolves. Occasionally the grinning death's head of a man told a grimmer tale. But now even these doubtful suggestions of life had passed.

Nights when the wind rose and white frost came down on a cold wave from the Altais, we allowed the servants, who usually slept Mongol fashion, snuggled between the camels behind the felt yard-wall, to crowd into the tent—a *kibitka*—with us, and the argol-stove was kept burning brightly all night.

Tatour slept with us always. This I insisted on, that the guide and interpreter might have dignity among his fellows, which, for the sake of discipline, was important.

There was no objection to the arrangement until the crushing desolation of the desert had begun its insinuating deviltry among our fidgeting nerves, and conversation, for want of impetus, had long since died. Then Moffatt, lacking other rational cause for criticism, began to make very strenuous protests. Unfortunately for us, he had not the delicacy nor the tact to voice his opinions privately.

"Why consort with black men?" he cried —and that alone was deadly insult. "Our arrangements are beastly, and it's useless to deny it. It's bad enough to live like animals; but I don't see why we must lie down with beasts."

"Be careful," I exclaimed sharply; for he spoke in the dialect, and the implication was all too clear. Tatour's brow contracted, but he said nothing. "Don't be a fool, Moffatt. These men are not Bengalis, and we're a mighty long way from civilization."

"Civilization be hanged," he grunted; and for the first time I noticed a cruel drooping of his lips that entirely altered his full, jovial countenance and gave it a formidable expression. "What have we to do with civilization? I'm not depending upon any laws to uphold my rights. All I depend upon is this—and this!"—thumping one huge fist on the saddle, and clapping his other hand to his holster, where the butt of a revolver hung out like a gargoyle ready to spit poison. "Do you think I'm going to submit to being bullied about to accommodate a lot of bally swine?"

This was uncalled for. He made it infinitely worse by adding in the vernacular, with deliberate, cold cruelty, laughing in Tatour's face: "Swine? Of course they're swine. They get their nature from the food they eat!"

Tatour was a Mahometan, and to a Mahometan pork is anathema.

Without a sound the powerful Tartar sprang at Moffatt, whipping out his yataghan and driving it full at the Englishman's breast. The thick sheepskins turned the blade, and before Tatour could strike again I leaped forward and managed to thrust the two apart. Moffatt reached clumsily for his revolver, but before he could draw I had him covered. Peirce came running; and the servants stared impassively from a safe distance.

So there we fools stood in the bosom of the desert like tumble-bugs on an Alaskan glacier. I was boiling with rage, but after a moment's panting silence I managed to speak in a level voice, glaring with unnecessary viciousness at Moffatt; for I knew what it meant to quarrel with Asiatic servants, and I loved life too well to mingle my bones with those of camels that had sulked too long.

"This must stop here! You may think this is your expedition, Moffatt, but if you imagine I'm going to stand by and see you wreck it and leave us here to die, you're seven times more of a fool than your fat head would indicate. We sometimes use guns ourselves in this country—and I happen to know the consul at Tientsin. Peirce, this concerns you as much as any of us. If Tatour dies, this expedition goes to pieces, and you ought to know it."

Moffatt snorted contemptuously.

"Well," I continued, "I don't pretend to know the passes through the Altais, and he does. If we miss 'em, Shreyer, of Kalgan, may find us next spring; but there'll be mighty little left for identification. We've got to live together for two more months. Now if you're willing to take a chance on present company, so am I. But where Tatour goes, I go; and where I go, Tatour goes."

I repeated that last to Tatour; but the murderous light still glowed in his eyes.

"Oh, I say," exclaimed Moffatt with heated scorn, "if you think you're going to intimidate me——"

"That's rot. I'll leave the situation to Peirce."

"Peirce is a fool!"

The spite in the tone was the first intimation I had of professional jealousy. Peirce resented it peevishly, like a small boy who is forced unwillingly to fight—for he was miserable with cold and fatigue.

"Oh, why fight about this?" I said. "There's no use being childish, Moffatt. We might as well try to act like gentlemen."

Moffatt changed complexion; then throwing his head back he shouted with laughter: "So we must act like gentlemen? That's rich! Oh, that's rotten fine! Right. I'll do it; bring on your gentleman."

Without a word I caught Tatour and Moffatt by the wrists and brought their hands together. "Peace," I said.

"Peace be with you," muttered Tatour sullenly.

"With you be peace," responded Moffatt, but laughing as he did so.

"Now that's nice," observed Peirce, trying desperately to look cheerful through his glasses, and failing miserably.

"Shut up!" Moffatt pushed him aside and chuckled at his own incivility.

"He never acted like this before we reached the desert," Peirce apologized, blinking thoughtfully at Moffatt's retreating form. "I don't like the way he's been behaving since we left Kwei Hua. I'm not an infant to be laughed at. Every time I look at him he's grinning at me; and if I make any little mistake, no matter how small, he laughs. I don't mind it at home, but he shouldn't make fun of me before these Asiatics."

"Why don't you resent it?"

"What use? He's a bull; but he'd better be careful. He knows as little about courtesy as he does about science. I even saw him copying my observations last night——"

"*Kūh!*" This was likely to be serious.

"—and I'm not going to be bullied about by a swashbuckling faker."

The little fellow was very much excited; I found it difficult to soothe him. Before we slipped into our sleeping-bags that night, I observed that he was still unduly shaken by the day's encounter. He twisted about until midnight—which was bad; for a man ought to sleep on the march—a deep, slow-breathing slumber, such as Moffatt's, for instance.

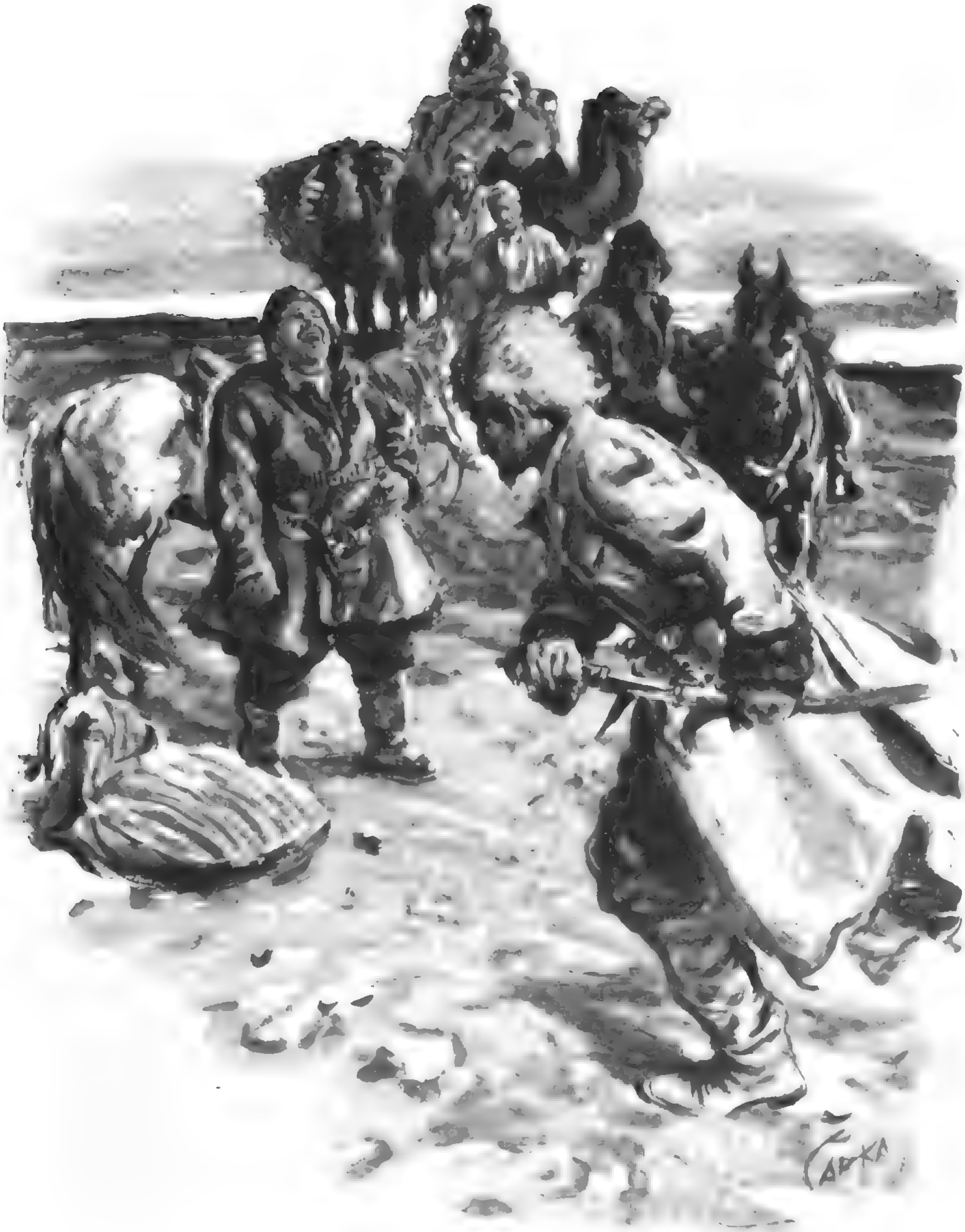
After a while his restlessness annoyed me, and I quietly pulled out his medicine-case and rummaged unnoticed among a most surprising collection of powders and pills. I poured him a cup of tea from the simmering pot over the argol-fire, then dubiously fingered a phial of tablets. At last I broke one and surreptitiously dropped half into his cup. It dissolved instantly. When I offered him the hot drink he thanked me, and drained it in several gulps.

A few minutes later he was asleep. I hoped I should not have to resort to sleeping-draughts again.

The next day, riding behind the cavalcade, I paid more attention to my companions, and noted several important things. When Tatour's eyes fell upon the scientists, the vengeful glare was succeeded by a lurking smirk which betrayed some perverted sense of humor. Peirce was sulky. Moffatt had completely changed.

Moffatt was much given to laughter, which became him well in the haunts of men but sounded strange in that empty wilderness, grating on our high-strung nerves. The desert has a tendency to make one dream; and one likes to live much in thoughts. Moffatt's booming laughter kept breaking in upon our revery with all the irreverence of a giggle at solemn mass in a great cathedral. I could see that it was working havoc with Peirce's nerves. The little fellow writhed when he was its object, as he often was, now that Moffatt had exposed his poor opinion of him.

Before this I had taken pleasure in the Englishman's laughter; it started with a gurgle and ended with a boom, like the retreating surf bubbling and gurgling among the pebbles, gathering for the crash, then



WITHOUT A SOUND THE POWERFUL TARTAR SPRANG AT MOFFATT, WHIPPING OUT HIS YATAGHAN AND DRIVING IT FULL AT THE ENGLISHMAN'S BREAST.

running away in little musical ripples over the seeping sand. Gradually, however, I came to hate it, and once when he laughed beyond all moderation I broke out irritably.

"For the love of mercy," I shouted, "stop that bellowing! Are you mad?"

Peirce looked gratefully at me, and Tatour cast a swift glance in my direction, full of some hidden meaning. Of course Moffatt laughed on; and I felt like a child. He had fairly scored, and only laughed the louder for my irritation.

Afterward Tatour dropped back to my side. "Allah-il-Allah! That man is the son of an animal!"

"Hold thy tongue," I snapped, "before it leads thee into dangerous places."

"It is true, most exalted one, that a man's tongue betrays the color of his soul. But consider the blackness of that man's heart. Am I a dog that he should shame me before these filthy unbelievers of Kalkhat and Bouriat? Have you ever seen me put my left hand in a pot? Have I ever touched the unclean animal?"

"Of dead camel I have seen you eat a plenty," I said, meanly, but with relaxing face. "And in Kalgan you did not hesitate to drink the wine of the country."

"That is a matter for penance," he quickly rejoined; then, taking the discussion out of religion's sphere: "I have a master in Petro - Alexandrovsk — a Cossack colonel from Orenburg—and him will I tell of this man's perfidy. For he has confided to me that some day we will move to yonder fat cow's country by way of the Khaiber—and then will Allah be exalted!"

A sinister idea slipped into my head; but I spoke sternly. "Go back," I said, "and speak no more child's nonsense. If any harm befalls the foreigner, and by thy hand——"

I left the word unspoken, but he knew what was intended.

So much for words; but I could tell by Tatour's leering eyes and tight-drawn lips that implacable rage was smoldering in his heart. I had not thought an Usbeck Tartar held his honor in such high regard; but this man's long frame suggested a strain of Afghan. I warned Moffatt; and he laughed, so that my sympathy went out instead to Tatour.

For Peirce I felt a similar sympathy. However, I could not conceal my disgust at the way he bore the ridicule and jests bordering on insult. Once he caught my expression after Moffatt had directed a particularly unfortunate remark at him. He only smiled a sickly smile; but I saw nearly all his self-respect die in his eyes, and an evil spirit come and lodge there.

"Poor devil," I thought. "But Tatour will square that account."

After drifting many days across that sea of sand whose chill rose up like vapor and breathed into the timid heart; after interminable days of silent march, broken by Moffatt's hateful laughter, days when we came to loathe each other's company, but drew back, appalled, at the thought of traversing that aching wilderness alone, we came suddenly one night upon a pale light flickering in the desert.

Tremulously we approached, fearing it might be only fata morgana; and thus we came upon a caravansary. For we had unexpectedly arrived at the crossing of two almost forgotten caravan routes.

An old Mongol still kept charge; and in the yard there was a pile of charcoal, left there long ago to lighten the burden of fast weakening camels. It was the only habitation for many a week's journey in that frigid waste. The building was of earth, seven feet high and perhaps sixty feet long, partitioned into rooms by earth walls, and pierced by windows of greasy paper, pasted on lattice frames. An earth stockade for the shelter of cattle enclosed the inn. A forlorn place it was, but to us it seemed the perfection of comfort.

We entered and took possession. The inn-keeper brought us boiling water, and we bathed for the first time in almost two months. Peirce and Moffatt shared a room, and I allowed Tatour to come in with me. The servants were made comfortable in a larger room; and the cattle were fed, watered from a well sunk in the bowels of the earth by order of some forgotten *khan*—a variation from the snow we usually carried to quench their thirst—and sheltered under the wall opposite our rooms.

The rooms were small, and so compact was the clay of which they were constructed that we felt stifled after our many weeks in a *kibitka*, and it became necessary to tear a few small squares of paper from the windows. Despite this precaution, on the following morning I awoke with a throbbing headache from the charcoal fumes. Moffatt and Peirce suffered the same ill effects; so, instead of the day's respite sweetening our tempers, we were more surly and vicious than ever.

Presently I became disgusted with my companions and withdrew to write many letters, trusting that some time after our departure an Urga-bound caravan might pick them up and carry them back to China. From the neighboring room came the occasional sound of altercation, broken fitfully by rolling gusts of laughter that ended in gurgling chuckles. Invariably afterward came the sound of Peirce's voice, now degenerated into a whine.

"For the love of heaven, Moffatt, let me have some peace! I can't think—my head's bursting — and you rack it with every sound."

But the laughter continued.

Tatour sat near me, drawing on a hookah requisitioned from the old inn-keeper, his eyes fixed steadfastly on the wall, utterly disregarding the chatter of the old man, who sometimes came and squatted by us to pick up scraps of news from the outer world. All afternoon Tatour remained thus, saying nothing, and I knew he was meditating some deviltry.

At dinner in the evening I expressed a regret that was in my heart. "It's a shame," said I, "that we must be leaving to-morrow."

Peirce's face went pale; he looked haggard and desperate. "Why must we?"

"Well, the inn-keeper says the snows are filling up the passes. And if they're closed when we reach the mountains, it's camel meat and our own company—unless some of us freeze—until late spring."

Peirce groaned involuntarily and Moffatt clucked mirthlessly. But there was no escaping the fact. Accordingly, after a fruitless discussion we turned in early, heaping our braziers with charcoal to make sure of one more night of warmth. I took the precaution of tearing more paper from my window to clear away the fumes. My companions remained awake for some time, drinking hot tea-and-rum; I could hear their voices, and I knew Moffatt was tormenting the little fellow. Eventually I dozed off; but shortly before midnight there came a tap on the door, and Peirce came in looking dreadfully cold and shaken.

"Steve, I can't stay in the same room with that man," he complained fretfully. "Let me come in with you." I could see that he was really suffering. A black rage stormed into my heart. I think perhaps it was born of fear. . . .

Shreyer, that most paternal of friends—my old mess-mate at Kalgan—had warned me with significant persistence to frustrate just such situations. Many a tale he had told of the Silent Places in the far North to prove that such beginnings had tragic endings. Suddenly I felt the gone sensation of a boy who loses his grip in the first great crisis; and I longed for the little Kalgan bungalow, for Shreyer, and his cool gray eyes and great warm heart. I could see nothing before us but ruin, desolation, and maybe death.

I do not think I minded the idea of death so much as the thought of my corpse sprawled in frigid solitude upon the barren bosom of the desert. I shuddered. Was there no way to wither the root of this dissension? Certainly something desperate ought to be done.

Nevertheless, I composed myself and looked at Tatour: "This is an occasion for hospitality."

Without a word he rose and passed into the servants' room; but I was surprised to see him smile queerly as he went.

Peirce could not get to sleep at all, and his wakefulness made me anxious. Eventually, however, he became silent, and I rolled over quietly and looked at him. In the faint light I could see that he was fumbling at a phial, trying to extract a pill. I gasped. Had he come to that pass?

"Be careful you haven't the wrong dope, there," I cautioned.

There was a quick intake of breath and, startled, he dropped the phial. "Pills!" he cried shrilly. "Only pills to make me sleep." There was a restless light in his eyes; and I scrutinized him fearfully. "We've got to be careful," I thought, "or this desert will drive him mad."

"Now I've lost them—and I can't sleep—I can't sleep, Steve," he complained.

But at last he did. . . .

Hours before the sun climbed out of China, while the stars still shone so clearly that they lacked their sparkling tips, I awoke and drew myself out of my sleeping-bag. Stepping out into the yard, I aroused the inn-keeper and began to bestir the camels and servants. Shortly afterward the yard was awake, the camels grumbling deep in their throats at being disturbed, and the ponies stamping and snorting with renewed vigor after the brief respite from their long march, and munching noisily at their morning meal.

The old Mongol inn-keeper came out, swinging a steaming kettle of tea in one hand and beating his chest with the other. The servants busied themselves saddling the ponies, collecting the bedding and baggage, and loading the camels. By the time we were ready to move, Peirce was also out, appearing unusually worn, I thought, despite his night's rest. He was running up and down the yard to induce good circulation. Moffatt had not yet made an appearance.

"He's mighty slow," I growled to Peirce; but instead of answering me he merely looked startled. I walked over to the door and hammered, feeling that he was still staring at me. Failing to arouse Moffatt by my shouts, I pushed open the door.

"Phew!" I sniffed. "Why the deuce didn't you tear out more paper? It's rotten stuffy in here."

Then I cast an astonished glance at the apertures we had made two nights before. They were carefully stuffed up!

"The ass!" I exclaimed, turning to Peirce.

But Peirce had not followed behind me, as I had thought; he was still trotting up and down the yard. I hesitated till I caught his eye; he quickly shifted his gaze and moved still farther away. I paused doubtfully, then threw the doors wide and, stepping over to Moffatt, shook him. He turned heavily under the force of my grip, but made no sound.

Suddenly I felt very cold. I stepped backward out of the darkness of the room without shifting my eyes. I stared apprehensively at Moffatt's great form, a strange revolt in my brain. "Peirce!—Tatour!—Quick, a light, for God's sake! Moffatt's hurt!"

Before they came running, I stepped quickly to the window and tore the stuffing from the apertures: I didn't want it to be necessary to convict a man before the end of the journey. And certainly there was plain evidence of guilt here.

They brought a light and flashed it in Moffatt's face. He was strangely pallid and his heavy cheeks looked swollen. When he saw the body Peirce reeled and seemed about to fall, but steadied himself by a tremendous effort. I was very much shaken myself, though I had sense enough to keep cool. I held a mirror to Moffatt's lips: no vapor gathered on it. I rested my hand on the thick jacket over his heart: it was still. We carried him outside, chafing his hands, pumping his arms, blowing in his mouth.

It was all useless; he was dead.

"Kismet," said Tatour blandly, but retreated a step when I looked at him. Then he returned my gaze with a startled expression of apprehension that haunted me afterward.

"I might have gone, too! Thank God I left the room," faltered Peirce, almost hysterically. He caught my gaze, gulped suddenly, and was silent.

The inn-keeper was distracted. "Please God, most exalted one, you will impute nothing to my inn."

My glance rested on the heaped brazier.

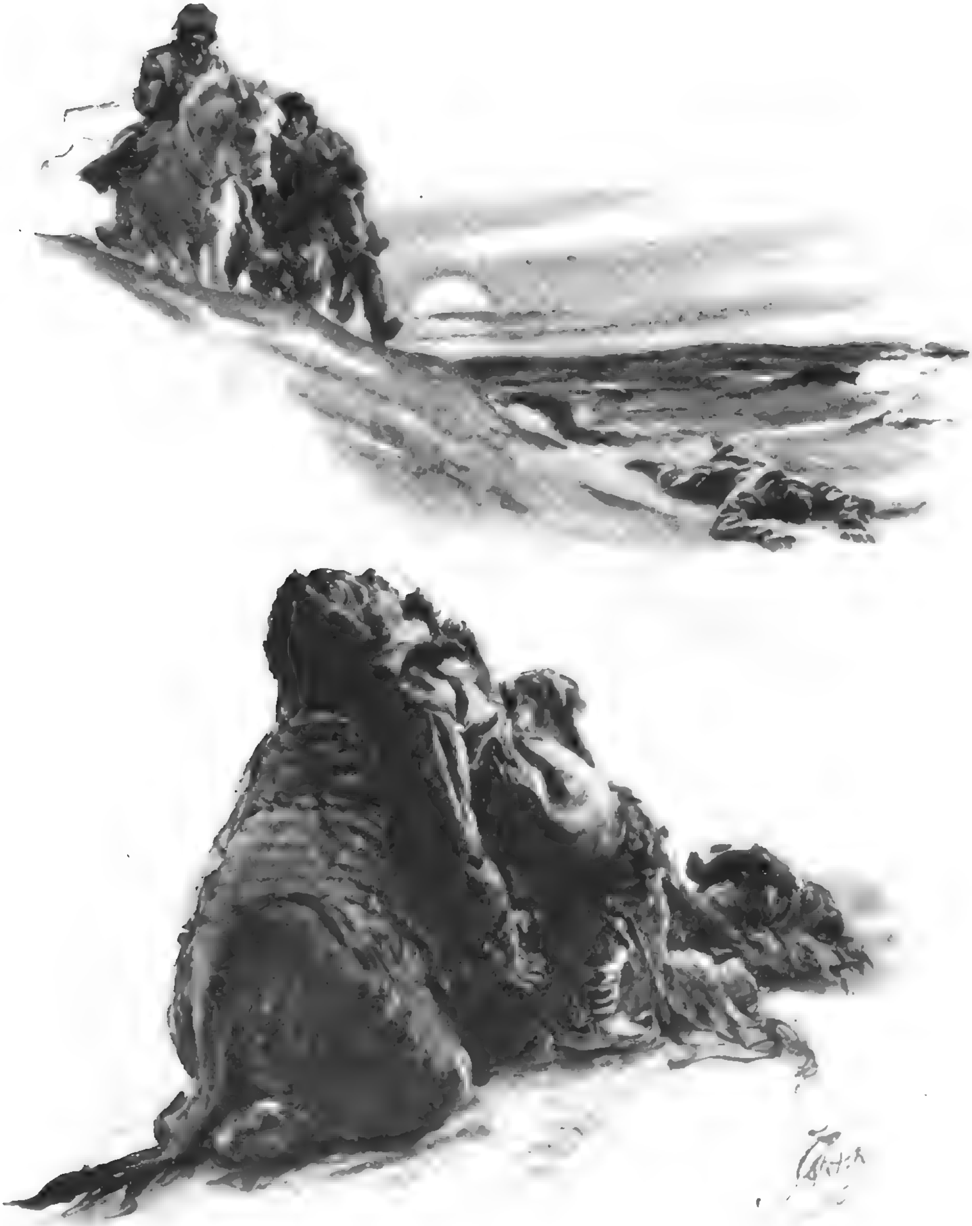
"'Tis fortunate," I said as steadily as I could, "that we had separate rooms—that the will of God directed us to tear out the windows and let heaven's wind blow in. Fortunate, too, that we do not tarry here."

He gasped and stumbled away.

The American sentiment concerning burial-at-home prompted us to take the corpse with us. We bound it to a camel and filed away to the westward, the swish-swish of the camels' pads sounding like the shuffle of mourners' feet, and the clunking bells tolling a dirge at every stride. It was a mournful procession, rendered more so by the realization that we were now in the desert of Lob—that devil-haunted region where invisible armies march by in the night and sweet-voiced beings come and whisper in the ears of the drowsy traveler who tarries.

The great frozen corpse, wobbling about on the camel's back, developed into a nightmare riding forth in the light of day. It made us distraught and careless; the servants were similarly affected. Camps were slovenly pitched, and the cattle neglected.

One night the camel bearing Moffatt's corpse—tethered far from the others by the fearful servants—strayed away and did not return. By morning sand had blown over the tracks and it was useless to search. Nevertheless we went into camp. After spending two days in a fruitless hunt we set out again as night was falling.



"ALLAH-IL-ALLAH! THE WAYS OF GOD ARE STRANGE!" EXCLAIMED TATOUR. "SEE HOW THE LITTLE MAN CAME! HE STAGGERED—HE CRAWLED! AND THERE, YONDER, THE FAT COW SITS AND LAUGHS AT HIM!"

The silence of the desert is a crushing, palpitating silence which keeps the nerves on edge and makes one long to scream, yet fear to do so because one knows no echo answers back. The voice is swallowed by the night at a single gulp.

We rode in silence, Peirce and I. Without rational purpose, in the cold emptiness of the night we drew close together, full of an unknown dread—riding close behind the cavalcade, wrapped in melancholy thoughts. The Spirit of Lob obsessed us. In the midst of a profound silence, suddenly Peirce threw his hands to his mouth and choked back a scream. Our ponies stood still, snorting. My heart swelled with apprehension.

Fifty yards in front of us our little caravan wound slowly on, unmindful of our terror. But out of the darkness, first from under our very feet, then from the air about us, came a rippling chuckle — low, soft laughter which bubbled up about us, higher and higher, until we expected to hear it end in a full-throated burst of Moffatt's laughter. Instead, it gurgled away and died out with a sob. Silence again engulfed us, broken only by our heavy breathing and the panting of the horses.

"God!—Heaven!" croaked the little scientist. Clutching frantically at his pommel, he spurred up to the caravan, with me at his heels, foolish with fear.

The caravan moved slowly on, the servants wrapped thick in their sheepskins, sound asleep on the camels' backs, and Tatour riding unconcernedly ahead.

Peirce and I looked furtively at each other. A fiction can not be created simultaneously in the minds of two men. Yet, so violent had been our agitation, I was inclined to be hysterical. A cold terror seemed to enter into the heart of Peirce, a terror he tried to hide with incessant talk. He crowded close to me and commenced to chatter on indifferent subjects, wandering far from the regions of desert and frost to warmer, happier lands and tender memories.

He spoke of Moffatt—an unfortunate topic; but he seemed unable to abandon it. When I grew tired of his chatter, he slumped inertly in the saddle, his eyes fixed vacantly on the pommel, mumbling to himself. All of a sudden I was surprised to hear him chuckle—Moffatt's chuckle, low and gurgling—swelling in volume, but ending in a sob. I turned swiftly and looked at him.

He was sitting bolt upright in his saddle, clutching at the pommel, and staring with bulging eyes off into the darkness—his lips tight closed!

The laughter ceased.

It was immediately followed by faint strains of soft, sweet music, like sand pouring into glass and silver basins. Penetrating through the music came a low, insistent whisper that seemed an entreaty, then a command. I yielded to it, and would have irresistibly followed it into the desert; but at the instant Peirce turned on me with wild, staring eyes.

"I can't stand it!" he cried. "It's Moffatt calling!—I gave him one tablet—two tablets! He drank 'em in his tea.—Ha, I stopped that hellish laughter — but I thought he'd only sleep—" The voice broke into a hoarse scream of laughter, a frightful mockery of Moffatt's chuckle. He wheeled his pony and tore off into the darkness across the desert. A moment and he had disappeared over the dunes.

For several seconds I remained petrified with fear, then, gathering my senses, I dashed furiously up to the fast disappearing caravan and brought it to a halt.

We kept a bright fire blazing in the open until the silver desert sun came up and drove the ghastly moon away. With the light my courage revived. Taking Tatour with me, I scoured the desert within a radius of several miles.

Late in the afternoon we discovered camel-tracks. Tatour, squatting on his haunches, analyzed them in a moment.

"Lost camel passed two days since, bearing a heavy burden. It can not be far from here; it was almost dead."—There was no eagerness in his voice. "The *kibitka* is warm, and the desert is cold; but—" He shrugged his shoulders and looked westward.

"We are in the hands of God," I said. "We can't turn back."

The setting sun was gleaming palely through a light haze of dust, like a Chinese brass mirror behind a wisp of incense smoke, when we reached the crest of a long hillock, hard as granite beneath the cold, and came upon the object of our search. We threw our ponies back on their haunches at the sudden discovery; the wind went out of me in a single, long-drawn sigh, and despite his stoicism Tatour's breath came whistling through his teeth.

On one slope of the depression, with its shaggy head thrust out on the sand, lay the lost camel; and on its back, partly broken loose from the lashings, tilted backward at a sharp angle against the second hump, arms flung out in a grotesque gesture, head toppling over with the face turned toward the sky, and a terrible expression of hilarity on the countenance—as a tipsy friar might have looked confronted by a death's head—sat Moffatt's corpse, the frozen figure of mirth.

Still more terrible was the sight of little Peirce about fifteen yards distant from the camel, flat on his face in an attitude of perfect prostration. His footsteps gave the tragic explanation of his attitude.

"Allah-il-Allah! The ways of God are strange!" exclaimed Tatour in the strangest of voices, combining a deep tone of perplexity, relief, and chagrin. "See how the little man came! He fell from his pony; but the voices kept calling him! He staggered—he crawled! Then he died! And there, yonder, the fat cow sits and laughs at him!"

"The voices!" I cried. "Then you, too, heard?"

"Assuredly. But a few words from the Prasjna dispel the illusion. The voices that lead a guilty heart to doom cry loudest from within." His glance pierced my soul; then, I thought, he grinned.

We had not entered the depression, having halted our ponies with much plowing up of sand on the very edge of the long slope. I was rapidly becoming unnerved by the situation. The Tartar's complacency, however, was shaming me into a show of courage. At the very moment when I felt my confidence had returned, from the direction of the grinning corpse on the frozen camel came clearly but softly the sound of a mirthless giggle! Instantly it was succeeded by a subdued babble and the faintest sounds of music.

With a great cry I whirled about on my mount and charged, panic-stricken, across the desert. After a moment's hesitation, Tatour followed, gaining on me because he was a lighter man, and keeping my pony to the track of the day's march. I do not think his solicitude came from a heart of love for me, but no doubt he realized that at least one man of authority was necessary to settle the score of earthly debts—and to explain things to inquisitive officials.

When we reached the *kibitka* several hours later, our ponies, despite the marvelous endurance for which the breed is famed, were almost ruined. I staggered in, and drank myself to sleep.

At noon the following day we resumed the depressing march, after I had taken care to stuff my ears with cotton and bind them round so that no slightest sound could penetrate. I went afoot, clinging to the stirrup on my worn-out pony, and all that day I dragged along in a stupor, almost wholly unconscious of anything about me.

The next day I started off as before, but several hours of it brought me back to earth and the consideration of physical discomforts. Walking even on hard ground in Gilghat boots, reënforced with Hsuan Hua leather, is a feat that only large men can accomplish. But when the surface is cold sand broken up by the shuffling of camels' pads, it is not long before a numbing fatigue creeps over the strongest.

My gaze dropped to my feet, and I watched with fascinated interest the way the huge boots sloshed through the metallic sand, and sent the pebbles bouncing briskly about; for they are very resilient when the frost enters them. In the gullies the sand seemed stagnant, but on top of the hummocks sand and pebbles would break away and slide and skip down the slopes. My thoughts went back to the beaches at home—the booming surf, the ebbing ripples, the musical gurgles, and the sibilant whispers of the bubbling water on the sand. How vivid the recollection was—the warm sun, the cries of the birds, the song of the sea! I could almost hear it.

I kicked a pile of sand and pebbles down the slope.

All of a sudden a wild idea flashed into my head, a fleeting thought whose reaction almost nauseated me. Ripping off my head-coverings with feverish haste, I dropped on all fours and put my ear to the ground.

"Ah-h-h!" I sighed, in relief, disgust, then joy—an infinite joy. For, rising from the sifting particles of glass-like sand and wind-worn pebbles, sliding and rolling down the slope, came the sound of low, sweet music, soft, gurgling laughter, sibilant whispers, sighs and sobs, and subdued chuckling, which the thin, cold air magnified into the volume of quiet human voices.

Flashed through my mind a vision of poor little Peirce staggering and crawling across that last fifty yards of frozen waste, answering the voice of his remorse. Followed the memory of commands whispered insistently in my ears, and the agonized struggle against the almost overwhelming desire to obey the call.

The voice of doom calls from a guilty heart, Tatour had said.

I shuddered, sitting back on my haunches and dropping my face in my hands. Then I laughed softly but hysterically, rocking my body back and forth. Finally I looked up; Tatour was standing beside his horse, eyeing me from a distance, and the expression of apprehension I had before seen was again on his face.

"The pebbles and the sand were the voices!" I cried.

"Certainly."

"Then why—?"

But he turned his head to one side and blew his nose with his fingers—the Tartar's universal expression of disgust and scorn. The relief which my discovery brought had aroused my spirit. Stung by the insult, I sprang to my feet.

"What dog's action is this?" I demanded, approaching him.

"Forgive it, excellency"—he was plainly abashed—"how could I mean it for thee? It was but at a thought that came in my head, and concerns me closely."

I could see he spoke the truth; and there was a certain significance in his tone that gave birth to a disturbing reflection.

When we struck the first outpost of civilization ten days later, at Lob—for we had swerved southwest of the Altais—I was a changed man. I had entered the wilderness at Kwei Hua young, red-cheeked, and lusty. I came out of it gray-haired, gaunt, and broken.

Eventually we reached Kashgar, where our story was told with such modifications as I considered necessary to make crime appear accident, and to create martyrs of men whose only fault was that the desert madness had come upon them. I could afford to be generous, I thought grimly; but I had a doubt about dismissing Tatour.

I discharged the servants, sold the cattle, made my depositions, and proceeded to Moscow. Two weeks later in St. Petersburg I was trying to wipe out in a whirl of distractions the corrosive memory of that desert drama. All the gayety of the capital would have availed naught, however, had I not been joined by Shreyer, my old Kalgan messmate and monitor. Anticipating the time of my arrival in St. Petersburg, he had taken the trans-Siberian mail and by rare good fortune met me in Moscow and arbitrarily assumed charge of my affairs. I freely opened my heart to him, telling him the whole story—almost the whole story—and his sympathetic understanding was just the balm I needed.

But the story was not ended, and the greatest shock of all came to me while Shreyer was beside me in a big armchair before my peaceful open fire. It was a letter—a letter sent from Petro-Alexandrovsk. It was from Tatour. I had difficulty deciphering it; for he was no fool to whisper secrets in the ear of a market scribe. When the porter handed it to me, Shreyer looked up inquiringly; so perforce I read it aloud, line by line, with an air of amused interest, until I approached the conclusion, where my manner must suddenly have changed.

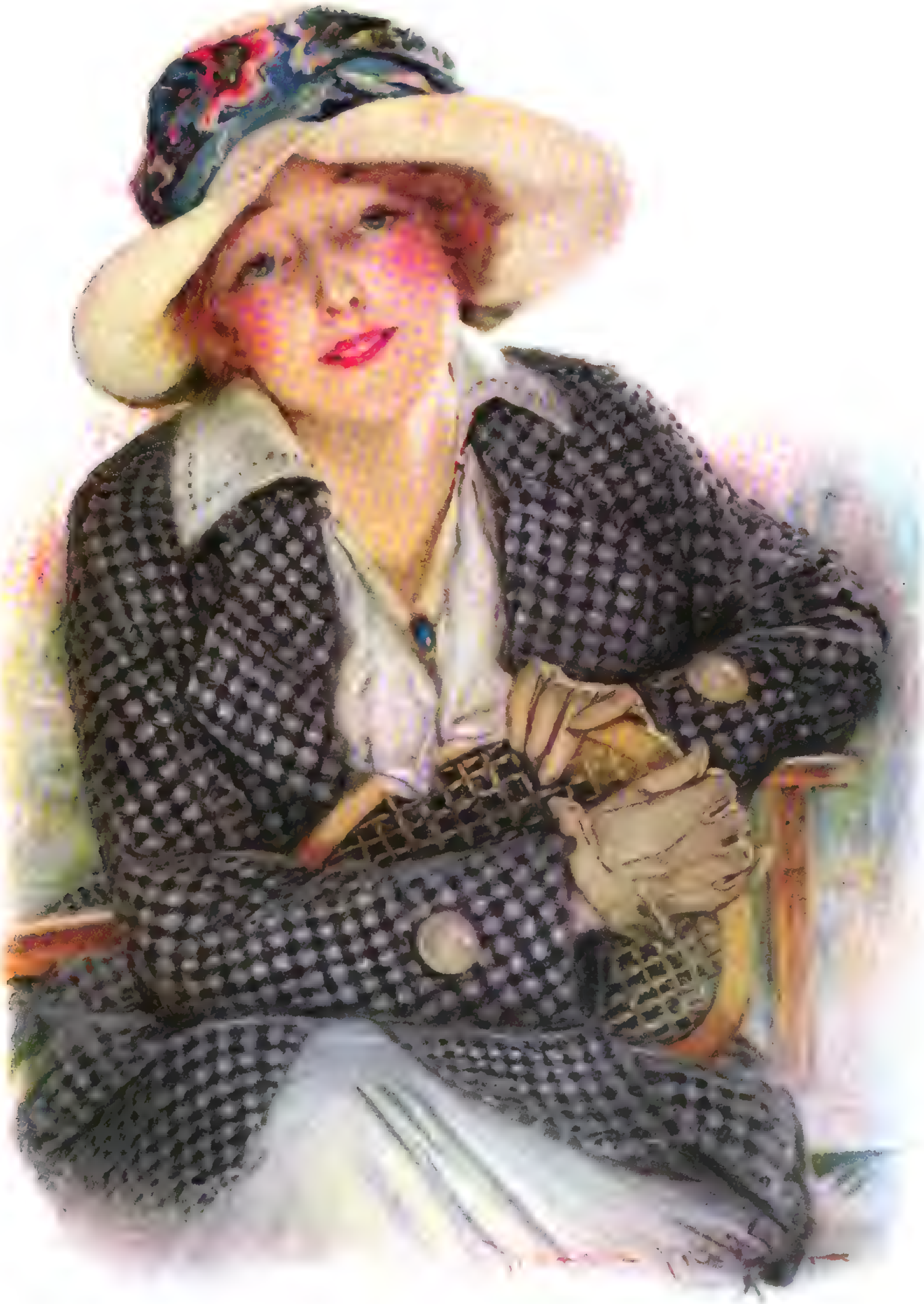
This was the important part:—

"————Of what avail is the vengeance of man if the avenger be not known? I have troubled myself to think on this matter, therefore I now inform you, that you, who looked on my shame, may know how the blood debt was paid. Think you that the little man with the soul of a louse would do a deed of blood?—" [Of course Tatour knew nothing of the pills.] "What strange devil threw sand in thine eyes? Is it customary for an Englishman to sleep in the warmth of an inn wrapped in a thick woolen jacket and an extra sheepskin coat? Had not the hand of God withheld thy hand, thou must have removed the thick jackets. A knife through the back ribs need not be broad to penetrate the heart. And blood flows slowly after midnight!"

Who would have dreamed of blood? . . .

I crushed the paper tremulously and tossed it in the grate, where it flared up, crumbled into sparks, and vanished. The thing completely unnerved me. As I gazed dully into the flames and watched the last spark of evidence crumbling away, I chuckled. Then, suddenly, oblivious to the presence of Shreyer, oblivious to everything save my own thoughts, these treacherous words tumbled from my lips:

"Then there were two reasons why it was unnecessary for me to stuff those windows!— But which—which of us reached him first?"



"LOVE ALL"

From a Painting by Francis Miller

See Page 754

THE MODERN IMPECUNIOUS CAVALIER TO HIS SUMMER LOVE

BY JAMES SHELLEY HAMILTON

Call me not sour or crabbed boor
When from the witchery
Of thy refined yet potent lure
Back to the town I fly.

True, a new job I now must chase
Instead of tennis-balls.
But I'm the one who has to face
That duty when it calls.

You should not worry, whate'er fall,
Nor my poor fate deplore.
I could not love thee, dear, at all,
Had I to love thee more.

The HIGH COST *of* HATE

by GEORGE CREEL

Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

MINE GUARDS ON DUTY.

Editor's Note: — *The war in Colorado will not be ended by the presence of Federal troops, nor by the punishment of a strike leader, a lieutenant, or a governor as scapegoat. Not until the causes are studied—and eliminated—will trouble be over.*

For years George Creel has been familiar with Colorado affairs, political and industrial. He has the fairness to isolate the germ of hatred that infects that state, and the optimism to see peace and righteousness in the end. His broad interpretation of the miserable truth and of the clashing points of view will be helpful to a sane study of a situation that is surrounded by prejudice.

ON APRIL 20, the screams of dying women and children called the attention of the country to Colorado's industrial war. In one black day the Ludlow tent colony, sheltering fourteen hundred human beings, was wiped out of existence. Until dark the machine guns of the militia "fanned" the doomed camp. Either from torch or bullet, the flimsy canvas coverings burst into blaze, forcing mothers and little ones to choose between death by shot and death by flame.

A boy sprang into the open to save his sister. His head was blown off. Frenzied women, clasping babies, ran for cover like hunted rabbits, calling upon older children who were too paralyzed with fear to follow. Others huddled like rats in the safety pits and were burned alive. Their men, firing from the arroyos, were held back from rescue by a wall of lead."

"There will always be dispute about the facts of Ludlow. Only combatants witnessed the fighting, and for thirty-six hours the victorious militia threw an impenetrable cordon about the field, barring nurses, undertakers, civil officers, and newspapermen alike, and preventing any instant investigation."

The soldiers insist upon it as a battle started by the strikers. The strikers declare it a massacre planned in cold blood by the militia, asserting that Tikas and Flyer*, their leaders, were clubbed and shot after capture, and strengthening their case by pointing out that while only one soldier was killed, their own fatalities were twenty. "That two were women and eleven children injected a madness into the situation that destroyed the mental balance of the entire state.

" A thousand women, led by the widow of former Chief Justice Steele, entered the office of Governor Ammons and commanded him to put an end to murder. Seven thousand citizens stood for hours in the drenching rain on the State House lawn, crying out against the Ludlow horror, and branding Ammons and the Rockefellers as accessories to the slaughter of babes.

" The unions, proclaiming a battle to the death in defense of life and liberty, issued a call to arms, and the entire working class rocked in a passion of response. Even while the full strength of the militia massed near Ludlow once again, the furious strikers commenced to attack in the adjoining counties of Huerfano and Fremont, while up in Boulder County, heart of the northern field, an armed peace was shattered by sudden and continuous fighting around the mine stockades."

"A weeping, hysterical governor, a blood-drunk soldiery, crazed strikers, an armed working class, and a passion-swept people—these were the conditions on April 28 when President Wilson ordered Federal troops into Colorado for the restoration of peace and the preservation of order. "

All of which can mean no more than bedlam to the people of the United States unless accompanied by reference to the industrial strife that has poisoned Colorado for the last twenty years. Ludlow was no accident, but part of a logical, orderly sequence. It could have been prophesied exactly, and it must be prophesied again unless the underlying causes are removed.

"The struggle, in its essence, is not an industrial dispute but a class war. Behind all the demands for shorter hours, better wages, and improved conditions, there is the bitter insistence that labor be given an equal voice in the determination of industry's rules and regulations. Behind all the "open shop" clamor of the mine-owners there is an even bitterer insistence that the workers learn to "know their places," and quit trying to bridge the God-made chasm between master and servant. It is through unionization—the right to collective bargaining—that the miners are advancing their claim, and it is the principle of unionization, therefore, that the operators are fighting."

The first grapple was in 1894, and the workers, through the aid of Governor Waite, won a decisive victory. There is no doubt that they pressed it hard, and the sullen anger of the operators was kept alive by many violences. Biding their time, however, and working quietly, they sprung their reprisal in 1902 by placing Peabody, their own choice, in the governor's chair, and electing legislators whom they owned body and soul. Now was their day come, and to take full advantage of it they went beyond the miners in crude savagery."

" The first act was contemptuous rejection of an eight-hour-day demand. The law, passed in 1899, had been declared unconstitutional by the supreme court, and in 1902 the people of Colorado voted it as a constitutional amendment by a majority of 46,000. The legislature, still controlled by the same interests that had controlled the courts, failed to pass statutes providing for the enforcement of this law."

"Passing merrily on, the operators, acting as a unit, commenced the discharge of all union men and, when the inevitable strike occurred, called upon Peabody for the militia. There was no attempt at subtlety. The soldiery were officered by coal-company employees, the state paid them with money advanced by the operators, and the proclamation of the general was not against lawbreakers, but against the Western Federation of Miners, the United Mine Workers of America, and *all members of all affiliated*

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* The Military Commission reporting May third found that Tikas and Flyer had been shot with soft-nosed bullets and that the militia had deliberately fired the tents of the Ludlow colony. This Commission recommended court-martial for the officers and men involved.

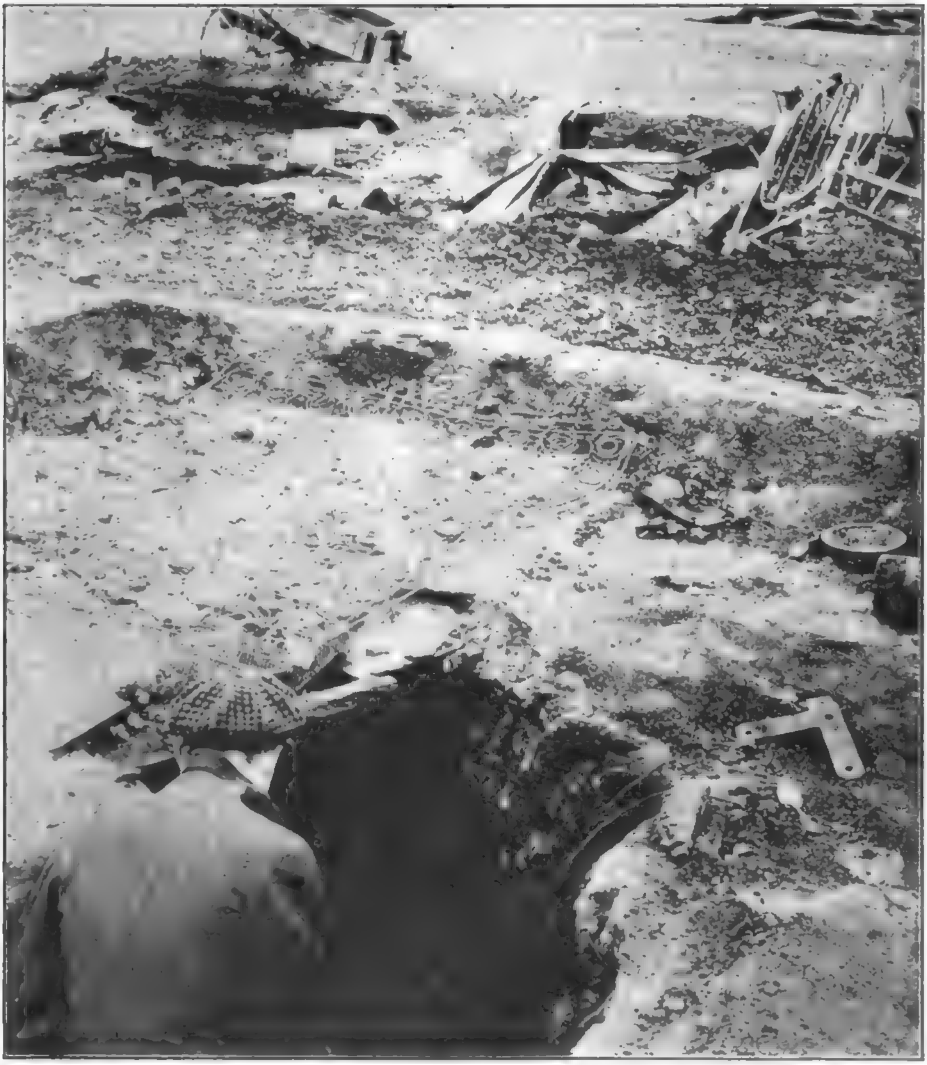


Photo by American Press Association.

THE BLACK HOLE AT LUDLOW, WHERE THE BODIES OF ELEVEN CHILDREN AND TWO WOMEN WERE FOUND AFTER THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CAMP.

trade-unions. It was to be a campaign of extermination."

The metalliferous miners of the Cripple Creek district were first proceeded against. Union men were ousted from their homes, thrown into "bull pens," and herded like wild beasts. Hundreds were driven over the range at the bayonet's point, hundreds were loaded on cars and dumped into the desert without food or water. Judges were silenced with guns, civil officials given the choice between lynching and resignation, citizens who lifted voice in protest were beaten and jailed, and such mine owners as did not join in the anarchy had their properties closed and destroyed.

The strikers fought back with bullet and dynamite, but the militia and various citizens' alliances crushed them like ants under the heel.

When the ore-producing region was finished, the cases of the northern and southern coal-fields were disposed of in the same summary fashion. Under the protection of the militia, the mines were filled with imported strike-breakers. Southeastern

Europe, Mexico, and even Japan and Korea were ransacked for the hordes that took the places of the Americans, Welsh, Irish, and English. Six thousand of these were blacklisted and forced to choose between exile and starvation.

And then there was peace!

Not even when Adams, elected over Peabody by a majority of fourteen thousand, was boldly unseated did the cowed workers rebel. Nor in 1906 when Haywood, Moyer, and Pettibone were kidnapped in Denver and taken to Idaho, after the "confession" of Harry Orchard, although the judicial decisions involved destroyed every constitutional guarantee and nullified the writ of habeas corpus. Their faith in the ballot gone, their belief in violence confirmed and strengthened, the crushed workers went about the business of waiting until their turn to wield the club should come again.

MILITARY OPPRESSION

In April, 1910, about twenty-seven hundred coal miners went on strike in the northern fields, and ever since it has been a drawn battle, each side claiming victory. "On September 23, 1913, twelve thousand men quit work in the southern fields, scattering with their families into fifteen tent colonies on the barren mountain sides."

The operators, uniting, bought rifles and machine guns and entered into a contract for guards and gunmen with the Baldwin-Felts agency. This is the same agency that furnished the army of mine guards to the operators in West Virginia during the recent years of industrial warfare in that state. The strikers armed themselves also, and day after day the cañons rang to the roar of actual battle. On October 28, after weak pleas for arbitration that the operators arrogantly refused, Governor Ammons sent the militia into the southern fields, the coal companies turned over their armament and guards for the use of the soldiery, and as many of the strikers' weapons as could be found were confiscated.

Instead of bringing peace, the presence of the troops added to the general hate and fury. Deadly skirmishes punctuated wholesale arrests, and not Paris in the days of the Commune knew greater terror and disorder.

Even when an effort was made by Congress to investigate conditions, with a view to finding a way to help, the Federal authorities were flouted in their efforts to get at the facts. In February, a sub-committee of the Committee on Mines and Mining was sent to Colorado. The counsel for the United Mine Workers requested the appearance as a witness of "Mother" Mary Jones, who had been for several weeks detained by the state military authorities at San Rafael Hospital, about two miles from Trinidad, where the committee sat.

In response to this request, Adjutant-General Chase, commanding the military, informed the committee that if it issued a summons for Mother Jones, he would refuse to produce her. He based his position on the claim that Mother Jones's presence in Trinidad would cause a riot. And he was supported by Major Boughton, the Judge Advocate, and unofficially also by the governor of the state.

As the Mine Workers had offered guarantees to keep the peace, the committee saw not the slightest reason to suppose that the appearance of Mother Jones would result disastrously. But the military authorities were obdurate. They would allow the committee to visit Mother Jones at San Rafael Hospital and take her testimony there, but they would not bring her to Trinidad.

It became then a question whether the committee should sacrifice the dignity of Congress and go to Mother Jones, or stand on its dignity and ask power to arrest Mother Jones over the heads of the military authorities—a course that might lead to very grave complications. The whole militia of Colorado and the state government would be in contempt of Congress.

Finally the military authorities offered as an alternative to produce Mother Jones at Denver, upon the committee's return there, and to turn her loose. But that would have defeated the habeas corpus proceedings then pending to procure her release. So, upon the advice of the counsel in charge of those proceedings, the Mine Workers withdrew their request for Mother Jones's appearance. And as the congressional committee did not deem the question of dignity important enough to warrant a clash between the state and Federal authorities, the whole matter was dropped and became an unofficial incident. It appears in the record only through the arguments before the committee by Costigan, counsel for the United

Photo by American Press Association.

J. W. BROWN, NATIONAL ORGANIZER, LEADER OF THE ARMED STRIKERS NEAR TRINIDAD.

Mine Workers, and Major Boughton, the Judge Advocate."

In other details as well as this, the committee found the attitude of the military authorities arbitrary and unreasonable. As another instance: Adjutant-General Chase offered to take the witness-stand to refute charges of the Mine Workers against the militia, only with the provision that he be allowed to make his statement in his own way and be free from cross-questioning. The committee naturally declined to accept his conditions, and the charges of cruelty and indecency made against the militia stand in the record unrefuted.

And then, climax of all these incidents, came Ludlow!

There are no authoritative statistics with regard to the cost of the strike in human life. The money loss to Colorado is more determinable.

The state's expense for militia up to April 28 is $1,000,000, the loss to the coal companies will total $4,000,000, diminished traffic has cost the railways $4,000,000 at least; 12,000 strikers have sacrificed $5,000,000 in wages, $4,000,000 will not cover the lost wages of the thousands of other employees discharged as a consequence of crippled industry, and the union has paid out $2,200,000 in benefits to the 22,000 men, women, and children for whom it is caring.

This sum, staggering though it seems, takes no account of the indirect loss that flows from decreased consumption, emptied homes, inflated prices, and deterred immigration.

Nor is it Colorado's loss alone. What convulses a state affects the nation. Nor is it Colorado's problem alone, for industrial strife is not confined to any one commonwealth. It is the whole American people that must conduct the investigation and make the findings. To this end let the principal figures in this struggle be called to the witness stand to explain, to attack and to defend.

Comes John D. Rockefeller, Jr., representing the controlling interest in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, which produces thirty-five per cent. of the coal of Colorado, refusing to talk face to face, and speaking, therefore, through the medium of sworn testimony given before the Congressional committee appointed to investigate the strike.

THE EMFLOYERS' SIDE

Mr. Rockefeller, as a result of four hours of questioning, expressed his opinions and defined his position as follows:

That the strike had become a fight for the principles of the freedom of labor, and that he and his associates would face the continuance of "unfortunate conditions" and the loss of all their millions invested in the coal fields rather than that American working men should be deprived of their right under the Constitution to work for whom they pleased.

That, though he had not attended a directors' meeting for ten years, and knew nothing of conditions in his camps except from the reports of officers of the company, his conscience acquitted him of having done his full duty in regard to the striking coal-diggers, by placing competent men in authority over them, and placing responsibility upon these men.

That while he considered employer and employee as fellow men, who should treat each other as brothers, and was in favor of arbitration in industrial disputes, he supported the officers of his company in their present refusal to submit the question of unionizing the mines to arbitration.

And when asked by Chairman Foster, "You'll do that even if you lose all your money and have all your employees killed?" he answered: "It's a great principle. It's a national issue."

Again, on April 28, in a published statement, he made these specific claims in defense of his position:

That the eight-hour day was in force, likewise the semi-monthly pay-day.

That there was no objection on the part of the company to check weighmen, that the men were under no compulsion to trade at the company stores, and that the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company had voluntarily increased the wages until the scale "compares favorably with that of any similar mines, whether union or non-union, in any part of the country."

Only this and nothing more. His subordinates, and the officials of the smaller coal companies in Colorado, are not so impersonal, however; and the testimony offered in behalf of the operators would be less than complete were it left lacking the hate and resentment that dominate the attitude of the operators to the strikers.

To talk to them—to talk to any of their numerous supporters in Colorado—is a liberal education in the art of expressing rage and undying antagonism. I have seen kind faces—the faces of fond fathers and devoted husbands—become black and ugly with passion when the strikers were mentioned, and heard the most blood-curdling imprecations fall from lips that had just been repeating prayers.

There is not one but feels that the United Mine Workers, no less than the old Western Federation of Miners, is an organization dedicated to violence, assassination, and incessant turmoil, and that Colorado will never know peace as long as the union leaders are permitted to carry on the work of agitation within its borders.

They recite murder after murder of which they accuse the union members—mine superintendents shot through the window, sturdy workers waylaid in the dark and beaten to death, and scores of mysterious disappearances that will never be explained

Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THE TENT CITY AT LUDLOW, WHERE STRIKING MINERS HAD LIVED FOR MONTHS—BEFORE APRIL 20TH.

until the cañons give up their secrets.

They point to the loss of millions of dollars in destroyed property—mine buildings blown up by dynamite or set on fire—and to many valuable holdings made absolutely worthless by the system of terrorism that is the principal argument of the strikers and their sympathizers.

They lift up their hands to God and protest that never in the history of industrial warfare have they taken the initiative, and that their purchase of machine guns and the employment of armed guards has never been for other than purposes of protection against the assaults of the vicious and the lawless.

As they see it, their employees would be perfectly contented were it not for the cunning and persistent agitation carried on by malcontents who earn their living by "making trouble." It is the union organizers that the operators blame for the strikes and the loss of life that has accompanied them, refusing to accept one iota of the responsibility.

Their refusal to arbitrate is based upon organized labor's record of lawlessness in Colorado, for they insist that they might as well lose their property in the beginning as to lose it by contractual relations with the murderers and desperadoes of the unions.

It must also be stated that they accuse the strikers of starting the battle at Ludlow, and their explanation of the death of the women and children is that the men coldbloodedly left their families before firing, and made no effort to rescue them.

Running through everything the operators say and do is an almost holy fervor. There is no doubting the sincerity of their conviction that their position is in defense of the state, of the law, and of the sacred rights of property, for to them unions, union principles, and union leaders are expressive of all that is wicked, revolutionary, and destructive.

Comes Edward L. Doyle, secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers, face wet with tears, talking in almost hysterical snatches between telephone calls that gave him details of the death of women and children at Ludlow:

THE MINERS' SIDE

This is not a labor war. It is a slave revolt. Ten Siberian years have worked twelve thousand miners to a pitch where they prefer the death of free men in the open to serfdom underground. Because our masters know that we will not surrender as long as life lasts, they have resolved upon a campaign of extermination.

Shortly after John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, testimony was given to the Congressional Committee at Washington, the forces of mine guards and militia became more active. As quickly as men and machine guns could be massed, the one thousand four hundred men, women, and children in the Ludlow tent colony were surrounded, and at a given word the slaughter commenced.

We knew that it was only a question of time till such a massacre would come. First it was the Baldwin-Felts thugs that tried to justify our utter destruction by murder, insult, and ruffianism. For weeks before the strike they came pouring in from West Virginia and North Carolina, and as if the eight machine guns they brought were not enough, Felts had the Rockefeller steel plant in Pueblo make him an armored automobile called the "Death Special." In open defiance of law, the sheriffs of Las Animas and Huerfano appointed these non-resident desperadoes as deputies.

But this method was slow, dangerous, and expensive. Governor Ammons ordered out the militia, and straightway the operators transferred their mine-guards and machine guns to the service of the state. Of the 1716 so-called soldiers on duty in November we proved that more than half were gunmen, ex-convicts, and the refuse of the city slums, and that their leaders if necessary remained on the company payrolls.

"The civil courts were open and unobstructed; yet Chase, the vanity-mad doctor in command, created the Military District of Colorado, gathered a tribunal of corporation lawyers, real-estate men, and shabby nondescripts, and announced that he would arrest, try, and execute without regard to the civil authorities."

Read the sworn testimony given before the congressional committee if you want to know what the strikers suffered. They arrested them in great batches, and held them without charge and without bail for weeks and months, denying the right to see counsel, friends, or family. They chained the sick to hospital beds; brought death to prisoners by making them sleep on damp concrete; tried to extort confessions by keeping men awake night after night with bayonets or cold water; tortured poor Colnar by making him think that he was digging his own grave; and stood seventeen others in front of loaded guns for an hour, then beat them because they would not beg.

"Mother" Jones, eighty-two years old, was held incommunicado from January to April because she would not agree to leave the state, and the writ of habeas corpus, for which our fathers died, was laughed out of court.

Day after day, night after night, these uniformed bums danced with their harlots in our streets, fired through our houses and tents, insulted our wives and daughters, prodded us with their bayonets and beat us with their pistols, pillaged our homes and stole our savings, drove through our funeral processions and hounded the undertakers that had the courage to bury our dead. Because a crowd laughed when an officer fell from his horse, he kicked little Sarah Slater in the breast and had his mounted men ride down and saber women and children.

Read the testimony of State Auditor Kenehan, who was threatened with bayonets and revolvers when he proved that certain officers were rendering padded bills! Read the testimony of business men whose stores were robbed!" Read how Linderfelt, the Baldwin-Felts gunman in a lieutenant's uniform, rode through our camps yelling that he was Jesus Christ and that his men were Jesus Christs."

And through it all these "patriots" acted as herders for the strike-breakers that the companies poured into the state, getting them here by lies and fraud. Scores from Joplin, Missouri, who had been led to believe that they were going to buy land and do agricultural work. Scores from Pittsburgh and from Alabama, ignorant that a strike was on, and held under lock and key on the trains. In every case the militia met them at the stations and drove them like cattle into the mines.

Mr. Rockefeller suggests the great principle for which we must all be killed is the right of the American working man to work for whom he pleases. How then does he explain the fact that when these deceived men were once behind the mine barriers they were not allowed to leave? That when the Birmingham batch of eighteen escaped they were arrested by the militia and given the choice between returning to work and sixty days in jail? That one poor wretch

"MOTHER" MARY JONES WAS ARRESTED AND HELD INCOMMUNICADO FROM JANUARY TO APRIL BECAUSE SHE WOULD NOT PROMISE TO LEAVE THE STATE.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

at Delagua was killed for attempting to leave? That strikers, when arrested, were offered freedom if they would go back into the mines? That hoboes, dragged from box cars, were hustled out to the mines by the soldiers?

Conditions were terrible enough before 1903; but when the operators crushed that uprising by open purchase of the civil, judicial, and military authorities, all pretense of law observance was flung to the winds.

The statute-books contained laws directing an eight-hour day, a semi-monthly pay-day, cash payment for work, check weighmen, the right to organize, and the installation of safety devices: not one but was contemptuously defied.

Miners were worked long hours, paid once a month in scrip that was worthless outside the camp, cheated of from five hundred to eight hundred pounds on every car of coal, and made to understand that any attempt at unionization meant death or discharge. They lived on company land, paid exorbitant rents for company hovels, traded at high-priced company stores, bought drinking-water from the company, and, as a last finishing touch, yielded a certain sum each month for every child that went to school on this land stolen from the school-children of the state.

As for protecting our lives, three men are killed in the mines of Colorado to one elsewhere. In the last twenty years two thousand human beings have been burned alive on the altars of greed. Thirty-seven in the Vulcan mine, because the company economized on sprinkling. Fifty-six at Starkville, because the Rockefeller dividends could not be lessened by the installation of improvements

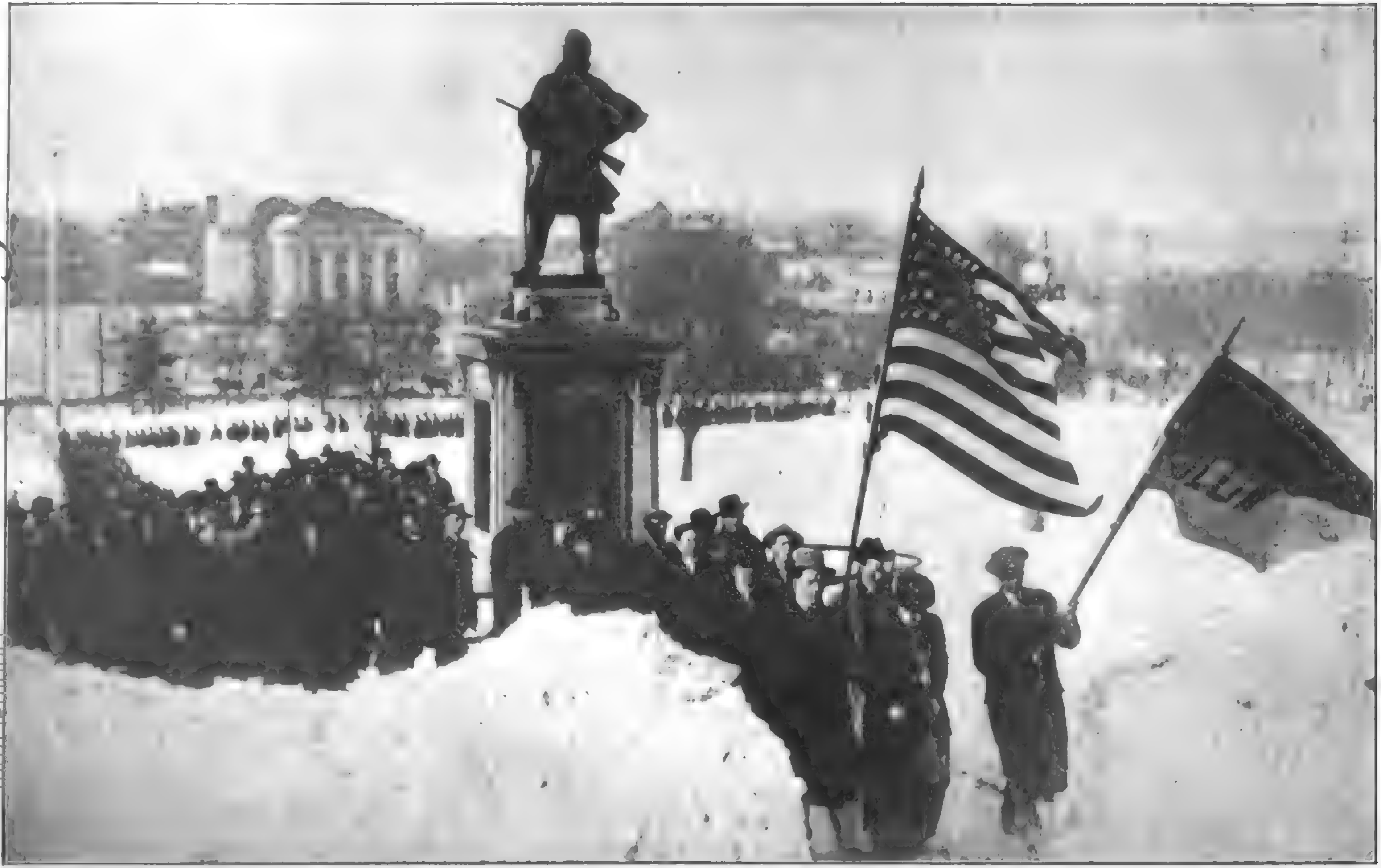


Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

"MOTHER" JONES AT THE HEAD OF A DELEGATION WHICH MARCHED TO THE CAPITOL LAST WINTER TO DEMAND THAT GOVERNOR AMMONS END THE INDUSTRIAL WAR.

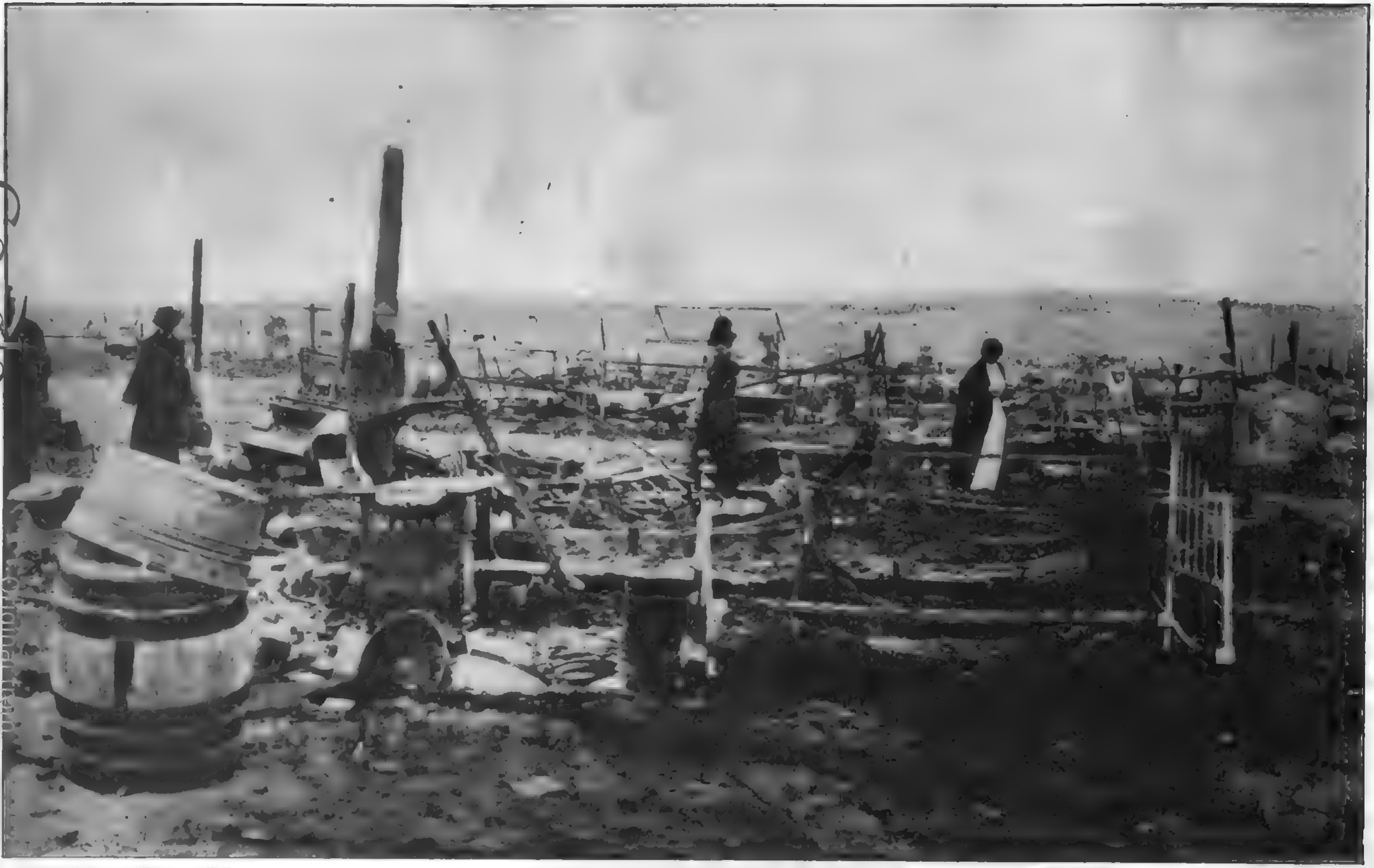


Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

RUINS OF THE MINERS' TENT CITY OF LUDLOW, WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY THE MACHINE GUNS OF THE MILITIA AND MINE-GUARDS ON APRIL 20TH.

that their own engineer had ordered. Seventy-five at Primero, because the Rockefellers could not afford to install safety devices that had been ordered after an accident that had murdered twenty-five a year or so before.

Nothing was so cheap as human life. A man was killed because the company would not give the props he had begged, his wife went insane, and a twenty-dollar coffin was offered the daughter in settlement. Coroners' juries were on the company's payrolls and rendered company verdicts. Lawsuits for damages were undreamed of, as the operators themselves testified.

At one place the superintendent tried to drive men into a burning mine to dig more coal. At another place when miners were entombed the boss yelled: "To hell with the men! Get out the mules!" Mules are worth $250 apiece.

The absolute ownership by the coal companies of the officials and election machinery in Las Animas and Huerfano Counties prevented any protest at the polls. Superintendents voted their men in herds, and those who protested were beaten and discharged as "agitators."

And what were our rewards? I declare under oath that the average wage of the twelve thousand men on strike never reached $600 a year. The operators talk glibly of how they pay us three and four dollars a day, but they don't mention that the mines are only worked about one hundred and eighty days a year, or that out of our daily wage they make us pay for powder, blacksmithing, fuse, oil, cotton, and tools.

These, then, were the conditions that drove twenty-two thousand men, women, and children into tents on snow-covered, storm-beaten mountain sides. These, then, are the conditions of which Rockefeller's conscience is clear. He has time and money enough to investigate the white-slave evil in Europe, but he hasn't a day or a dollar to spend on the twelve thousand wage slaves that die in the dark for his profit.

To balance it all, he talks of his "welfare work." What is it? Where is it? Each month $1.50 is deducted from each man's salary for a hospital and a doctor; but if we don't happen to be sick or injured when the doctor makes his regular round, we have to hire one of our own and go to the county hospital.

Perhaps he means the saloon, which is an important institution in each camp. But even this isn't philanthropy, because for his monopoly the dive-keeper pays a monthly rental that averages forty cents for every worker.

Only God knows what the end will be. There can be no peace without justice.

Comes William D. Haywood, head center of the Cripple Creek strike in 1903, branded as an "undesirable citizen" by Theodore Roosevelt while on trial for his life, acquitted at Boise of complicity in the murder of former Governor Steunenberg of Idaho, and now general organizer of the Industrial Workers of the World; huge and somber as a granite crag, rebellion in every rumble of his voice and every line of his implacable face:

I. W. W. OPINION

The Colorado war shows up the stupid cruelty of capitalism and the cruel stupidity of trade-unionism. I have the same undying hatred for the one that I have pity for the other.

Why is it that the striking coal-miners are being driven from their homes, thrown into jails, sabered by cavalrymen, shot down by hired "killers," and robbed of every constitutional right that this land of the free is supposed to guarantee its citizens?

A surface reason may be found in the lawless rapacity of the mine-operators; but the real cause lies in the selfishness and ignorance of the Colorado working class as a whole. Even while their so-called "union brothers" are fighting for their very lives, starving in ragged, wind-swept tents, union train-men are hauling scab-mined coal to market, union teamsters are delivering it, union engineers are burning it, and in neighboring states hundreds of other union miners are busily digging away in order that there may be no failure in the coal supply.

No, it is not capitalism that is crushing out lives and souls in Colorado. It has the savage will but not the ability. If the great army of workers stood shoulder to shoulder, fighting as a class, not in petty groups, those feudal lords would be begging the mercy that they now despise. It is labor itself that is crucifying labor out in Colorado. It was so in 1903, when the privileged class turned thousands of thrifty workers into despairing, hate-branded outcasts. The great body of unionism let us perish without a word, drowning our cries for help with the clink of a beggarly weekly wage.

It will always be so until trades-unionism gives way to industrial solidarity. Where there is craft interest, class interest soon disappears, and small unions, willing to gain advantages for themselves even at the expense of the great mass of workers, become the greedy allies of the employer.

The American Federation of Labor—and I say it advisedly—has made slaves out of those who should be masters, and turned the rising flood of brotherhood into the stagnant channels of brutal selfishness.

Strike after strike—wonderful uprisings that would have changed unbearable conditions—has been lost by the class treachery that the American Federation of Labor fosters and encourages. Just as we are now seeing heroism stabbed in the back out in Colorado, so have we seen wage revolts crushed in a score of towns because the unions without grievances sat with their heads in nose-bags while their brothers were broken into pieces.

There are any number of cases, too, where the A. F. of L. has forced its own membership to "scab," furnishing union men to take the places of strikers under pretense that some contract had been violated. I could wish to believe in hell again so that I might be sure that such creatures would get their just deserts.

"Scabs" are not only made by the A. F. of L., but are *bred* by reason of rules and regulations that are the essence of tyranny. Craft unionism develops an aristocracy of labor and begets a mean jealousy that seeks to monopolize the right to work. Some unions have an initiation fee of $500, and in nine cases out of ten the entrance price is prohibitive. When a worker drops out of one craft to seek work elsewhere, a new initiation fee is demanded, with the result that there are certain unfortunates who are compelled to carry four and five union cards. Apprenticeship rules are not fixed with any view of teaching the trade, but with the sole idea of preserving the closeness of the union corporation and its vicious monopoly of jobs.

They cry brotherhood, and yet on every hand we see unions raising hateful barriers on account of sex, color, race, or creed. Is it any wonder that the Civic Federation praises the A. F. of L., and permits us a view of happy banquet scenes in which Vincent Astor and Samuel Gompers are shown in friendly embrace? Its leaders, in the main, are tools and mediums for the bosses, and traitors to their class.

The death-dealing four-loom system, principal cause of the revolt in the silk mills of Paterson, was installed as the result of a "compromise" engineered by John Golden, head of the textile-workers. Whenever an A. F. of L. voice is lifted it is in support of the contention that the interests of the wage-earner are identical with those of the employer, or, as John Mitchell put it, to announce that "workers never hope to become more than wage-earners."

THE I. W. W. PROGRAM

It is a lie. The spirit that animates the toiling class to-day is one of revolution, and it finds its perfect expression of faith in these paragraphs from the I. W. W. preamble:

"The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace as long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people, and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life. Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system. . . . It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with the capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

There is your gauntlet. It is a struggle to the death. There may be armed truces, but there will never be peace until the wage system is destroyed. What sets it apart from all other wars is that it is waged in the name of universal brotherhood. Old words and ancient symbols have lost their power to fool and betray. Our masters preach Christ one day in seven and crucify Him the other six, and the flag has been made into a bandage for our eyes and hands. A country is to be loved when it merits love, and patriotism means no more to the oppressed of earth than the mumbled incantations of the gownmen who urge respect for the established order.

There is not a member of the I. W. W. who would not give his heart's blood to help the struggling strikers in Colorado; but they are caught in a web of their own making. The United Mine Workers, the organization to which they give allegiance, is divided into twenty-two districts, and each district makes its own contracts. If the Colorado men won, it would only mean that, having bettered their own lot, they would then sit by while other districts fought, bled, and died.

There is no salvation for them until they see and think more clearly. Mark, for instance, their attitude to Rockefeller's statement that he did not attend the directors' meetings of the C. F. and I., and took no direct personal interest in the welfare of his employees. They feel, just as thousands of non-combatants doubtless feel, that all would be well if Mr. Rockefeller would walk through the Colorado coal-fields with his uplift ideas, and accord decent, civilized treatment to his misery-mad wage-slaves.

Why should it matter what Rockefeller does or doesn't do? By his own confession he contributes nothing to the management or labor of the great coal companies that dig the acres stolen from the school-children of Colorado. The attitude of Mr. Rockefeller should be dismissed from consideration in endeavoring to solve the terrible problems which Colorado presents.

The people of America, through bitter experience, found the need of abolishing the right to the succession of crown or titles. The next lesson is the imperative necessity of doing away with the succession to lands or fortunes. Young Rockefeller is no more entitled to the millions accumulated by his father's legalized pillage than he would be to inherit the title of duke or count.

As a matter of course, I despise the Rockefellers; but, let me say, only for the hypocrisy that makes them prate of church and peace and love even while their hired bravos are shooting down wretched and despairing men and women. I have no condemnation for the old man's achievement in bending mines, mills, smelters, railways, etc., to his single will. What he has brought about is a perfect industrial organization, proving absolutely that industry can be socialized. It remains only for the workers to follow his example. The small trade-union must give way to a great industrial organization that will not only battle with the giant corporations for higher wages and shorter hours, but that will enable the producer ultimately to kick out the exploiter.

It is war. Between us and our goal there are black-lists, miseries, privations, prison, clubs, and bullets; but the goal shines clear. The bodies of martyrs will lift us to the throat of tyranny.

So much for the three parties to the controversy. In dealing with their testimony, that which is common knowledge in Colorado may be helpful.

WHICH ONE IS RIGHT?

Not a citizen in the coal-fields but knows that Doyle's contentions are true in the matter of the refusal of the operators to obey the law. The companies have not only fought all legislation asked by the miners, but have consistently and openly defied it when enacted. Their claims of law observance, put forward by Mr. Rockefeller, are eleventh-hour reformations intended to befool the public.

For ten years these thousands of illiterate foreigners have been herded in company camps like so many cattle, paid once a month in scrip, robbed at a company store, overcharged for rent, light, and fuel, afforded no opportunity for amusement save the saloon, forced to work under conditions that were menacing to life, and cheated on the weight of the coal they produced.

Deputy Labor Commissioner Brake, in support of these assertions, has declared under oath that the Rockefeller company "has used every means in its power to nullify and violate every law on the statute-books" for the protection of human life, and that its attitude to the miners is one of "lawlessness, fraud, and corruption."

Absolute control of the political machinery in Huerfano and Las Animas counties has enabled the companies to deny damages for death or injury, and this power, together with the use of money during campaigns, has given them a sinister influence with every state administration. Governor Ammons, by the admission of Mr. Rockefeller's personal representative, crept into the office of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company prior to election and begged support.

As for the company claim that it desires

Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

MINE GUARDS RIDING TO THE SCENE OF ACTION ON THE TOPS OF FREIGHT CARS.

the "open shop," it has been given the lie at every turn by the black-list and the systematic persecution of union men. In this connection the Rockefeller insistence that every employee has the right to ask the officials for the redress of grievances becomes incredibly naive when it is considered that the twelve thousand men working for the C. F. & I. alone speak thirty-six different tongues, and that seventy-five per cent. of them can neither read nor write.

It is true, however, as the operators claim, that of the twelve thousand men who struck only two thousand belonged to the union. Yet this point, of which they make so much, is one that counts against the companies more overwhelmingly than any that the miners have brought forward.

Surely two thousand men can not bulldoze ten thousand? Surely ten thousand can not be led into suffering and privation because two thousand imagine "grievances"? The very fact that the unorganized ten thousand *did* follow the unionized two thousand out into the mountain storms is proof incontrovertible that there *were* unbearable conditions in the mines.

It can not be denied, of course, that the miners themselves have been guilty of every violence. But what else was to have been expected? In the militia sent to restore order the strikers saw the very men who had been serving as mine guards and machine-gun operators, and in no single instance did the civil authority intervene to save them from imprisonment and torture. Had they been of Anglo-Saxon stock, instead of men used to Old World oppression, Colorado would have been a shambles.

That these conditions have been endured is not the fault of the men and women of Colorado. No people have made a finer, more courageous fight for freedom and justice, and in the last ten years they have destroyed partisanship, won the initiative, referendum, and recall, and put wise, humane laws upon the statute-books.

Now, when it is seen that these things are not enough, and that betterment must be approached through economic and industrial reforms, not the merely political, they are addressing themselves to the new task with the same old courage and determination.

To-day, for the first time, Colorado is making the distinction between *privilege* and *property*. The people have come to an accurate realization that it has been the private ownership of natural resources and public utilities that has corrupted officials and manufactured hate and class prejudice, and they mean to have no more of it. Privilege is to be done away with in order that property may be given a new value and a finer meaning.

The demand of great mass meetings, as well as the slow-forming sentiment of the entire social mass, is for the revocation of the leases of the 13,000 acres of coal land operated by the companies, and the development *by the state* of the 473,000 acres of coal land *owned* by the state. Instead of turning rich tracts and great streams over to private exploitation, they are planning a government that will be a working partnership with the people for the harnessing of streams, the watering of deserts, all to the end that a state may be created in which there is every opportunity for the worker but no room for the parasite.

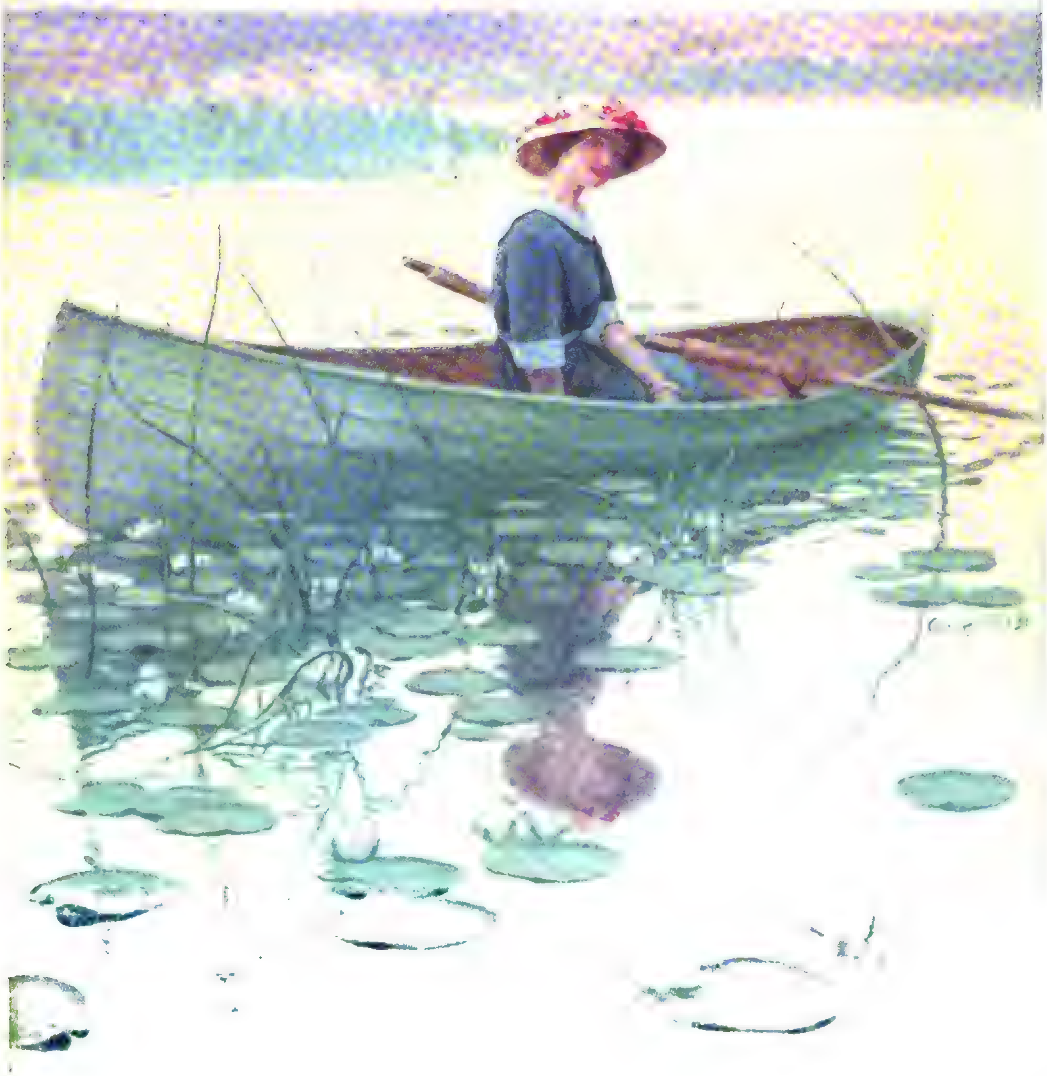
Nothing is plainer to them than that the solidarity of capital is fast bringing about the solidarity of labor, and that a continuance of present conditions will result in a class war of frightful proportions. To meet this menace they are preparing to advance the *rights of society*—the welfare of the great body of non-combatants whose peace and prosperity are destroyed by this constant warfare between two groups that have been made stubborn, lawless, and implacable by ancient hates.

Never again will an absentee landlord be permitted to bury Colorado in debt and shame out of his regard for "a great principle." Never again will strikers be permitted to attempt redress of wrongs by force of arms. The Rockefellers and the Haywoods are to be denied alike, and their menacing organizations met and defeated by a social solidarity based upon equal justice.

Compulsory arbitration has already been decided upon as a first step. The next step, and one that will be made in care and deliberation, will be in the direction of such rules and regulations of industry as will stop the manufacture of hate by guaranteeing to all alike the equal rights that God intended and that a democracy demands.

This is Colorado's present plan of approaching the industrial problem that poisons politics and undermines free institutions. It invites the help of the nation.

Owing to Mr. Hard's illness, the series on Better Business will be interrupted for three months. Fortunately the break in the series coincides with a natural division of the subject. In his first four articles Mr. Hard dealt with the ways in which American business lags behind other countries, and offered constructive suggestions, making a special study of Price-Cutting. Mr. Hard will resume this series with articles on some of the new and vital problems of the Retail Trade whose right settlement is essential to Better Business.



IN JUNE

From a Painting by Guy Rose

See Page 772

IN JUNE

BY PAUL NORMAN

The lilies fall asleep upon the river
When the red sun goes down
the furnace west;
But one white flower, when the
breezes quiver,
Floats on the water's breast.

She watches in the twilight for
her lover,
In the June stillness, in the
sunset's flame;
And soon Love's season once more
will discover
The world-old, foolish game!

"PERSONS UNKNOWN"

BY VIRGINIA TRACY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

EARLIER INSTALMENTS: Bruce Herrick, a young writer, is wakened in the middle of the night by crashing discord on a piano in an apartment opposite. On the blind he sees a woman's arm outstretched in a splendid, passionate gesture; then there is a pistol-shot and the lights go out. Herrick rushes over to help. There is no one in the apartment save the dead tenant, and the sole clue is a chiffon scarf.

The next day Herrick finds out that the murdered man was James Ingham, the publisher who was to bring out his first novel. Later in the day Deutch, superintendent of the Van Dam apartment-house, where Ingham had lived, calls on Herrick, and beseeches that at the inquest he will divert suspicion from Christina Hope, a young actress who was Ingham's fiancée. Before he leaves, Deutch overwhelms Herrick by recognizing a photograph on the wall as one of Miss Hope herself. Herrick had found the picture in a Paris hotel, and had made the unknown girl the heroine of his novel.

At the inquest, Christina answers all questions with unbroken calm until the coroner, Cuyler Ten Euyck, shows her the scarf found in Ingham's rooms. Then she collapses and changes her evidence, confessing that she and Ingham had quarreled and that the engagement had been broken on the day before his death. The coroner, an aristocrat with a passion for prosecution, is making the evidence bear hard upon Christina when a belated witness, elevator-boy in the Van Dam apartments, brings in fresh testimony: a woman had gone to Ingham's rooms late on the night of the murder—a woman who somewhat resembled Miss Hope, but who had one blue eye and one brown.

The next day Herrick calls on Christina, and begs to render her some service. She commissions him to meet Stanley Ingham, the dead man's brother, at the station and get from him some news he has promised her.

CHAPTER XIII—IN WHICH A MYSTERIOUS ARM IS OUTSTRETCHED

THE Grand Central Station is no sylvan spot, and Herrick wondered how he could be sure of finding an unknown Stanley Ingham there. That gentleman, however, turned out to be a lively and apparently well-informed youth of about twenty, who plucked Herrick from the crowd without hesitation and led him to a secluded seat with that air of deferential protection which a really smart chap owes it to himself to show to age.

"Miss Hope wired me to see you here, and here I am. You know I'm the bearer of some new exhibits for the police. We think we've struck a new trail. After I've handed 'em over, I'm dining with Miss Hope, and as she'd have heard all about 'em then, should think she might have waited. Still, you know how women are!

"In the first place," young Mr. Ingham continued, "we want you, we want everybody, to know we're Miss Hope's friends. We want to go on record that the way she's been knocked around in this thing has been simply damnable, and if poor old Jim were alive——"

He stopped. At the mention of his brother a moisture, which Herrick knew he considered the last word of shame, rose in his eyes; behind his high collar something swelled and impeded his utterance. Then

Mr. Stanley Ingham became once more a man of the world.

"You can take it from me that if you hadn't treated her as jolly well as you did in that capital article of yours—you're a marked man, you know, since that came out—we shouldn't be trying to lasso you now on to the staff of the *Weekly*." Herrick started, but the man of the world was not easily checked. "You were awfully decent, you know, to all of us. But it counts most for her. We don't think we've done enough for her, and we want to do all we can do. You see, we don't any of us feel she was wrong in quarreling with Jim—except the mater, of course, and, considering everything, we think she let him down pretty easy at the inquest. There's no denying the dear old fellow had been a gay one in his time, and, of course, he drove a high-spirited girl like that frantic with a lot of antiquated notions about the stage.

"Well, having her in our pew and our carriage at the funeral didn't shut all the fools' mouths in New York, nor Springfield either! So now we're going to do something really swatting—we've taken a box for her first night, and we're going to get mother into it, mourning and all, if we have to bring her in a bag. It's our duty. And we're going to have whoever fired that shot if they're alive on this planet. 'Tisn't only on Jim's account! It's for her—it's the only way you can knock that lie on the head about her being up there in his rooms that night.—Chris! Why, she's a regular kid! And the straightest kid that ever lived! Look here what I'm turning in."

It was a typewritten envelope, postmarked New York and addressed to Mr. James Ingham.

"We found it, opened, in his desk at the office," the boy explained. "But we've only just got it away from my mother." Its contents were a piece of red ribbon and a single sheet of paper, closely typed:

> The Arm of Justice warns Mr. James Ingham that it demands ten thousand dollars. If Mr. Ingham wisely decides to grant this application, he will tie the enclosed ribbon to the framework of his awning on the afternoon of August fourth, at four o'clock. It will be seen by an agent of the Society, who will then advise Mr. Ingham as to how and where the money may be paid. If Mr. Ingham decides against the application, he will do nothing.
>
> But in that case he must be prepared for the publication of a paragraph in the *Journal of Justice*, beginning: "There has recently come to light an episode in the career of Mr. James Ingham, the well-known publisher, eldest son of Robert Ingham of Springfield and New York, who is engaged to be married to the popular actress, Christina Hope."
>
> It will go on to relate the story of his association with a young, pure, and helpless girl eight years ago; how he betrayed her, and after promise of marriage—she being then destitute—abandoned her. It will tell this girl's name and where she is. It will give all names in connection with the affair. It will publish letters that passed between Mr. Ingham and this young girl, corroborating the worst that has been said.
>
> Mr. Ingham knows the standards of society, the reputation, the probity, and the justice of his father, and also the temper of Miss Christina Hope. Mr. Ingham is the best judge of whether or not it will be wise to pay for silence.

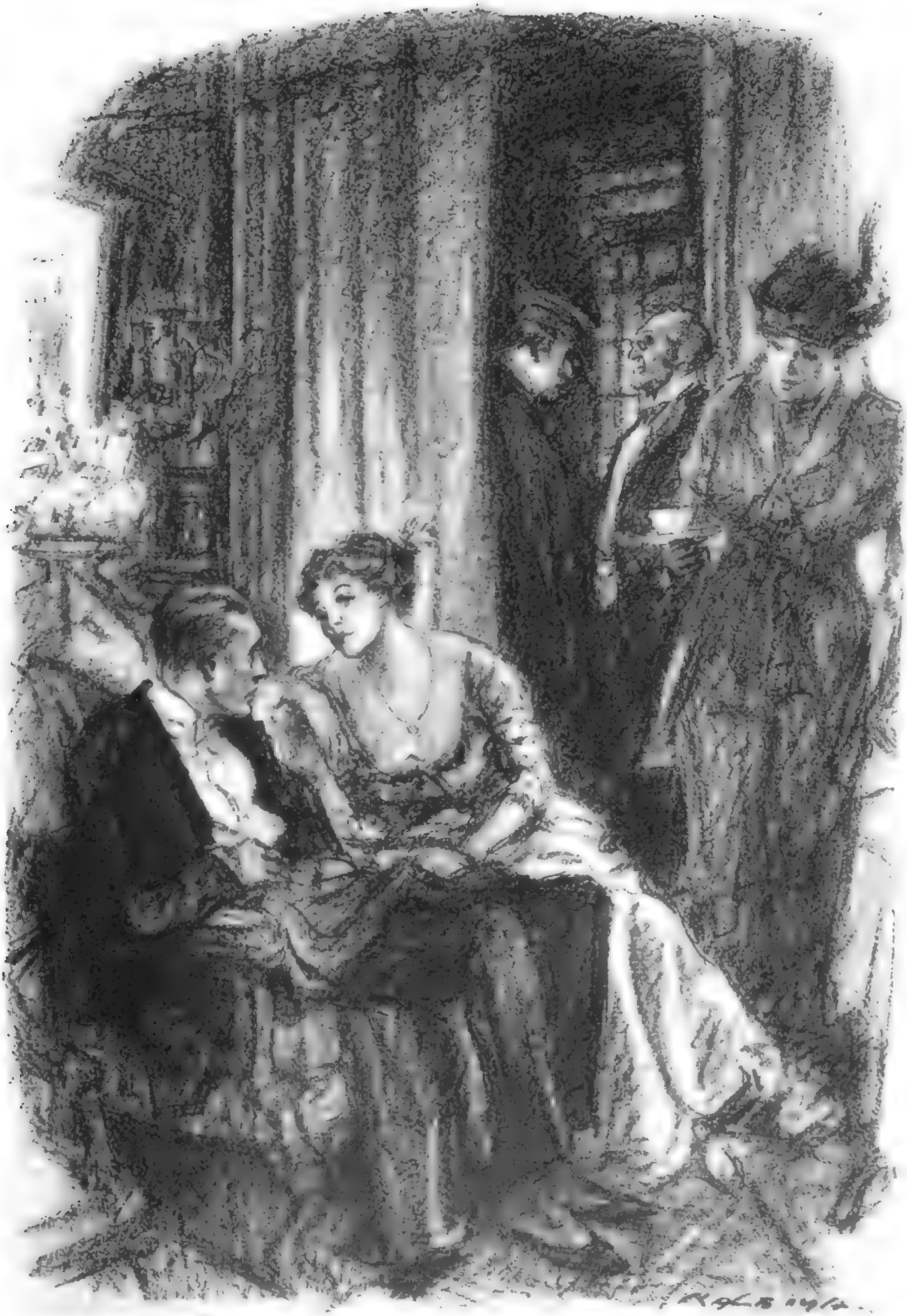
"Well, how's that!" exclaimed Stanley Ingham. "Poor old chap, you know—how dare they!" He reddened. "Because, hang it all, of course a man has to be a man, and you've got to be liberal-minded and all that; but, just the same, a fellow that would do what that thing says—why, he'd be regularly rotten!"

Herrick sat dumb. Words of Christina's were passing in his mind. "I will never tell you the cause of our quarrel. It was simply something monstrous which happened a long time ago." Because he had to say something, he said: "And you're taking this in to the police?"

"Yes. Isn't it a mercy Jim didn't destroy it? Meant it for the detectives himself, I dare say. Perhaps his not hanging out that piece of ribbon didn't have anything to do with his death. And perhaps it did. Anyhow, wait a bit—I'm a walking post-office this morning. Here's the last exhibit!" And he plumped down on Herrick's knee the duplicate of the typewritten envelope. The postmark, however, was dated August sixth, and it was directed to Ingham senior.

It opened with the same formalities, but this time its threat ran:—

> The *Journal* will relate the actual circumstances connected with the death of Mr. James Ingham——
>
> It will not pause after the story of the young girl whom Ingham abandoned years ago—it will tell how Miss Hope discovered a new intrigue, how, suspecting an appointment for the evening of August fourth, Miss Hope disguised herself in a red wig and dabs of paint about her



HE CAME TO HIMSELF IN CHRISTINA'S HOUSE, HER MINISTRATIONS EAGERLY AND BLESSEDLY MINGLING WITH THOSE OF MRS. DEUTCH, A DOCTOR, AND A POLICEMAN.

eyes, and penetrated to Ingham's apartment; how, finding no one there, she was placated until she spied a scarf on the table, and how then a terrible quarrel arose; the excitable young woman, springing in front of the window with her arm outstretched, the fingers slowly spreading and stiffening in the air, uttered a terrible, low cry and, snatching up Ingham's revolver from the table near the couch, shot him dead.

It will follow the flight of Miss Hope out through the door which Ingham must have bolted behind her, up-stairs, and over the roof into the apartment house next door. It was a terribly hot night, and, against all rules, the roof-doors of both apartment houses had been fastened back. Miss Hope came quietly down-stairs, passed through an entrance hall, empty of the boy who had run to join the crowd in the street, and walked away. This will be the conclusion of the narrative.

CHAPTER XIV

HERRICK GETS IN SOMETHING'S WAY

The effect of these letters upon Christina was much less than Herrick had dreaded. Even now, in his own room, as he hastened to dress for dinner at her house, he could feel the relief of her soft scorn.

"The Arm of Justice! Is it altogether a bad joke?" The light had been rather dim in the tea-shop, but he still saw the lift of her eyes and felt in his nostrils a scent of verbena and larkspur and candytuft—how she clung to those old-fashioned flowers!

"To my mind," she went on, "all this is simply the fiction of spite, and means nothing about anything—not even blackmail. Trouble, I think, was what this lady wanted. Oh, it's a woman, surely, who wrote these pretty tales—clamoring to have ribbons hung out of a man's window. 'The Arm of Justice' forsooth!"

He was inclined to agree with her, but he kept thinking about the letters. And by the time he started for the Hopes', one circumstance had begun to appear highly significant: the changed standpoint of the second letter! He said to himself: "The first is, I believe, sincere; it was written in the genuine hope of getting money out of Ingham by a person who really felt that he or she had a case. And the second is nothing on earth but an attempt to divert suspicion from the murderer by a lot of villainous poppycock. Between the writing of those two letters they lost their case and they lost their nerve. Suppose the first letter had been written by a woman—by a woman of some cultivation, with a very strong taste for expressing herself picturesquely.

"But her picturesqueness all streams into one channel—into hatred for Ingham. When she cuts at him, her pen scorches the paper. She has only one sentiment of anything like equal strength—her sympathy with the girl whom Ingham is supposed to have deserted. There, now, is a person whom she thoroughly admires. Was she herself once that girl?"

Herrick had almost reached the Hopes' when he hazarded this runaway guess. Exultantly immersed in the detective's pride, he did not notice a scudding automobile which now passed him so close that he had to spring backward in order to avoid being knocked down. And he was not in the mood when springing backward could be in the least agreeable to him. The forestaller of the police, the reasoner of great events, was thrown into a fuming rage. What, he, he, a free-born American citizen, he, a knight-errant on his way to the queen of love and beauty, he, Bruce Herrick, a presentable young man of the privileged classes, to bound into the air like a ball or a mountebank! By George, the fellow had not blown his horn!

Herrick came to a raging pause and looked about him for a policeman. He could at least complain to a policeman! Then he discovered that he was within half a block of Christina's corner. Her house was on the other side of the street. To come into her presence was to forget everything else. As he reached the corner and started to cross the road he heard the whir of another motor and then beheld it speeding toward him, some distance off, from the same direction as his first enemy. Determined not to skip the gutter this time, he advanced at a dignified pace, deliberately fixing the automobile with the power of the human eye.

The wild beast approached headlong, nevertheless, and Herrick, observing that it, too, dispensed with the formality of blowing its horn, stopped dead in its path. He was filled with the immense public spirit of outraged dignity and pure temper. The automobile was a long, low touring-car, gray, with an unfashionable look of hard usage, and there were three roughly dressed men in it. If they thought he would move unless that horn were blown, they were mistaken! He glared pointedly at the number, which was streaked, illegibly, with mud. It was the same automobile!

And now it was so near that, above the man's raised collar, he could see the eyes of the chauffeur looking straight at him. Then it was he knew that they did not expect him to get out of the way; that they did not intend to blow the horn; nor did they intend to swerve aside. What they intended was to run him down! With inconceivable rapidity the thing had loomed out of the distance and was here; death lunged at him in a flash, bulked right upon him, the wind of it in his angry eyes. The shock of that anger utterly controlled him and took up the challenge; he could not have changed the set of his whole nature and broken his defiance if he would.

But from the sidewalk some one screamed. Automatically, he started, and the touring-car, as if rocked by the scream, swayed a hair's breadth to one side. Only a hair's breadth! Herrick felt an impact like the end of things; then a horrible, jarring pain as if his bones were coming out and knocking him to splinters. And then—nothing.

CHAPTER XV

HERRICK MISSES A PARTY

The scream of the nervous passer-by saved Herrick's life. The slight swerve of the car made it possible for a very much bruised, cut, and skinned young man to wake into a world out of which the automobile had once more vanished, leaving not even a number behind. He came to himself in Christina's house, her ministrations eagerly and blessedly mingling with those of Mrs. Deutch, a doctor, and a policeman. Bystanders had given information that the offending automobile was a gray touring-car, and Herrick agreed. The next moment Christina was telephoning to Joe Patrick for a description of the Juggernaut which had delayed his appearance at the inquest. He answered her, "A gray touring-car."

Herrick was still digesting this intelligence when Deutch and Stanley Ingham appeared out of the background, took him home in a taxi, and put him to bed. To Herrick's indignant astonishment it was nearly a week before he could get about again.

But he spent this time amid the continuous bloom of Christina's larkspur and sweet alyssum and mignonette; the Deutches and the Grubeys ministered to him jealously; Stanley Ingham came to see him every day, and was accompanied once by his magnificent old father; Mrs. Hope called twice. And the second time, when he was almost ready to reenter the world, she brought Christina with her.

The girl had lost her air of tragic greatness; there was more color in her face, the pupils of her eyes were less expanded and her nostrils less inflated; she seemed, too, to have been rather put back into her place as a young lady, for she smiled sweetly but a little shyly about Herrick's room, and left the talking to her mother; she had long since learned about Evadne, and when her eyes encountered the photograph, which had been replaced over the desk, a faint flush suffused her face.

"You know, Mr. Herrick," Mrs. Hope said, as they were leaving, "that the opening of 'The Victors' two weeks from next Monday night is the great occasion of my daughter's life. I can't begin to tell you what it means to us; it's everything. At such a time I think we—we ought to have our friends about us. The Inghams are so kind; they are taking me in their box—and taking us to supper afterward. But Christina had already ordered me two of the best seats in the house, and I'm sure I'm speaking for her, too, when I say what a pleasure it would be if you would accept them."

"I certainly shall be delighted," Herrick answered heartily.

"I'm so glad. You'll see Christina at her best, and I'm going to say that's something to see."

The whole life of the Hopes was centered in Christina's work, and Herrick soon found himself as much merged in it as were the Deutches themselves. It became clear to him with every hour that Christina's work in the theatre was the essence of her. It became a thrilling amusement to watch her, even in what were nominally her leisure hours; to see how vividly she perceived, how unscrupulously she absorbed!

All her life long she had sucked out of every human creature that came near her some sort of artistic sustenance. Every mannerism of her beloved Deutches, of her own mother's continual protestations, of

Wheeler, who, ever since he first saw her, five years before, in a moving-picture show, had given her a hand up; of Ten Euyck, in those very moments of the inquest when she had been near collapse—she could reproduce all at will with inhuman exactness. She was mistress of her body's every curve, of her voice's every note; she had read widely and with passionate intelligence; she was a diligent student of passing manners and historic modes, and of each human specimen, through which she could run her pin.

In the meantime it seemed to the poor fellow that she accepted him like the weather. For she had become strangely quiet in his presence. And Herrick was too much in love to presume that this quiet meant more than that he did not irritate her. Every now and again, it is true, he was breathlessly aware of something that brooded, touchingly anxious and tender, in a tone, in a glance. He dared not translate her expression when, looking up suddenly, he would find her eyes swimming in a kind of tender light and fastened on his face. At such moments there would fall between them a thrilling, an exquisite consciousness. And, with the passing of the wave, she would seem to him extraordinarily young.

No, he dared not look these flashes in the face. Christina moved in a great atmosphere of luxury, though she complained loudly and frankly of being "hard up;" for all her independence she was by no means insensible to the glories of the smart world nor to the luxuries of the moneyed world.

"I want them all," she confessed to Herrick, as they walked up Fifth Avenue from rehearsal. "I covet them, I long to own them, and I dare swear I should never be owned by them! Thank Heaven, I've stood out here when I was cold and wet and oh! how helpless, and felt in me the anarchist with his bomb! One man from these great houses once taught me how to hate them—I was never made to smile on conquerors! Ah, how I should like to tame all this!"

Well it behooved Herrick to remember that he was a young man who took his meals in a cheap table d'hôte in a basement. He had begun to strike up quite a friendship with the little old New England woman, on her solitaire-playing visits, because he and she were the only people there who spoke English. The firm of Ingham had not yet accepted his novel; and though they followed up Stanley's precocious information with tentative overtures toward a position on the *Weekly*, Christina's anticipated success would still leave his probable salary a speck in the distance.

When these overtures, however, were successfully concluded, he felt justified in forsaking the Grubeys. A friend on the *Record* pointed out a suite in an old-fashioned down-town mansion which had been turned into bachelor lodgings; a friend of the friend would sublet, furnished, cheap, and Herrick took the place. A mahogany tea-table and a beautiful old Colonial fireplace decided him. It seemed to him that he could not too quickly bring about the hour when Christina, before that fireplace and at that tea-table, should pour tea for what guests she would.

But his possession was delayed; he was unable to get settled till the last day before Wheeler's company left town to try the play out in New Haven; and on that day Christina went to a great reception.

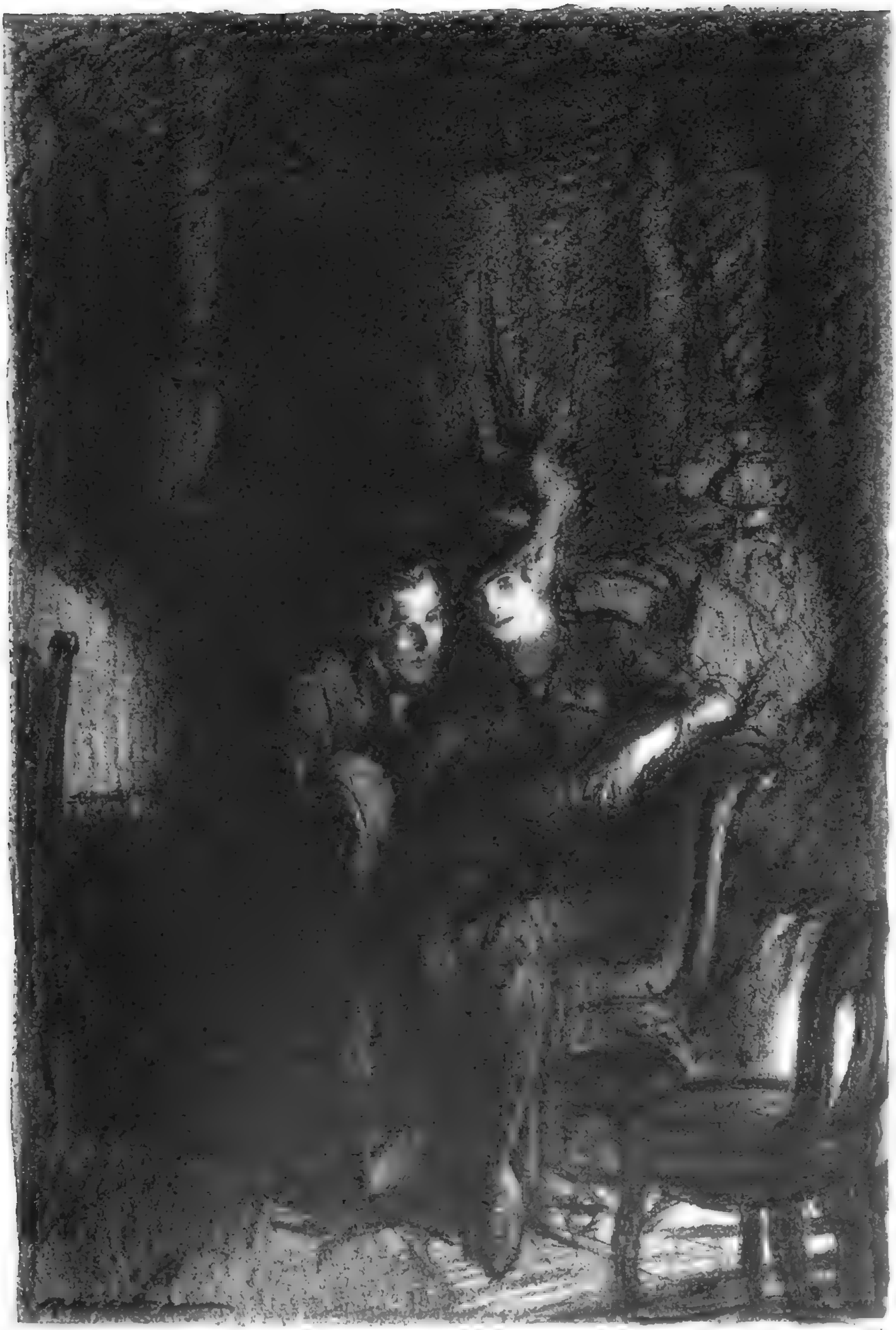
He had, of course, kept silence. But it was heartbreaking to see how perfect a day it was for tea and fires—one of those cool afternoons of earliest September. He kindled the flame; alas, it didn't matter. She was to be gone four days. Four days! He couldn't stand the thought and, toward six, he went up-town to hear about the party.

He found Mrs. Hope, but not Christina; and the elder lady received him almost with tears. "She is out driving by herself and she won't come home! She is in one of her tantrums, that's all!"

Herrick had never seen the poor lady so ruffled. "It was such a beautiful reception," she told him. "All the best people. And, oh, Mr. Herrick, you can't imagine how heavenly she looked!"

"Can't I?" Herrick groaned.

"Well, every one just lay down flat in front of her. Even Mr. Ten Euyck. Yes, he was there. Did you know he's deputy commissioner now? I trembled when they should meet. She was having such a triumph! But she met him so sweetly at first—oh, Mr. Herrick, a terrible sweetness! And then, when everybody was noticing how well they were getting on, suddenly, with her eyes right on him, she just said that she must make her adieux. Oh, Mr. Herrick, the smart people they had got there to meet her!—and to make an enemy of that



"CHRISTINA! TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE REALLY AFRAID OF!"

terrible man!—She said his presence was an insult to her—I don't know where to hide my head!"

Herrick stayed for some time to counsel and console, but Christina did not return, and as Mrs. Hope did not ask him to dinner he was at length obliged to go. He felt a little snubbed and blue and lonely; his eyes hungered for Christina in her finery; how was he to wait indefinitely the summons of his proud princess? As he opened his door he saw that the fire had been kept up; some one kneeling before it turned at his entrance and faced him. It was Christina.

The shock of her presence was cruelly sweet. The firelight played over her soft, light gown; she had taken off her gloves, and the ruddiness gleamed on her arms and her long throat and on the sheen of her hair. As she rose slowly to her feet, that something at once ineffably luxurious and ineffably spiritual, which hung about her like the emanation of a perfume, stirred uneasily in him and his senses ached. Never had her fairness hurt him like that; his passion rose into his throat and held him dumb.

"The man looked at me, hard," she said, "and let me in. I came here to rest. And because I didn't want to be scolded. Don't scold me. Perhaps I've thrown away a world this afternoon. But no; it will roll back to be picked up again. Listen; and tell me that I was right."

Without stirring, "I can never tell you but the one thing," he said. "I love you!"

It was no sooner said than he loathed himself for speaking. He had not dreamed that he would say such a thing. It was not yet a month since her engagement to Ingham had been broken; she was a young girl; she was here alone with him in his rooms, to which she had paid him the perfect honor of coming—she, who had accepted him so simply, so nobly, as a gentleman. Hot shame and black despair seized upon him.

The girl stood quietly as if controlling herself. Then, so gently that she was almost inaudible, she said, "I must go!"

He could not answer her; he was aware of the ripple and murmur of her dress as she fetched her wraps; she put on her hat, and the lace of her sleeves foamed back from her arms in the ruddy light; he felt how soon she would be engulfed by that world which was already rolling back to be picked up. He stepped forward to help her with her thin chiffon coat, and she suffered this, gently, passively; as it slipped over her shoulders he felt her turn; he felt her arms come around his neck, clinging to him, and the sweetness of her body on his breast. In that firelit room her lips were cold, as they stumbled on his throat with the low cry:

"Oh, you love me!—You love me!" she repeated. "And you're a man! Save me!"

CHAPTER XVI

BUT ENTERTAINS CALLERS

"Don't let them take me!" Christina entreated. "Don't let them lock me up! That door! Turn the key!"

Without demur he turned it. He was in that commotion of bewildered feeling where one shock after another deliciously and terribly strikes upon the heart, and anything seems possible. From the trembling girl his pulses took a myriad alarms; apprehension of he knew not what ran riot in them and credited the suggestions of her terror; but all the while his blood rushed through him, warm and singing, and his heart glowed. She was here, with him! She had fled here and clung to him for defense! She loved him! In no dream, now, did she lie back there, in the deep chair beside his fire, with her hand clasping his eagerly as he knelt, and her shoulder leaning against his. It was keener than any dream; it was that fulness of life which, even at Herrick's age, we have mostly ceased to expect.

"There are detectives shadowing me," Christina said. "Don't deny it—I know! They've been following me from the beginning!"

"But why, dearest, why?"

"Because they think I killed Jim Ingham."

"Christina! Why should they think such a thing?"

"Why shouldn't they? Don't you?"

She put a finger on his lips to still his cry of protest, and, looking down into his face, her own eyes slowly filled with that brooding of maternal tenderness which seemed to search him through and through. For a moment it seemed to him that her eyes brimmed, that her lips trembled with some communication. But, without speaking, she ran her hand along his arm and a quiver passed through her; taking his face in her two hands she bent and kissed his mouth. In that kiss they plighted a deeper troth than in ten thousand promises. And creeping close into his breast with a shuddering sigh she pressed her cheek to his.

"Oh, Bruce, you won't let them take me away? I can stand anything but being locked up—I couldn't bear that—I couldn't!"

"My dearest, no one in the world can harm you!"

"I came here to be safe, where I could touch you. Let me rest here a little, and feel your heart close to me. Oh, my love, I'm so frightened! I thought I was strong! I thought I was brave and could go through with it! But I can't! I'm tired—to death! All through my soul I'm cold. It's only here I can get warm!"

"Christina," he asked her, "go through with what?"

She stirred in his arms and drew back. "Look first—ah, carefully!—from the window. What do you see?"

"Nothing but ordinary people passing. And the usual number of waiting taxis."

"Well, in one of those taxis—the one right in front of the house—is a detective. He has been following me all the afternoon. He is sitting there waiting for me to come out."

Herrick carried her hand to his lips. "Christina, don't think me a cursed schoolmaster. But it's imagination, dear. You've driven yourself wild with all this worry and excitement. Why, believe me, they're not so clumsy! If they were following you, you wouldn't know it."

"I tell you I've known it for at least two weeks! Every instinct I have tells me that, over my shoulder, there is a shadow creeping, creeping, looming on my path."

A series of sounds burst on the air. Herrick went to the window. "There, my sweet, the taxi's gone."

"Did no one get out?"

"No one." He had snatched up her hand again and he felt her relax.

"Well, I ought to be used to shadows; all my girlhood there has been a shadow near me. Bruce, when I was really a child, something happened. Something that changed my whole heart—oh, you shall know before you marry me! I shall find a way to tell you—it made me a rebel and a cynic; it made me wish to have nothing to do with the rules men make; I had to find my own morality. Only, when I saw you, I felt such a strength and freshness, like sunny places. Bruce!"

"Yes."

"My feeling for Jim was dead a year ago. Do you believe that?"

"Oh, my darling! Why——"

"Because I won't have you think me shameless! Nor that an accident, like death, turned my light love to you! I was just twenty when he first asked me to marry him; I was so mad about him that my head swam. And yet it wasn't love. It was only infatuation, and I knew it. I was still young enough for him to be a sort of prince—all elegance and the great world. The last two have been my big years, Bruce. I was rather a poor little girl till then. Even so, I held him off ten months. I felt that there was a curse on it and that it could never, never be! What did I know of men or that great world?—Well, God knows he taught me! When I did consent to our engagement the fire was already dying. But by that time the idea of him had grown into me. He had always a great influence over me, Bruce, and he could trouble and excite me long after he had broken my dream. Oh, my dear, it was one long quarrel. It was a year's struggle for my freedom! Well, I got my release. I didn't wait for fate."

She paused. And then with a low gasp: "All my life I've stood quite alone. I have been hard. I have been independent. I have been brave—oh, yes, I can say it; I have been brave!—but I've broken down. Only, if you will let me keep hold of you, I shall get courage."

"Christina!"

"Do you know how big you are? Or what a clear look your eyes have got? There in that coroner's office—oh, heavens!—among those *stones!* Bruce, he was there this afternoon! That man!"

"Ten Euyck? Yes, I know."

"Do you know what he means to do as a policeman? He means to run me down! Why, he said so, almost, just now at the reception! They were asking me how I was going to make up in the 'The Victors,' and he said, 'Why not wear a red wig, Miss Hope? I've always had a great curiosity to see you in red hair!'

"And to think I ran from him! Wait—you've never known. I've known him before! Four years ago he paid for the production of a play of his, by a stock company I was with. Oh, my dear, that play! It gave us all quite a chill! But he took the rehearsals so hard, he nearly killed us."

She hesitated. "He was very kind to me. He was too kind. One night he met me as I was coming out of the theatre, and—forgot himself. One of the boys in the company, who was right behind me, slapped him in the face! Do you mean to tell me that he has ever forgotten that? At the inquest he thought he had me down, and the laugh turned against him! Is he the man to forget that?"

"But what can he do?"

"How I detested him!" Christina hurried on. "He taught me, in that one minute, when I was eighteen, how men feel about girls who aren't in their class! Just because I was on the stage, he took it for granted I—Well, he, too, learned something! Since then I've heard about him. He's so very proper, and so particular not to entangle himself—with respectable women. But with women he calls bad he doesn't mind, because for him bad women don't count, they don't exist! Oh, dear God, how I despise a man who feels like that! How I love you, who never, never could!—'What can he do?' He can hope I'm guilty! And he can use all the machinery of his office to prove me so!"

"But——"

Christina gave a shrill little cry. "Why, he has his chance with me! His great spectacular chance! Oh, Bruce, I'm afraid of him, and I was never afraid before!—Dearest dear, I know you can't do anything! But the girl's in love with you, poor thing, and she feels as if you can! I've wanted you—oh, how I've wanted you!—all my life. I've known the dearest fellows in the world, the cleverest, the gamest, the most charming. But 'you take me where the good winds blow and the eternal meadows are!'—What are you doing?"

He had bowed down to kiss her wrist, and he replied, "I'm thanking God I look like a farmer!"

"My poor boy!" cried Christina, breaking her tears with little laughs, "I've got your cheek all wet! Bruce, dear, we're engaged, aren't we? You haven't said—Bruce!"

He slipped back on to the floor, with his head in her lap and her two hands gathered in his one. They were both silent. The little fire was going out and the room was almost dark. And in that happy depth of life where she had led him he was at first unaware of any change. Then he knew that the hands he held had become tense, that rigidity was creeping over her whole body, and, looking up, he could just make out through the dusk the alert head, the parted lips of one who is waiting for a sound.

"Bruce," she said, "you were mistaken. That detective has not gone!"

"What do you hear?"

"I don't hear. I simply know." Their senses strained into the silence. "If he went away, it was only to bring some one back. He went to get Ten Euyck!"

"Christina! Tell me what you're really afraid of! What was it you couldn't go through with?"

"Death!" she said. "Not that way! I can't!" She rocked herself softly to and fro. "If I could die now!" she whispered.

"You sha'n't die. And you sha'n't go crazy, either. You're driving yourself mad, keeping silence." He drew her to her feet, and she stood, shaking, in his arms. "Christina, what's your trouble?"

"That murder—my opening—that inquest—aren't they enough?"

"For everything but your conviction that it is you who are pursued, and you who will be punished. Some horrible accident, dear heart, has shown you something, which you must tell. Tell it to me, and we will find that it is nothing."

"Bruce," she said, "they're coming. It's our last time together. Don't let's spend it like this."

"Did you—" he asked her, so tenderly that it sounded like a caress—"did you, in some terrible emergency, Christina—did you fire that shot?"

Her head swung back; she did not answer.

"My darling, if you did, we must just take counsel whether to fight or to run. Don't be afraid. The world's before us. Christina, did you?"

"No, no, no!" she whispered. "I did not!" She felt his quiver of relief, and her nervous hands closed on his sleeve. "Oh, if you only knew! There is a thing I long to tell you! But not that! Oh, if I could trust you!"

"Can't you?"

"I mean—trust you to see things as I do! To do only what I ask! Suppose that some one, whom—Bruce!"

"Yes?"

"If any one should hear——"

"There is no one to hear."

"You can't tell where they are."

"Christina, can't you see that we're alone here? That the door's locked? That you're safe in my arms? The cab went away. No one followed you. No one even knows where I live——"

The door-bell sounded through the house.

He thought the girl would have fallen, and his own heart leaped. "Darling, it's nothing. It's for some one else."

"It's for me."

"That's impossible."

There was a knock on the door.

Herrick called: "Who's there?"

"It's a card, sir."

"A card?"

"A gentleman's card, sir. He's down in the hall."

"I can't see any one at present."

"It's not for you, sir; it's for the young lady."

"Did you tell him there was a lady here?"

"He knew it himself, sir."

"Well, she came in here because she felt ill; I'm just taking her home. She can't be bothered."

"He said it was very important, sir. Something she's to do to-morrow," he said.

"Christina! It's only some one about your going away."

"No. It's the end. Take the card."

Springing on the light, he took the card to reassure her. She motioned him to read it. And he read aloud the words, "Mr. Ten Euyck."

CHAPTER XVII

AND RECEIVES MESSAGES

Christina took the card from him, and seemed to put him to one side. Almost inaudibly she said, "I will go down."

Before Herrick could prevent her, a voice from just outside the door replied: "Don't trouble yourself, Miss Hope. May I come in?" Ten Euyck, hat in hand, appeared in the doorway.

He looked from one to the other, noting Christina's tear-stained face, with a civil, sour smile. "I am sorry if I intrude. I had no idea Mr. Herrick was to be my host. The truth is, Miss Hope, I followed you and have been waiting for you, in the hope of making peace—where it was once my unhappy fortune to make war."

Christina said, "You followed me!"

"But I shouldn't have yielded to that impulse so far as to—well, break into Mr. Herrick's apartment, if I had not become, in the meanwhile, simply the messenger of—a higher power." Ten Euyck moved out of the doorway, and there stepped past him into the room a quicker and rather smaller man with a strong and keen face. "Miss Hope, Mr. Herrick," Ten Euyck said, "Mr. Kane, our district attorney."

Kane nodded quickly to each of them. "Miss Hope," he said, "I don't often play postman; but when I met our friend Ten Euyck and he told me you were here, the opportunity was too good to lose." He took a letter out of his pocket, watching her with shrewd and smiling eyes. "We've been tampering with your mail. Allow me."

Christina took the letter wonderingly, but at its heading her face contemptuously brightened. "I can hardly see," she said, passing it to Herrick. "Read it, will you?—He would have to know anyhow," she said, sweetly, to the two officials. "We are just engaged to be married. You must congratulate us."

Herrick, never very eloquent, was stricken dumb. "Sit down, won't you?" was as much as he could say. The letter ran:

> The Arm of Justice suggests to Miss Christina Hope that she exert her well-known powers of fascination to persuade the Ingham family into paying the Arm of Justice its ten thousand dollars. Miss Hope need not work for nothing, nor even in order to avert an accusation against which she doubtless feels secure. But the Arm of Justice has in its possession a secret which Miss Hope would give much to keep. She may learn what that secret is, and how it may be negotiated, if she will hang this white ribbon out of her window wherever she may be dining on Wednesday night. She will receive a communication at once.

"Exactly!" said Kane, as if in triumph. "For such swells as the Arms of Justice it's about dinner-time now. Would you oblige me, Miss Hope, by tying the ribbon out of the window? Show yourself as clearly as possible. All the lights, please."

As Christina stepped to the window, he added: "I'm trusting they didn't recognize us as we came in. It's pretty dark."

They waited. The three men were strung to a high degree of expectation.

"But it's all so silly!" Christina said.

The call of the telephone shrilled through the room.

"Miss Hope?" Herrick asked. "Yes, she's here."

Then they heard Christina answering:

"Yes, yes, it's Miss Hope. I hear. I understand. I'll be there." She hung up the receiver and turned round. "The Park. At ten to-morrow morning. The bench under the squirrel's house at the top of the hill beyond the Hundred and Tenth Street entrance. And be sure to come alone." She sat down, staring at Kane.

He said, "Excuse me!" and went to the 'phone. "Boy! Did that party ask for Miss Hope in the first place? All right.—That's queer. They asked for Mr. Herrick's apartment."

"They knew I was living here? Why, I only moved in this morning."

"And they must know I'm going to New Haven to-morrow; the eleven-thirty train!"

"Exactly. They're well informed." Kane's accent was peculiar; sharp with avid interest. "In fact," he added with an explanatory laugh, "I seem to be coming close to something I've been groping after for years. Miss Hope, the Arm of Justice is my pet criminal. I may say my personal game." Kane had been passing up and down; now he stopped in front of Christina and again he seemed to measure her with his bright eyes. "Well!" he said. "Are you game for it?"

Christina sprang up and stood before him, glowing.

"You'll keep this appointment?"

"Surely! And alone!"

"Not by a long shot! Your mother and Mr. Ingham have feared exactly some such escapade; that's why you've had to be shadowed all this while and not advised of the activities of the police. There will be plenty of plain-clothes men, well planted. But not you, Mr. Herrick, whom they would know. If you attempt to smuggle yourself in, we'll have to put you in irons. Well, Miss Hope, I can count on your not losing your head, I think. You'll be there."

CHAPTER XVIII

HERRICK SPENDS A MORNING IN THE PARK

After that momentous interview of Wednesday evening Christina would not let Herrick drive home with her. "Come to the station in the morning, and hear what has happened. Lunch with me on Monday. But don't let me see you alone again till Tuesday noon, when—" she laughed—"when I've read my notices. Let your poor Christina tell you her trouble then. Till then she has trouble enough!" She put her face up with a kind of humble frankness, to be kissed. And he saw that it was a weary face indeed.

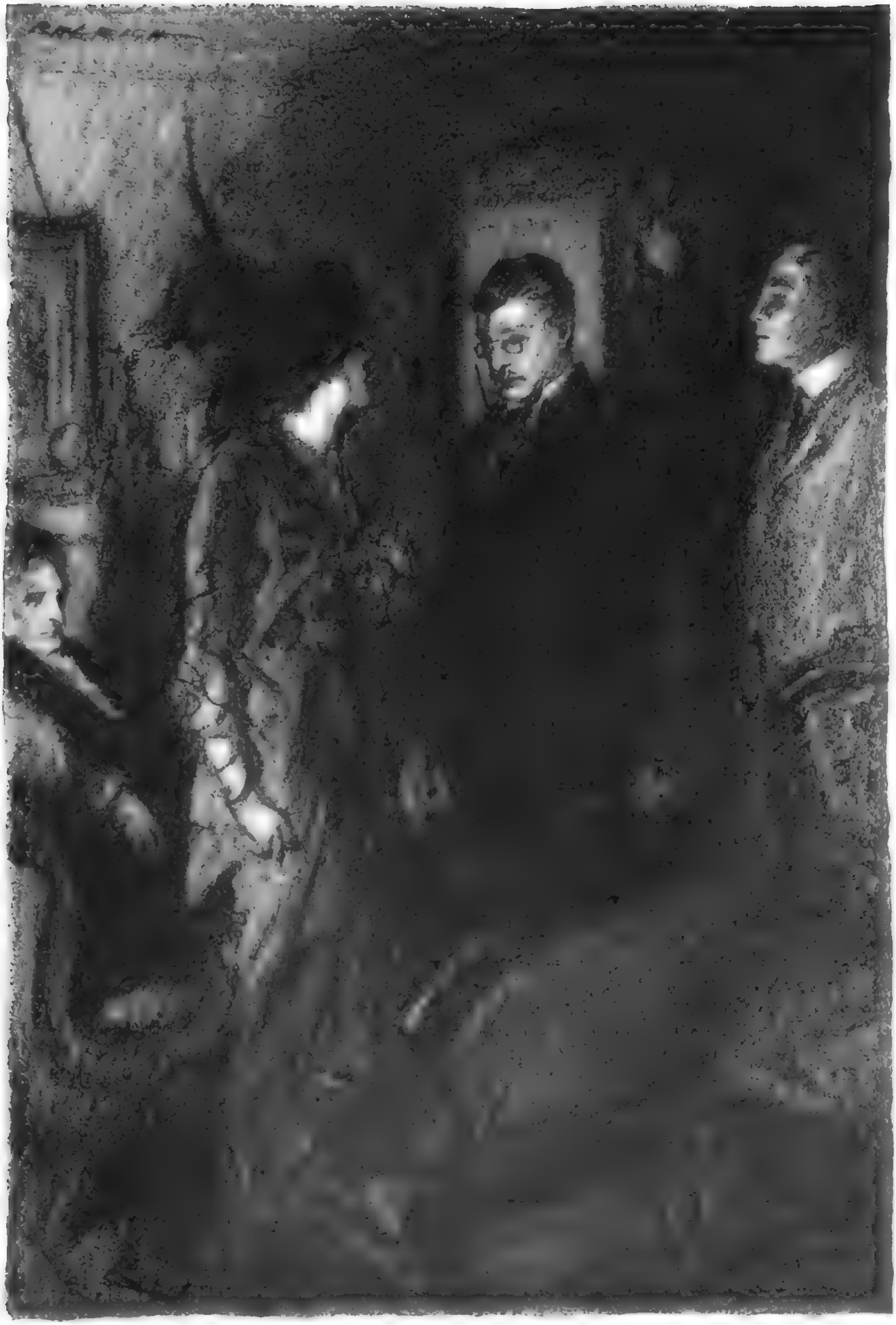
Throughout the night his anxiety concerning the next day's meeting with the blackmailers contended in him with that other anxiety—what she was to tell him on Tuesday. Whatever it was, it was not for his passion that he feared. There were even times when he could almost have wished it were not some distorted molehill that the girl's excitable broodings had swollen past all proportion, but some test of his strength, some plumbing of his tenderness.

He hung about the outskirts of One Hundred and Tenth Street till he saw her enter the Park and till he saw her leave it—safe, but with an exceedingly clouded brow.

"They didn't come, of course!" she said to him at the station. "They very naturally refused to swim into a net. Mr. Kane is a great dear, but I wish he would mind his own business! Mother, speak to Bruce." She took leave of them both with a serenely fond indifference to public conjecture, and the train bore her away.

When Herrick had taken Mrs. Hope home, he found himself at a loss as to what to do with his life. Christina had become so wholly his occupation that to lose her even for a few days was to lose the bottom out of the world. His steps turned toward the Park; instinctively, he turned north. Then he smiled to see that he was once more making for the Hundred and Tenth Street entrance.

Yes, here was the last spot which had held her, and, as he looked about him, his heart stirred to think of her here. The place was a little wilderness; he could not have believed that in that kempt and ordered domain there should be so wild and sweet a grace of nature and charmed loveliness. The hill was high and thinly wooded; finely veiled in the mist and the faint sunshine, it was the very spot for the dryad length and lightness of Christina's movements. At the same time, so close to the city's hum, there seemed something magic, something ominous and waiting in the utter, perfect stillness, and the little clearing at the top of the hill somehow, whether by its broken boulders or the columnar straightness of a semicircle of trees, suggested a Druid clearing. Those who wished



CHRISTINA SPRANG UP AND STOOD BEFORE HIM, GLOWING.
"YOU'LL KEEP THIS APPOINTMENT?" HE ASKED.
"SURELY! AND ALONE!"

to make a sacrifice here would be very strangely unmolested. High and low and far away there was no human figure, and a cry might perish long before it traveled those misty distances. Herrick thought, "If she had come alone!"—and shuddered.

But there was the little squirrel-house; there the bench where she had waited; and at its base he smiled to see the scattered nuts which Christina, with her variegated interests, had not failed to bring her furry hosts. A lassitude of loneliness came over him; he was still not wholly recovered from his accident of two weeks before, and with a weary yielding to stiffness and weakness he dropped down on the bench; then he saw that along one of its slats some one had recently penciled a line, and he recognized Christina's hand.

"I will come again for three days running, after Monday. At the same hour. And I will come *alone*."

He was startled, but he smiled. It was so like her! Looking up, he saw behind him a man sweeping leaves in the distance, and, far down the hill, there appeared a loafer with a newspaper. The charm was broken. Good Heavens, where were people starting from! He could perceive, now, to his left, a man sleeping in the grass. Could any of these be the plain-clothes men, still lingering hopefully about? By George, they must be! And Christina was right—they were too obvious a snare! Why, there was a fourth, altogether too loutishly and innocently eating an apple as he strayed on!

Herrick looked down at Christina's message, wondering if the detectives had seen it. Intrepid and obstinate darling, how resolute she was to know all there was to be known! When he looked up again he saw that the slumberer had wakened and was sitting up. The other three men were approaching from their respective angles, nearer and nearer to the bench. And then it occurred to him— did they take him for a blackmailer?

It made him laugh, and then somehow it vexed him. He lifted his head impatiently, and was about to hail the nearest man when a splash of sun fell full on that man's face. It was the face of the chauffeur in the gray touring-car.

He knew then that he was in a trap. Controlling his first impulse to spring up and bring the struggle to an issue, he counted his chances. He remembered how far and still was this deserted spot; his muscles were very stiff, and he felt the slimness of the stick in his hand. He had no other weapon. And there were four of those figures sauntering in upon him through the silence and the pale, dreamy sunshine. He felt the high, hot beating of his heart. The city lay so close at hand! He could still feel on his mouth Christina's kiss! And the immense desire to live, and all a man's fury against outrage, rose in him with a cold rage and kept him quiet and expressionless.

He rose, and, striking the dust of the bench from his clothes, he glanced about. Yes, the man behind him was still advancing, sweeping leaves; down the hill before him the man climbed upward, still mumbling over his newspaper; to his right the apple-eater, chewing his last bite, tossed away the core as he came on; the chauffeur alone disdained subterfuge, advancing quietly; he carried in his hand some lengths of rope. Herrick believed that he had one chance. This wooded isolation could not be so far-reaching as it seemed: they would scarcely dare to fire a shot.

Leisurely he idled a step or two down the slope toward the man with the newspaper, till he was just outside the closing semicircle of the others. Then, lowering his head, he shot swiftly forward. Immediately there was a shrill whistle, and the reader cast his newspaper away. It was too late; Herrick's lowered head struck him in the diaphragm and knocked him backward. As he fell, Herrick leaped over him and, turning, caught the chauffeur a stinging blow across the eyes with his stick. The stick broke; and Herrick, dropping to his knees, caught the ankle of the next comer and threw him flat upon his face. The fourth man flung a blackjack which, as Herrick rose, caught him just below the right elbow; the young fellow sprang up and, shouting now for help at the top of his strong voice, he raced down the hill as if, once more, he were bearing the ball to its last goal.

For a moment he felt that he had snatched the victory, but his stiff muscles played him false and his right arm hung as if paralyzed. His shouts, too, were leaving him winded, and the fourth man, now considerably in advance of the others, was gaining on him at every step. Suddenly Herrick mistook the shadow of a little bush for the shadow of a fifth opponent; in his second's wavering the fourth man lunged at him, missed him, and, losing his own balance, clutched the end of Herrick's coat. They went down together, and though Herrick was up and off again in an instant, the breath was pretty well knocked out of him.

Violent pains were throbbing now through his arm; he seemed to himself as heavy as lead; near the bottom of the hill the fourth man was on him again; Herrick landed on the fellow's head with his left, only to fall himself into the hands of the two whom he had thrown at first and who now fell upon him with a zeal that all his French boxing scarcely availed to rid him of, though he managed to land a kick in one jaw and a horrible backheeled stroke into the ribs of the fellow who was trying to wrap a coat round his head.

He gathered himself together for one shout that seemed to him to crack the tree-trunks. But the game was up; without knowing it, he was turning faint from the pain in his arm, and then the men were all around him now; barring his path and only holding off from him a little because the chauffeur was running down-hill toward them, aiming at Herrick, as he came, the rope which he had tied into a noose. Herrick leaped to one side and, clinging to the tactics which had served him best, dropped to the ground and pulled the chauffeur down atop of him. They clinched like that and went, rolling and struggling, down the hill, striking against trees, kicking, clawing, blind with rage, till they were stopped by the flat ground. It was Herrick who landed on his back and found himself staring up at the revolver the chauffeur was drawing from his pocket.

At that moment there sounded a policeman's whistle.

The man who had been running after them with the coat for Herrick's head dropped it and ran like mad. His companion's arm had been broken by Herrick's kick, but this man and the fourth continued wildly searching for something they had dropped on the hill. The chauffeur had had to ease a little on Herrick in order to draw his gun; but when he felt Herrick struggling on to his right side and even rolling himself on top of his right arm, he quickly slid the barrel of the revolver into his palm and lifted the butt-end. As he did so, Herrick's left fist shot up and dealt him an undercut on the point of the chin. He fell back as if his neck were broken; the pistol slipped out of his hand, and Herrick caught it just as the man with the broken arm dropped on his chest.

The policemen's whistles were sounding nearer and nearer; the man on Herrick's chest kept him from aiming the pistol, but he discharged it in the grass, shot after shot, five of them, to guide the police. "Let him have it!" said the man on top of Herrick, but in an Italian phrase, to the fourth man, who leaned over Herrick, raising what the other had dropped back there on the hill. It was the blackjack. Herrick could just turn the pistol a little and point it upward from his side. He fired it straight into the fourth man's face; and he was always glad, afterward, that, like a sick girl, he had closed his eyes.

The next man who bent over him was a policeman.

"Don't mind me," Herrick said, "get them! Get after them!" But that automobile of theirs must have been waiting on the driveway near at hand; for the man whom Herrick had shot dead was the only one they caught.

The body seemed to offer no clue; unless its being the body of a young Italian could be called a clue. Herrick, who had, of course, accompanied it to the station under a nominal arrest, turned sick with disappointment.

While he was still detained he heard them call up Kane, who, with astonishing promptitude, appeared in person on the scene. He listened alertly to Herrick's account of the attack and then shook a puzzled head.

"You're surprised at the strength of my feeling. Listen to me, young man. The Arm of Justice, until rather lately, was the humblest of little blackguard societies, extorting blackmail from low-class Italians, and of too little consequence to get caught. But about four years ago it took on a new color altogether. Young blood had come in; a new hand took hold, carrying the war into new territories. It flew high; entering American life, as you may say, at one bound, and aiming at the very proudest families, the most powerful individuals.

"How often the Arm has succeeded in these new ventures, of course, we don't know. But, upon failure, it keeps up its threatening prestige by strict adherence to one motto, Vengeance Is Mine. When its advances are refused, it gets out what it calls an edition of a little rag, printed on a hand-press and calling itself the *Journal of Justice*, and mails marked copies to the friends and enemies of its victims.

"Ingham's death makes the fourth time in these four years it has caused a tragedy. Ah, my dear boy, if once I could lay hands on the spirit that moves this Arm—Here, I want to see that body!"

But even his keen eyes found nothing. Nothing but a torn half of a blank card, upon which had been uncouthly scribbled the number 1411.

CHAPTER XIX

HE SEES CHRISTINA ACT

This piece of information was very carefully guarded from the newspapers. Nothing of the Arm of Justice had as yet leaked out. But the fight in the Park was another matter; people linked it with the sinister automobile, and it came out in headlines everywhere. Herrick began to feel himself the most widely advertised man in New York. One tribute to his popular fame gave him a new idea.

It came from the Yankee woman at the table d'hôte. The night after the attack she motioned him to her as he was leaving and, without ceasing to play solitaire, she said, "If I was you, young feller, I guess I wouldn't come down here for a while."

His eyes opened in amused surprise. "Why not?"

"Ain't you the one shot a Dago yesterday in the Park? Pshaw, you needn't tell me—I know 'twas 'cause you had t' do it! An' good riddance! But it's healthier for you to stay where you belong."

Herrick looked round him on the good-tempered, smiling people at the little clean tables, and laughed. "But you don't suppose the whole nation is one united Black Hand, do you? You seem to have a mighty poor opinion of Italians!"

"Well," said the woman, with a grim smile of her own, "I married one. I'd oughta know!"

She finished her game and, seeing him still lingering, in enjoyment of her tartness, she said: "All forriners 're pretty poor folks! When I get mad at my children I say it's the streak of forrin in 'em. Well, my girl's good Yankee, anyhow. Fair as anybody. It's my son's took after his father, poor fellow!"

"Then the proprietress, here, isn't your daughter?"

"Her? Sakes, no! She's my niece-in-law. I brought up my daughter like she was an American girl! I brought her up so fine it dirties her hands to touch the rest of us—I don't complain! It's my son keeps in with these! He's homesick. My daughter's feller got into a little bit o' trouble in the Old Country," said this remarkable little dame, without the least embarrassment, "and her an' me's glad enough to stay here. But the men kind o' mope. Their business worries 'em, and as I say, 'tain't the business I ever would have chose, but I s'pose when I married a Dago I might's well I made up my mind to it!"

She said this with an air inimitably businesslike, and so continued: "Now I want you should clear out from here, young man! There's all kinds of fellers come here. It may be awful funny to you to think o' gettin' a knife in your back, but I don't want it any round where I am! When they're after Dagoes, it ain't my business. But my own folks is my own folks."

The only effect of the old lady's warning was to suggest to Herrick that he might do worse than look for the faces of the blackmailers in such little eating-places as this one. After all, they were evidently Italians and it was with Italians that they would sojourn.

For even Christina's anxious tenderness could not induce him to let drop that fight which had roused all his anger. Her return, indeed, left him still lonely—she was so barred about by preparations for her first night.

On that momentous evening he duly sent his roses and his telegram of good wishes; but that she could interest herself in her play to the point of actually overlooking him altogether hurt him unreasonably, and he arrived at the theatre still puzzled and resentful, rather cold and "out of it."

But the first thrill of the lighted lobby, glowing and odorous with the stands of Christina's flowers; the whir of arriving motors, the shining of jeweled and silken women with bare shoulders and softly pluming hair; the expectant crowd; the managerial staff, in sacrificial evening dress, smiling nervously, catching their lips with their teeth; the busy movements of uniformed ushers; the flapping down of seats; the high, light chatter, a little forced, a little false, sparkling against the memory of those darker issues that clung about Christina's skirts; the whole, thrilling, judging, waiting house—all this began to affect Herrick like strong drink on jaded nerves.

From his seat in the third row he observed Mrs. Hope and the Inghams take their places; the attention of the audience leaped like lightning on them, and just then one man came into the box opposite and, drawing his chair into its very front, sat down. It was Cuyler Ten Euyck.

Herrick forgot him quickly enough. It was a real play, acted by real artists, the production held together by a master hand; and it continued to string up Herrick's nerves even while to himself he scarcely seemed to notice it. He had had no idea that it would be so terrible to live through the moment of Christina's entrance. He sat with his eyes on his program, suffering her nervousness, feeling under what an awful handicap she was waiting there, on the other side of that painted canvas, to lose or win. There was the racking suspense of waiting for her, and then, as in a dream, the sound of her voice. Her dear, familiar voice!

She was there! She was there; radiant, unshadowed, exulting in the flood of light; at home, at ease; softly, shyly, proudly bending to the swift welcome and carrying, after that, the hearts of the audience in her hand. She had only to go on, now, from triumph to triumph; her sun swam to the meridian and blazed there with a splendid light.

Mrs. Hope, with lowered eyes, breathed deep of a success that passed her dreams; Ten Euyck, compressing his lips, his arms folded, never took his eyes from her face. And Bruce Herrick, watching her move, watching her speak, could have dropped down before her and begged to be forgiven. He remembered having often smiled, however tenderly, at her pretensions; not having taken quite seriously her attitude to her work; and here was a genius of the first order, whose gifts and whose beauty would remain a happy legend in the hearts of men when he was dust! Oh, dear and beautiful Diana who had stooped to a mortal! For this was the secret thrill that ran like wildfire through the homage of his heart—the knowledge that she loved him, and the feel of her lips on his!

Let them worship, poor creatures, poor mob! Unknowing and unguessing that between him and her there was a bond that crossed the footlights—the memory of a dark room and fire-light, a girl in his arms.—"Bruce, dear, are we engaged? You haven't said?—I've wanted you—Oh, how I've wanted you—all my life!"

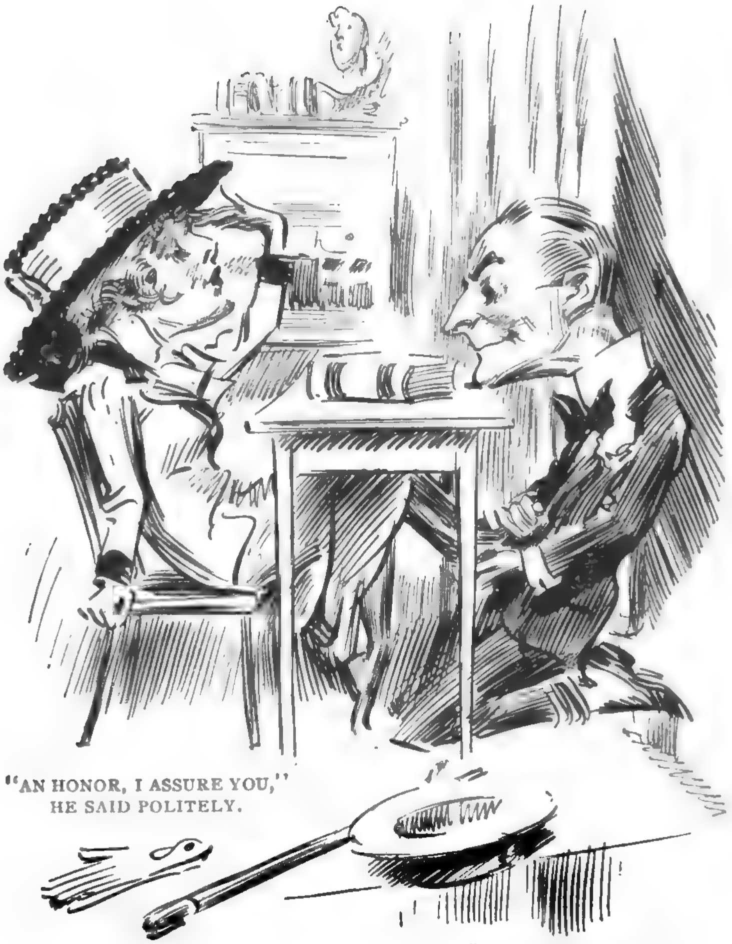
At the end of the performance it was impossible not to try to see her. But at the stage-door there were so many people that he could not have endured to share his minute with them. He knew the babel that it must be inside, and he decided to wait here; by and by the Inghams wouldn't grudge him a moment. They seemed to stay forever; but at last all were gone but two or three, and he decided to send in his card. As he stepped forward the door opened, and Christina, in the oblong of light, stood drawing on her gloves.

She was dressed as if for a coronation, and not even upon the stage had the effulgence of her beauty seemed so drawn together for conquest. Her long white gown had threads of silver in it; the white cloak thrown back from her shoulders did not conceal her lovely throat nor the long string of diamonds that to Herrick's amazement were twisted round her neck and fell down along her breast; she carried on one arm a great white sheaf of orchids, and Iphigenia led to the sacrifice was surely not so pale.

Upon her appearance the closed motor which had been waiting across the street swept into place. It was a magnificent car, lined with white; the little curtains at the windows were drawn back and a low electric lamp showed the swinging vases of orchids and white violets. Christina turned her eyes from it till they met Herrick's; for a moment they widened as if galvanized, and then, with a sweet, icy bow, she went right past him. A man who had jumped out of the motor got in after her, and closed the door.

It was the man who had sat all alone in the stage box: Cuyler Ten Euyck.

The next instalment of "Persons Unknown" will appear in the July number.



"AN HONOR, I ASSURE YOU," HE SAID POLITELY.

HE *and* SHE

by

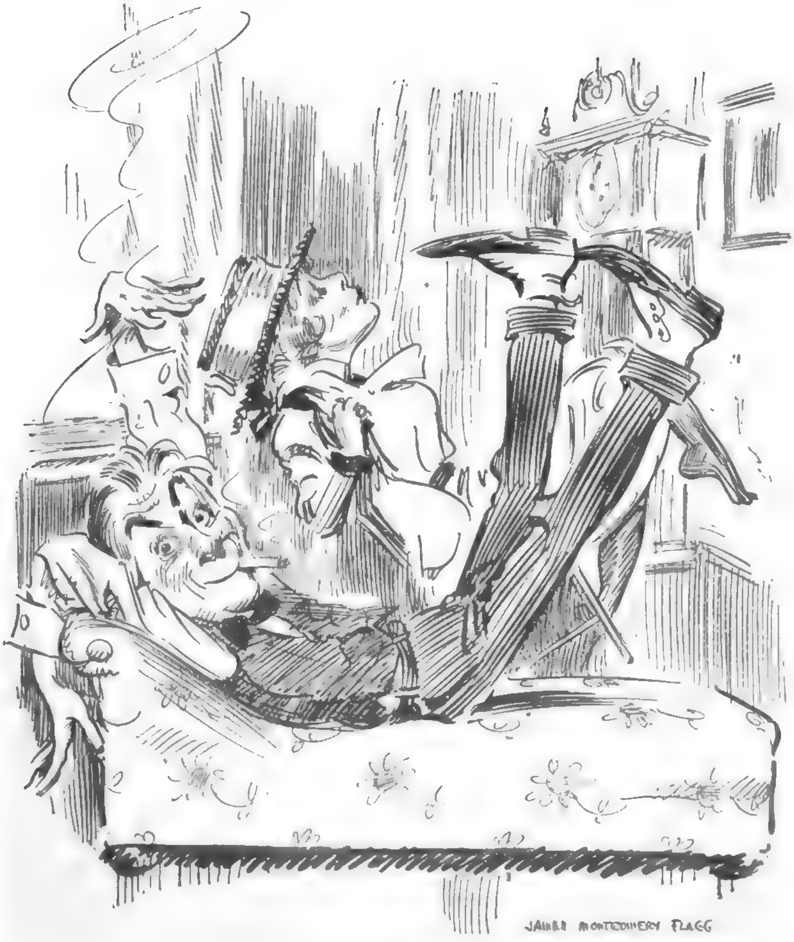
FRANK LEON SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

AT A second-story window of a sunburned house near the middle of the block stood a girl—the girl. You've guessed it—she was pretty. To be perfectly frank, she was a peach—a pippin—a queen. She wore a riding-habit and one riding-boot—the other little foot was clad only in lisle. About her brows hovered the slightest shade of anxiety, a shade that darkened when she turned and glanced at her wrist watch. When she resumed her vigil at the window, she tapped impatiently with her booted toe. She tapped rather well. . . .

She was alone in the house. Her folks were at Buffalo, Scranton, Wilkesbarre—wherever rich people are supposed to go for the summer. It had pleased her fancy to dash in to town for a day. She wanted to see how the faithful servants who were left in charge of the house passed away the time. She found that the old order had changed. Impassive, knock-kneed old Giles, who had always been on the job and ready to fling wide the front door no matter how long the family had been absent, was missing. So was Doak, the second maid. A florid, printed card impudently placed on the silver tray in the hall told the story. Mr. Julian Giles and Miss Sylvia Doak begged to announce that they taught a great variety of tango and maxixe steps to those who could pay the price—twenty-five dollars the half-hour lesson.

Pained and shocked that the once loyal servitors should have forsworn their twenty-a-month-and-found for the higher rewards of tutoring, she flung on her riding things and sought solace on the bridle-path in the park. Returning, she had learned that what may be flung on is not so readily flung off. One riding-boot had resisted her most vigorous efforts, and for the past hour she had



"YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD IT SEEMS TO BE IMPOLITE AND NATURAL."

been dotting-and-carrying-one about the house, trying to devise a means of ridding herself of the undesired footgear. Finally it had occurred to her to stand in the window and appeal to the first passer-by for assistance. . . .

The first? Came and went unchallenged a messenger boy, a piano-tuner (or a doctor, by his bag), and two unidentified out-of-towners who paused frequently and speculated as to the cost of this residence and that. An unromantic lot. Then around the corner on the run—a young man, red-faced and perspiring. As he was pounding heavy-footed past the house she called to him. Her voice beggared the perfection which the flute and the harp almost attain. Her tone was that of one who asks for strawberry shortcake in January and expects somebody to get it for her.

He was smiling when he glanced up and saw her, and his hat was off in a flash. But the smile was lost in an expression of bewilderment when, without warning, she tossed down a key. When he looked up again, she beckoned. With a minimum of bounds he sped up the front steps. As the door banged below she left the window and hopped to a chair behind a huge oak table.

Almost instantly he appeared before her—a fine, tall, slender young man. He was panting slightly after his brisk ascent, but as he waited, respectfully silent, he was quite unembarrassed and at ease.

The delicate rose-tint in her cheeks deepened to the honest red of the trade bandanna when she spoke: "I know that this must appear highly unconventional to you, but really I could think of no other way. When I returned from my ride I was unable to pull off my boots. It is getting late and I"—more blushes—"must dress for dinner. Now if you will be so kind——"

"An honor, I assure you," he said politely.

She smiled faintly and extended the refractory boot under the table. Kneeling, he seized it by the little pointed toe and high heel and gently drew it off. She sighed and tucked her stockinged feet under her chair. As he rose to his feet and dusted his hands he said sternly:

"Why don't you get yourself a bootjack?"

"!" she thought, and again, "!" Wasn't he masterful, though? Never before had she been addressed so harshly, but now——

"Thank you," she whispered, offering her hand. "Thank you—and—good-by."

He grasped her hand and experienced one conventional thrill—he looked into her eyes and received another.

"Is it—must—it—be good-by?" he asked, hardly daring to trust his voice.

"You are hurting my hand," she evaded.

"Oh—excuse, please," and releasing his hold he stepped back a few paces.

"Good-by," she repeated.

"I never say anything more powerful than 'so long,' you know," he laughed as he drew out a little red morocco note-book and a pencil. "What is your 'phone number?"

She told him, but did not add that the telephone had been disconnected for the season. She wondered at this deceit. . . . He made an entry in his note-book, stowed it away, and caught up his hat. At the door he turned, and his heart leaped, for he saw that she had moved her engagement ring back one finger.

"Then there is hope for me?" he cried.

"Yes," she returned . . . for such is the way in fiction.

"Well, what do you know about that? What do you—what—" He paused, a masterpiece of anxiety. "I say, that's wrong—we're getting ahead of ourselves—hang it, I've forgotten my lines!"

She flashed him a questioning look; thus—"?"

"I'm the hero of this story, I presume?" he asked quickly.

She nodded.

"And you are the heroine?"

"Of course"—nervously. "Rather silly, isn't it?"

"Rather," he returned as he dropped into a chair. "Now what?"

"What do you mean?" she asked in a low, strange voice.

"Why, what do we do next?"

"Don't you know?" she asked hurriedly. "You have the plot."

Taken off his guard he hastily slapped his pockets. "Why, I have not," he declared indignantly. "I haven't even seen it."

"Oh, it's all your fault," she exclaimed, almost tearfully. "We were going along all right until you forgot your lines——"

He buried his face in his hands and groaned. "Well, it's no good complaining," he said when he looked up. "The question is, what are we to do now that we're here?"—and jumping to his feet he began to pace the floor.

She pondered for a time, then smiled brightly. "We'll fix up something brand-new, and save the——"

"Hoh!" he exclaimed, coming to a halt before her. "A fat chance we've got. Something brand-new! Why, you and I are the best-known principals in the world. You made your début when Romance started at the beginning of time, and since then you have been written, painted, chiseled, and sung in every conceivable situation. The geography of the universe has been robbed for your backgrounds. The beauties of the earth, the sea, and the skies have been exhausted in describing your charms. You have been brave, timid, strong, gentle, pure, weak, good, and bad—but never indifferent, I will say that. You have been tall, short, slender, plump, and—on very, very rare occasions—stout. Your hair has shamed the sun and shaded the night. Your eyes have claimed the power of a dynamo and the depths of an infinite pool. You have spoken in every language, including the Scandinavian. Your cheeks—your teeth—the rainbow—the snow—oh, what's the use?"

He paused for breath, then went on: "And look me over. Wherever you have gone I have followed unless it happened that I was there first. I run more to strength, ability, and talent than to beauty. I have ranged down through time side by side with you. My first club was of granite, my latest the One Year Aloft Aero Society. I have pitched my voice to yours and made love to you in every sharp and flat. I have talked to you in ten-ply grammar and in shop-worn slang. You have adored, pitied, tolerated, and hated me. And now after all these æons you calmly mention something brand-new!"

She drummed on the table for a full minute before replying. "I know," she cried. "We'll just be natural—our real selves."

"How can we be?" he asked, woebegone. "There's no excuse for our being here now—we ain't, that's all."

"No," she continued gaily, "I mean that we will be He and She, the Hero and the Heroine, with no particular parts to play, lines to say, or business to do. We'll be just He and She off stage."

"Just us—the immortals—the exponents of Romance? A little informal visit, eh?"

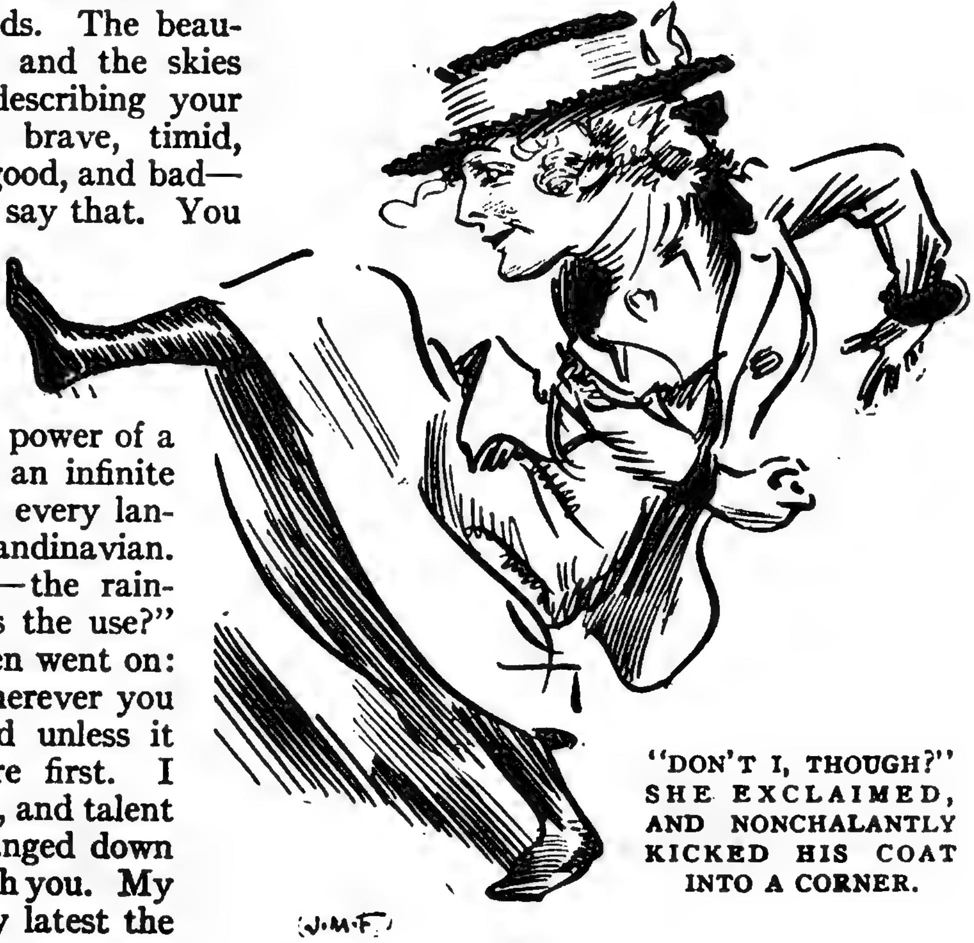
She laughed softly and nodded.

"No love stuff at all?" he demanded, suddenly suspicious.

"None," she returned. "That would be talking shop."

"Wow!" he cried and capered about the room. "That's great. Now for some real comfort."

He tore off his coat, flung it on the floor, stuck a cigarette between his lips and



"DON'T I, THOUGH?" SHE EXCLAIMED, AND NONCHALANTLY KICKED HIS COAT INTO A CORNER.

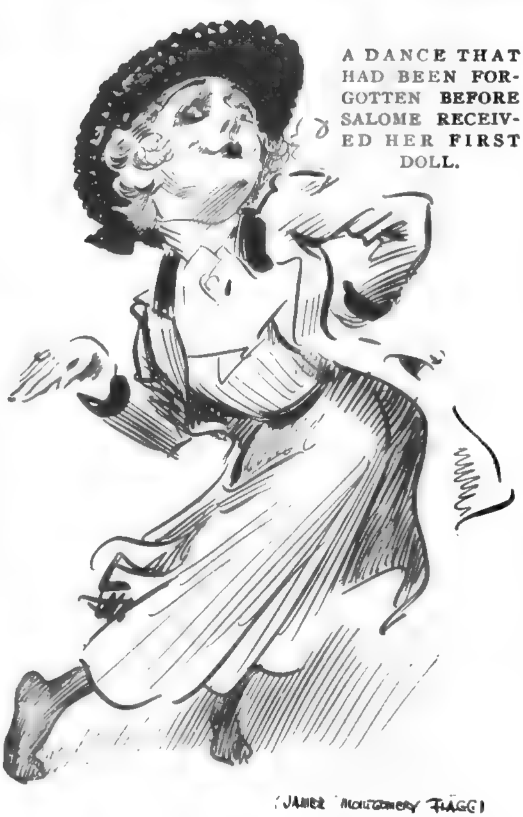
lighted it, then stretched out on the divan. She tilted back her chair and started to whistle.

At length he blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling and said lazily: "I want you to note that I didn't ask you if I might shuck my coat or set fire to this pill. You don't know how good it seems to be impolite and natural."

"Don't I, though?" she exclaimed, and continuing to whistle shrilly she arose, walked over to his coat, and nonchalantly kicked it into a corner.

He yawned and flicked an ash on the priceless rug the author had imported for the occasion from Teheran.

"Do it again," he suggested. "It isn't my coat, and anyhow the next author will give me a different one. Unless"—he added thoughtfully—"I am to do a bathing-beach act or something."



A DANCE THAT HAD BEEN FORGOTTEN BEFORE SALOME RECEIVED HER FIRST DOLL.

She stopped whistling and tried to haul the heavy oak table to one side. "Say, He, give me a lift," she panted.

"Aw, no," he yawned.

"Please," she entreated, and smiled bewitchingly. "I want to dance."

He stood up slowly. "You're not playing fair," he protested. "Turn off that smile, will you? It looks kind of ardent to me."

Together they swung the table against the wall and shoved the chairs aside.

"Aren't you strong!" she said admiringly. "But then"—with a little laugh—"you were Harvard's greatest tackle, I believe?"

"Mostly"—he stretched out on the divan—"although I have appeared quite frequently as Yale's speed-demon half-back. I wonder why I am never Rutgers's plunging full-back or Burdette's giant guard? But say, isn't it funny—the way I can get the strength and encouragement to run forty blocks at the critical moment in the game, just from one glance into your eyes? The faces in the stands look like so much confetti, yet I can single you out every time. Well, what are you up to?"

Humming softly she began to dance—a dance that had been forgotten before Salome received her first doll. As she swayed and postured and whirled, he discarded his cigarette.

"Ultra modern," he commented idly. "I'll take you back to the days when Father Time wore knickerbockers. Listen——"

In a rusty guttural he grated out a harsh caveman ditty that sounded like twelve o'clock in the stone-quarry—the hoarse whistle of the hoisting-engine, the hastily discarded tools banging on the rocks, and the metallic clatter of dinner-pails. Her dance came to an abrupt stop and she joined in the chorus. When the last harsh note had died away the two were silent for a time.

"Them were the happy days," he remarked at length.

"Bull's-eye," she agreed, as she seated herself on the divan. "Tell me something, He?"

"Shoot," he invited.

"Am I pretty—really?"

He gazed searchingly at her flushed, smiling face, then fumbled in his waistcoat pocket for his cigarette-case.

"Yes—you're a peach." He lighted a fresh cigarette before continuing: "Only I don't like the way you wear your hair.

"It isn't my fault; the author—" she began.

"Hoh—the author!—his taste isn't mine, either. I'm the hero, but, confound it, I never have any real say! Why don't you fix it the way you wore it in that Athens story we were in a long time ago?"

"Shall I change it?" she asked anxiously. "I haven't a fillet, but I could make one——"

"Don't bother. Oh say, do you remember when you were Rowena? There's been a big change in you since the days when you used to stand on the battlements and wave a silk scarf at me as I rode by in my armored business-suit. Then you were tall and pale, and never used slang, and never went out after sundown. But now, since you have been appearing in these triangle, and rice-powder-and-rouge yarns, you——"

"Is it my fault?" she asked icily. "It occurs to me that you were a gentleman then, but for the past few years——"

"We have been at the mercy of the scribes," he said hastily. "Er—er—tell me, what did you do after I left you at the end of that last story?"

"I hurried right down here, put on that one riding-boot, and waited for you. Why were you so late?"

He rubbed the lighted end of his cigarette against the wall, then flipped the dead stub across the room. "I don't really like those things," he muttered, "but I picked up the habit from writers I have worked for. Oh, why was I late? I fell in with our brother immortals, Pat and Mike—they haven't been doing much since Hebrew and Italian jokes came in—and we had a little bowling-match. Gad, do you know, when I came up here and saw you with your boot off I was afraid this was a sprained-ankle story! You can bet I was relieved to find you were all right, because every time you get a sprain I have to carry you somewhere in my arms, and really, when I'm slender I'm not as strong as I'm represented."

She laughed gaily and he went on:

"I don't mind that part so much, but the one that really scares me is where I fight and lick an unscientific bully who has an advantage of seventy pounds and several inches over me. It's all very well for the scribe to have me win, but all during the mill I feel kinder doubtful, like a man who dreams he is flying, not knowing how and when he learned to fly, and hoping he won't fall."

"Really?" she cried. "Why, that's just how I feel before I faint when the liner has piled up on the reef and I am being swept toward the desert island by the waves. Of course I know I can not drown, and that you will find me on the beach in the morning when the storm that destroyed all the other passengers has blown over. But I do a lot of worrying between the lines, nevertheless."

He chuckled softly. "We sure have had some great adventures. What is your favorite part?"

She pondered for several minutes.

"Why, I don't know that I have any preference," she said at last. "Possibly I like best to be a smashing, dazzling stage beauty, because then you send me so many jewels and flowers."

"Acquisitiveness!" he mocked. "You talk like a human. What good is all that junk? You can't take it with you out of the story. But tell me honestly, if you had your choice would you be rich or poor?"

"I would be beautiful," she replied without hesitation.

"Why, you always are," he said quickly. "Hang it, why can't I meet you some time when you are plain and full of personality, like the girls a lot of fellows marry in real life?"

"That would never do."

"'Fraid you're right," he agreed soberly. "Once when I was waiting for you in the first part of an unfinished manuscript I heard my author telling his pal that he was going to make you as homely as a pan of potato-peelings; but he must have lost his nerve, for when you appeared on the scene I noticed that you were as beautiful as ever."

"You couldn't have objected very much or I would have known. How about you? What rôle would you like to put under your pillow to keep?"

"Playwright or millionaire artist," he answered. "The chap who comes in to his luxurious apartments at eleven P. M. and says to his man:

"'Parker, you have been with me for fifteen years?'

"'Sixteen, sir.'

"'You served my father before me?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Parker, pack the bags at once. We leave for Hawaii at midnight.'

"'Yes, sir. Beg pardon—shall I put in the photograph that stands on your desk, sir?'

"'No; I am going away to try to forget, Parker.'

"'Yes, sir—very good, sir.'

"Next to that I like to be the detective, and keep the whole story to myself until the end. In this manner: A man is found murdered at the corner of Elm and Pleasant Streets. I am called at once. The time is 11:45 P. M. While I am inspecting the scene of the crime the young postman comes to collect the mail from the box at the corner. There is only one letter. I catch a brief glimpse of it as he shoves it in his bag. I tell every one to be at ease, for I know who the murderer is. They gasp.

"Next morning I go down to Wall Street and look about. Then I send for you and tell you to get a position as stenographer in the office of a certain little bald-headed man. I tell you to listen carefully to whatever he may say between the hours of two and three in the afternoon. Sure enough, you 'phone to me later in the day to come right down, that he has confessed while taking a little nap at his desk. Very mysterious. Then I explain.

"The letter which I saw was in feminine handwriting. All right. It must have been posted about the time the crime was committed, because the mail collections at that box are hourly, and life had been extinct in the corpse, as I learned from my examination, exactly fifty minutes. Now this letter. While it was written by a woman it had been posted by a man. It bore the odor of a certain strong chewing tobacco called Teamster's Delight. It had been carried in the side pocket of a blue serge coat for five days. A slight discoloration in one corner told me that. All right. From the fact that one end of the envelope was slightly jammed I deduced that the man who had posted it was a broker. He had shoved his morning paper into the pocket containing the letter—times are dull in Wall Street and he saved his newspaper to read at the office, you see.

"I knew that he was a little man because the finger-prints in the extreme corner showed that he had to reach 'way up in order to slip the letter in the slot. I knew that he was bald, because there wasn't a single hair stuck to the envelope. Also I knew that he was henpecked, because after forgetting that letter for five days he had, when he found it, slipped out at once to mail it. All right.

"I posted myself in the leading tobacconist's shop in the financial district, and sure enough, the man I was looking for came in and bought a five-cent plug of Teamster's Delight. I trailed him to his office. The next thing was to get a confession from him. I knew that he would take a little nap right after he returned from lunch, and I judged that he would talk in his sleep. And there you are. The murdered man had laughed at the little man's efforts to reach the slot in the mail box. In a moment of anger the little man had struck him—he had heart trouble and died immediately. So I let the little man go free. And at the end of the yarn I gaze at you with a gone look in my eyes, and you put your finger in your mouth and blush. But I don't speak up then, because there are eight more stories in the series and the reader's interest must be sustained. Yup, I like detective parts."

"Please be serious," she laughed.

"Who, me? I am serious. See, I've got something for you." He dug his forefinger into a waistcoat pocket and brought up a ring.

"Haven't I seen this before?" she asked as she examined it.

"Rather. Have you forgotten—' "it was my mother's," he said simply'? Keep it if you like," he returned.

"No, thanks," she said emphatically, and dropped the ring into his hand. "First thing we know we'll become engaged."

"That's so," he said between yawns. "Wonder what time it's getting to be?"

Replacing the ring in his pocket he hauled out his watch, and exclaimed: "Hullo—we're nearly through here."

He jumped up from the divan, stretched his arms, yawned again, and walked to the window. She joined him, and resting their elbows on the sill they looked down through the gathering dusk.

"Ho—hum," he said.

"I agree with you," she returned.

For a long time they were silent, then he sighed. "Well, I suppose we've got to fix up this place the way it was when I came in," he said.

They returned the table and chairs to their former places, threw the cigarette stubs out the window, and brushed the ashes under the divan.

"No one would know that there had been a story here," he remarked, looking about the room.

"There hasn't been," she returned.

He smiled and said briefly, "My coat."

She picked up his coat, brushed it, and held it for him.

"Wonder where we go from here?" he said musingly as she handed him his hat.

"We'll know in a minute," she replied.

"Look!" he whispered in awed tones.

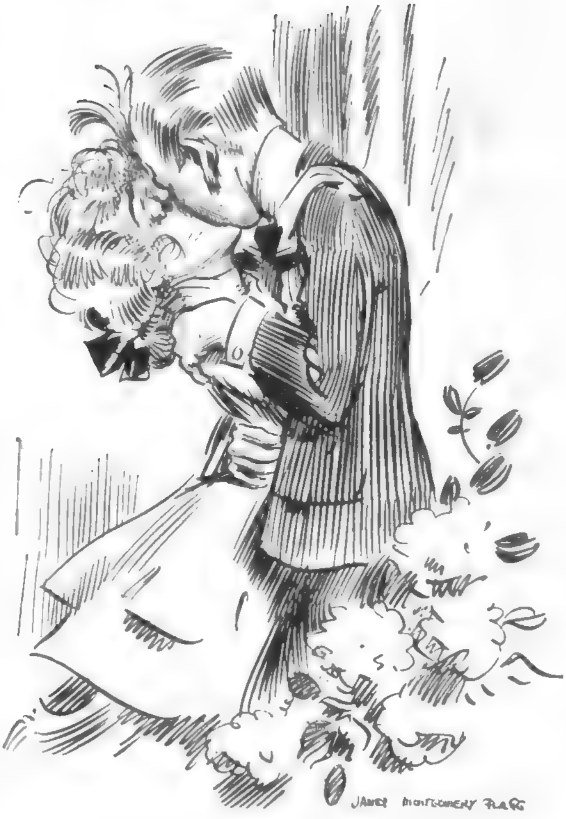
"What is it?"

"Don't you see? The last paragraph—just exactly as it would have been if I hadn't forgotten my lines. After all, I guess it doesn't matter much what we do so long as the beginning is different and the end is the same."

"Well, I suppose it's expected of us," she said softly.

"Yes—it's customary," he replied.

Then, gently he clasped her in his arms. As he looked deep into her eyes he murmured, "My darling—my darling." Their lips met in the first kiss. The world was far, very far away. . . .



THE WORLD WAS FAR, VERY FAR AWAY.

A NEW JERSEY SABBATH MORN

BY JAMES E. RICHARDSON

THE towers fade out; how soon it reconciles
Body and soul, another week estranged,
To be here and to count the steady miles!
This is the road Walt Whitman knew and ranged.
Along the wharfless banks with their black piles,
Canoeists, wheelmen, tramps. Fresh-frocked, arranged,
From some clean porch a girl looks up and smiles;
Not for a day now shall the scene be changed.

White sails and hulls, and steamer-smoke between
Vast level flats of glittering, waving green;
Among the spatterdocks of some low run
The sharp crack of exploding gasoline
Startles the stillness like a ducking gun.
. . . Blue distance, heat, and river-damp, and sun.

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT RUM

by

EVERYBODYS READERS

These letters are selected from the hundreds and hundreds we have been getting in response to our query, "What Do You Know About Rum?" The contest closed April 30th, but the letters below were culled out from the mass already on hand April 10th. They are good letters. Extremely good letters. You will be either pleased or exasperated by them, according to your point of view.

We have dozens more just as good. It is with great difficulty that we decide which ones to print. Very probably we shall continue to print them in each number for several months.

Deciding the prize-winners will take more time. The volume of correspondence is overwhelming. So please be patient.

Sincerely,

THE EDITORS.

P. S. If you did not send in a suggestion for our next Big Series, please do so. Your idea as to what is the *Big Question* of our time is not only interesting, but most important.

JOHN BARLEYCORN, ALIAS "JIMMY VALENTINE"

BY DR. ROCK SLEYSTER, WAUPUN, WISCONSIN

USING the literal sense of the word, I *know* the accused only as "Jimmie Valentine." I shall testify against him only under that name. During my experience as a prison physician and as superintendent of a hospital for Criminal Insane, I have known and studied about eighteen hundred criminals.

The evidence I present is taken from the lives of five hundred and ninety-two of these men. This means that in only a third of the cases have I been able to corroborate the prisoner's statement from outside sources or have considered his information sufficiently reliable to accept for statistical purposes.

Here are the figures:

Of this number 217, or 36.8%, were the sons of drunken fathers.

Of this number 239, or 40.4%, were addicted to the use of alcohol before reaching the age of fifteen.

Of this number 311, or 52.5%, habitually drank to excess.

Of this number but 57, or 9.6%, were abstainers.

Of this number 384, or 64.9%, spent their evenings in saloons, at cheap shows, or on the streets. Of these three attractions the saloon was the best drawing-card.

I have recently reported on a separate study of two hundred and sixty-nine murderers. Let us see just how many of these men were acquainted with the defendant. "Alcohol was used to excess by 41.5%, while but 12.6% were abstainers. Nearly half were under the influence of alcohol when the crime was committed, and 27.9% had a history of previous arrest for drunkenness."

It would appear to some that John Barleycorn was an accomplice in these crimes! I do not know that he has been punished or even tried for the part he played. Possibly he can find a grain of comfort in my conclusions, for I mean to be fair.

Even the old-school temperance lecturer would be surprised to know the number of men who tell me, "It's the booze that got me." The inexperienced investigator would, after interviewing the population of any prison, conclude that almost all were there as the result of acute alcoholism. He would, however, be far from the truth—it is not that bad. While it is true that the majority of the crimes of impulse, brutality, and emotion are committed by persons whose brains are alcoholized, it must be remembered that great crimes demanding mental activity, keen perception, skill, knowledge, and cleverness are not perpetrated by alcoholics.

Temporary drunkenness, which inflames the passions, obscures the mental and moral faculties, and destroys the judgment, may transform an honest, peaceable individual into a rowdy, a murderer, or a thief. The prolonged use of alcohol leads to degeneracy and will undo the breeding of centuries and wipe out the inhibitions it has taken centuries of civilization to build. Excessive indulgence results in lessened earning capacity, a low moral sense, and an appetite for alcohol that must sometimes be satisfied at any cost. It degenerates the normal and makes short work of the subnormal.

But, granting all of this, it is hardly fair to charge all crime to the said Barleycorn. A very near relative of his whom I have just mentioned is at once father, brother, and son. The two go hand in hand. Alcohol and degeneracy are unquestionably the two most important factors in the vice and crime problem. Alcohol leads to degeneracy and degeneracy to alcohol. John Barleycorn is part of a vicious circle!

You ask, "What is the right way to settle it?" The answer is plain. What does society do with any other offender? *Lock him up!* First, however, it will be necessary to continue and carry on a campaign of education. This series that EVERYBODY'S has so fearlessly promoted should prove a powerful beginning. Public sentiment, through understanding, must be back of any reform in this direction, lest John Barleycorn be regarded as a martyr.

Show him up!

ALCOHOL: USE *vs.* ABUSE

BY LOUIS G. COPES, BUFFALO, N. Y.

FACTS in the abstract, or in the form of statistics, are the least reliable of any weapon with which man might battle with the liquor question. Therefore it follows that noticeable progress will result only when the problem is attacked by some one who has become sufficiently aware of *this* "fact" to suppress every fact he can lay his hand to, and who will substitute a comprehensive rendering of the ethics involved. When this is accomplished the fact that there is no such thing as the "Liquor Problem" will at once be obvious.

There is no such thing as the Liquor Problem in the sense that there is no *Liquor Problem:* THERE ARE LIQUOR PROBLEMS—an entirely different thing; there are countless numbers of them; and each one is isolated and independent of the others. There is no correlation between them. There is nothing that these problems have in common; and therefore there is no common remedy for them. There is no common cure for any two of them.

The man who consummates his ruin to the tune of popping corks is, strictly speaking, simply utilizing a *disinterested* means to an *inevitable* end. Speaking of the end as inevitable is not fatalism, it is mere logic. That the end is deplorable is no argument to prove that the means is infamous; the infamy lies in the *abuse* of the means.

And the abuse is inherent in the man, not in the means.

Anything may be the means of a good end, or of an infamous end, according to the circumstances which environ it. The use of a good thing is good; the use of a bad thing is good; but the abuse of anything is bad. And the ill effects of intoxicants are simply the result of "too much of a good thing."

Religion is good, but too much of it is ruinous; vivisection is in itself bad, but practised temperately and intelligently is unquestionably beneficial to man.

It is not more logical to imagine, when a man drinks himself to death, that some "Liquor Problem" has arisen and demands solution than it would be to conceive a "Food" problem when a man dies of gluttony.

It is certainly obvious that there are far more physically deficient persons as a result of pathogenic gormandizing than there are inebriates; then why not set up a series of problems and label them "Vices of the Science of Medicine; Wanted, an omnipotent Physician"?

Prohibition is a fallacy. It is an instrument for extirpating an abuse. But the fallacy is made evident when it is observed that Prohibition sets up a standard which requires the *use* of alcoholic beverages to be accepted as an *abuse;* which is unjustifiable in any sense. Teetotalism is an arbitrary standard of the individual; there is no code of ethics which demands total abstinence as a mark of perfection. Such a standard is as ridiculous as a moral censorship of tomatoes would be. But if a man gormandized himself sick with tomatoes, this would constitute an intemperance of sufficient magnitude to justify legal interference in *his* case; it would not justify the prohibition of the sale of tomatoes in the community.

It is said that Liquor ruins homes, lives, souls, health, morals, and what not. There is not a grain of foundation in fact to this assertion. Liquor does nothing of the sort. What causes all the trouble is the *abuse* of it. The abuse of Liquor may be, and probably is, the root of practically all of man's iniquity; but the temperate use of it, like the temperate use of all things made to use, is utterly beyond and above censure.

And the extirpation of alcoholic beverages from the face of the earth would achieve nothing but a void which man's ingenuity, by virtue of necessity, would immediately fill with something — probably something worse.

The Liquor Question, along with all the other ethical problems of civilization, will be solved only when human frailty ceases to exist—not sooner.

It may be critically objected here that I have offered no solution to the problem. But how can a book of riddles be answered in a word, except by destroying the book—and the riddles?

The Liquor Problem is one that does not concern Liquor; it concerns *man.* It is not solved by destroying Liquor, it can only be solved by destroying MAN himself, for *he is the liquor problem.*

ONE—OF MANY

BY J. B., WAUKEGAN, ILL.

A GIRL, a schoolhouse, and thirty Seventh Grade pupils. But oh, such a girl!

She was dainty and exquisitely molded. Twenty-six summers had passed over her and left her laughing and pretty. She loved her pupils and they in turn loved her. She had a voice like the heavenly hills and sang in the church choir. She also attended Civic Meetings and the Women's Club. She was intellectual, up to date, a thoroughly Christian girl of a moderately well-to-do family in Waukegan, Illinois.

And we shall call her Dorothy Brown—just because that is not her real name.

Now Waukegan is a town where Rum flows freely, and the Women's Clubs were fighting straight and hard to have the town go "dry." Dorothy campaigned earnestly with some one hundred other women (though two thousand could easily have turned out).

Well, to make a long story short, the town went "wet."

II

A man, a kit of tools, and a plumbing shop. But oh, such a man! Full six feet he measured, clean-cut and muscular; with eyes as blue as the azure sky and a mouth that was broad and thin-lipped. There was an undefinable something about him that subtly attracted one. In the clean-shaven face was the ruddy glow of life and health. And he lived in Waukegan, answering to the name of Tom Smith.

The telephone rang. He answered it. The call had come from the Principal of the McAllister School, where Dorothy Brown taught.

III

Tom took his tools, threw them on the wagon and drove out to the South Side. At the door of the school he saw HER—Dorothy.

Tom had lived in Waukegan for thirty-three years and was accounted a good fellow. Those who knew him well said he was an Indian when he was drunk, but they argued that "drink is a good man's failing." Sober, no better man could be found.

He had kept company with little Frances Dooley, who had let him go on account of his weakness for Rum. But that is Ancient History. It happened at least eight years ago, and Frances is single yet.

Dorothy saw Tom, and as her eyes met his she blushed. She turned and went into her class-room.

Later he had occasion to go into that same room, and they passed comment upon the possibility of the town going "dry." He went home thinking of her soft brown eyes.

He went to a "dry" meeting and saw that she took an active part. He became active and they worked together for the abolition of Rum. Before election they were well acquainted and were seen together a great deal. That election went "wet"; and we have had four deaths from Rum this winter.

In her twenty-six years Dorothy had formed quite an elevated idea of masculinity. She had no brothers, and her dreams were idealistic. Tom was all that she desired in a man. He was a teetotaler, a worker, intelligent, and withal handsome.

One of her friends, seeing the way the wind blew, undertook to tell the girl of Tom's drinking and little Frances Dooley.

"Mr. Smith," said Dorothy with dignity that approached indignation, "is a Prohibitionist. He told me so himself."

Her friend closed her mouth, clam-like.

They were married in June.

They had a cosy little cottage on Bluff Street, and a tiny strip of garden. Dorothy was happy, delightfully happy.

Soon Tom was late in coming home from work. He acted queer. They had been married four months, and Rum and he were renewing their friendship. Dorothy had no experience with Rum, and when he acted queer she shut her soulful eyes and waited—just waited.

He came home later and later, and drank more and more. He had less money to bring into the house. The rent on the shop *had* to be paid. Dorothy knew actual hunger, though she did not tell her parents. She saw the true state of affairs, but she shut her eyes to it, for all her pleadings were vain.

A child was coming to their home, and for a while Tom honestly tried to do better; but Rum beckoned and he followed.

One night he came home to supper beastly drunk. There was no butter in the house and no meat. Dorothy spurred herself to speak. Her voice was low and firm as she said:

"This is a drunkard's fare—dry bread, tea, and potatoes."

"I'll teach you to complain," he snarled thickly. He struck her brutally, and she fled.

Then followed weeks of suffering and heartache worse than death.

The apple-blossoms lent their fragrance to the roses, making the air redolent with perfume. It was just before twilight. The lake, catching the saffron glow of the sky, gleamed pale gold. The breath of June was over the land, and high up where the blooming apple-trees hung their blossoms, a robin sang an exquisite song.

Dorothy's mother and the doctor were with her. Outside in the little living-room sat her father, thinking of twenty-seven years ago when he had waited for just such an event as this; and now Dorothy, his little girl, who had come crying into life on a June night just like this, was giving to the world a child. Hours it seemed he waited.

Then his wife tiptoed out to him and whispered:

"A little girl, Pa."

Tom was not at home. The saloons on Market and Genesee Streets possess a magnetic attraction for most of the males of Waukegan, and Tom was not above his companions.

In the east the yellow sun was smiling radiantly through a curtain of pink and gold. A daring robin hopped on Dorothy's window-sill and chirped a good morning. In the full glare of the pitiless sun she gazed at her baby. It had uttered no sound since its coming save that single first cry. Now she examined it thoroughly.

Her heart recoiled. *It was deformed*. The little face was wizened and old. The little legs were warped and crooked. The little back was hunched. But the mother heart asserted itself as she folded it to her breast and prayed: "Whom have I to invoke but Thee, O my God, whose own blessed mouth has pronounced: Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will relieve thee?"

And then Tom staggered in.

But the mother heart was too full to resent the insults to the little crooked hands and the wizened face. It was her baby, and, God helping her, she would make up to it what it lacked. The soft brown eyes looked down at it; the eyes that only yesterday were pretty eyes and expressive, but to-day held the look that artists hunt for, but that prosaic family doctors know too well. They were dark, cryptic, and tender.

Slowly she gained her strength. Always Baby was covered, and no one knew of the horrid little back. She told herself it would be easier to bear if Tom did not drink. But drink he did, and drink and drink. He went from bad to worse. Her life was hell, a living hell.

And then, one cold night last January, when Baby was seven months old and lay in the grip of the fever that had spread over Waukegan, Tom was brought home dead. He had fallen in a drunken stupor and frozen to death.

Then the baby died of fever.

IV

Dorothy lives with her parents, and is just a shadow of her former self. In September she is going back to teach.

We are having "wet" and "dry" meetings in Waukegan now. Dorothy spoke in the Armory the other evening, and there was not a dry eye in the house when she had finished. But will that make Waukegan go "dry"? No, for while grass grows and water flows, Rum will flow in Waukegan, Lake County, Illinois.

A SALOONKEEPER'S SUGGESTIONS

BY M. J. W., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE association of vice with the liquor traffic has a tendency to degrade and demoralize the business. Saloonkeepers who limit their activities to the lawful privileges conferred by their license do not have to pay any blackmail.

No brothel can run on the sneak. They can only be profitably conducted when they are assured they will not be interfered with by the local authorities. They must pay blackmail in order to be let alone. They can pay a higher price if they sell liquor. Therefore every person permitted to run a brothel is also a liquor dealer, even though an unlicensed purveyor of intoxicants. He could not run this kind of a disorderly place for twenty-four hours if he did not pay for immunity from arrest.

If a few friends play cards for the drinks or ten or twenty-five cents a corner it is a pastime and there is no harm done. When a saloonkeeper runs games by which the patrons can be skinned out of all their earnings, he is doing something which is going to bring down on him the odium and ill-will of the people of the community. Can he do this in spite of the authorities? He can not. He does not attempt to do so. Before he takes one bet, he finds out how much it will cost him to run the game without interference.

Here are three features occasionally found in connection with the liquor business which are very frequently referred to by the anti-liquor man as a justification for the absolute prohibition of the traffic. The prohibition orator might just as well ask for the elimination of the hat dealer, or shoe dealer, or dry-goods dealer for the same reason.

A committee from the organized liquor

dealers waited on a former mayor of Chicago and asked him to forbid the sale of liquor in brothels and to forbid the use of immoral women as snares in saloons. Remember that the men who asked for this were not long-haired, sharp-featured, attenuated persons of the "Beloved Brethren," holier-than-thou type—they were just ordinary saloon-keepers.

Did this mayor grant this request? He did not refuse to do what was asked, but nothing was done during his administration.

In the debate between Hillquit and Dr. Ryan, I notice that the clergyman strongly condemns the Socialist party for their failure to declare for compensating the owners of any property they might socialize. I have often heard that argument in my saloon between a Socialist and a non-Socialist. In every instance the Socialist has taken the liquor traffic as an illustration of the indifference of the capitalistic lawmaker to the property rights of men who have made their investments in accordance with every existing law.

The Socialist has shown how the anti-liquor men in their plea for prohibition have justified confiscatory laws by claiming that they were inspired by their regard for women and children. The Socialist then shows the shallow hypocrisy of the capitalistic lawmakers by pointing out states in which there are prohibition laws, but where children less than ten years of age are employed under conditions that undermine their health and destroy their character.

It is quite evident that the lawmaker who votes dry because his heart is affected by the misery of children, soon finds his heart fearfully hard when he is asked to do something that might ameliorate the frightful condition of the child factory-worker, but would reduce the profit of the good church-going man who owns the factory.

When the Republic of Switzerland investigated the temperance question they found that those men who had acquired a reputation as worthless, drunken loafers were invariably men who drank absinthe intemperately. Switzerland passed a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of absinthe. On the day the law became effective, the Government took charge of all distilleries and stocks, and paid the owners.

A commission appointed by the French Government to investigate the growth of intemperance in France did not advocate the prohibition of all intoxicating liquors; but it did advise the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of absinthe.

There has never been a temperance question in any country in the world where the people of such country limited their drinking to brewed or fermented liquors. It is only after people have acquired a desire for distilled liquors that the conservative men of any country find it necessary to agitate for regulation.

THE BEST SOLUTION

In every case that has come under my observation, the man who develops into a hopeless inebriate has drunk a distilled liquor of some kind.

If Senator Works of California would amend his bill, by providing that the Government assume possession of all distilleries and all distilled liquors, and compensate the owners of such property and thereafter prohibit the sale and manufacture of the distilled liquors in the United States, it would be the very best solution of the liquor question that has ever been offered by a public official in this country.

The absolute prohibition of every form of intoxicating liquor is a task which those communities who have enacted dry laws have found it very difficult to accomplish. It has caused many men to become sneaks and lawbreakers who were otherwise law-abiding, useful, and honorable members of the community. Others have been led into the habit of using harmful drugs. Many have acquired a taste for distilled liquors because they are easier to get in a dry town. Beer and wine are not as profitable for the men who run "blind pigs."

I believe the proper solution of the rum question is to eliminate distilled liquors from the traffic, and permit the sale of brewed and fermented liquors only. Let the license be high, and let the number of saloons be limited to not more than one saloon to each 500 persons. Let the New Zealand method of deciding wet or dry territory prevail. In that country a three-fifths vote is required to make a change either way. Let the question of wet or dry be confined to the people of the licensing political division. When saloons are voted out, let the town which has participated in the profits of the liquor traffic compensate the saloonkeeper and take possession of his property.

THE THINGS THAT ARE NOT CAESAR'S

BY HERMAN KUEHN, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

"WHAT about the liquor question? Can it be settled? What is the way to settle it—the right way?"

These interrogatories by EVERYBODY'S will doubtless evoke a flood of suggestions as to how the state ought to go about solving the problem. Yet that is precisely what governmental processes have never succeeded in accomplishing. All that we have of progress has been wrested from Cæsar—never contributed by him. Neither monarchy nor democracy, nor any scheme or device of coercion or restraint can successfully cope with a psychological problem.

And that is what the liquor question really is. Neither prelate, potentate, nor politician can effectually deal with a problem that has its root in Desire. Desire permits but one solution—gratification.

Political processes, seeking to hinder gratification, serve but to stimulate desire. The intensity of desire is enhanced by the very difficulties interposed between it and its gratification.

In this respect the drink habit is normal—that is, it is natural for the habit to persist so long as it is opposed. Nevertheless the drink addiction is an abnormality because it is the result of perversion. Every perverted desire is the "natural" result of the undertaking to stifle a normal desire.

Let the most ardent prohibitionist cite what facts he may, he can not overstate his case. And though he wing his flight to the uttermost realms of fancy and depict the horrors wrought by drunkenness on the scale in which it obtains in our country at this day, his indictment will probably not be grossly overdrawn. But when he has marshaled his array of "horrible examples" and gruesome instances he straightway leaps to the conclusion that an appeal to Cæsar is the "next step." In fact it is the only step he knows anything about. He takes no counsel of the experience of all the past. Nor does he realize that he, and such as he, do more to excite a demand for strong drink than do the manufacturers of such beverages.

The "drink evil" is not the real issue. It is not a problem *per se*. It is but a minor ramification of the most important problem confronting the student of biology—man's relation to his environment.

Don't shudder! I shall not indulge an expedition from the inane to the germane. I mean to stick to the text. And my answer to the question: "Can it be settled?" is, No! It will settle itself when we quit trying to settle it by legislation. We must quit rendering unto Cæsar the things that Cæsar always botches.

There is neither wholesomeness nor intelligence in attacking symptoms.

So much by way of preface. Now for some facts:

The cost of pure whisky (with corn around fifty cents the bushel) is about seven cents the gallon. Including a perfectly good little brown jug, the retail price of a gallon would not exceed thirty cents.

At such a price there would be no incentive to adulterate the commodity.

Were there no restrictions upon the sale of the product "the saloon" would be unprofitable and therefore impossible.

"Treating" would find more intelligent expression.

THE HIGH COST OF GETTING DRINK

In view of these facts, let us see what becomes of the averment that the people of our country expend some two billions of dollars annually for strong drink. I have no exact data whereupon to base the computation, but taking the price at which pure whisky could be bought in a free-trade market and the price that adulterated substitutes command, we shall find that nine-tenths of the outlay is for licenses, excises, imposts, taxes, and the enormous cost of espionage and collection, together with the various species of graft, tribute, and excessive profits involved in the traffic.

Whatever the cost, it may be too much. Let the moralists attend to that phase of the question. Fidelity to fact, however, demands that we charge up nine-tenths of that two billions annually to the account that absorbs the dollars and not to the drink addiction. Drinkers pay it, doubtless, but not for drink. They pay it in order to overcome the obstacles that stand between them and gratification of desire.

Strictly speaking (if strictly speaking be not barred), most of those two billions are blackmail, levied under the guise of benevolence. Hell is paved with the material of just such benevolence. The intention may be good, but this may also be said of that animating the kindly chap who threw his drowning friend a crowbar.

Where strong drinks are free from adulteration and from the enhancement in price due to meddlesome restrictions, the effects would not justify the lurid diatribes of the Prohibitionist. One rarely sees a resident of the wine-growing regions of France who drinks to excess.

"TREATING"—A GOOD THING PERVERTED

As for the "treating" habit: it has met with an altogether undeserved measure of detraction. "Treating" is a fine manifestation of neighborliness, hospitality, generosity, and good-fellowship. That "evils" have grown out of such expressions of good-will is not at all due to the animating motive. Such "evils" are obtruded upon good-fellowship because governmentally perverted processes have forced a generous impulse into dangerous channels. Were there no far more serious indictment against reliance upon Cæsar, this alone were sufficient to condemn our blind idolatry. To turn friendliness from its natural current into a slough of debauchery and debasement is a natural effect of the superstition that obsesses the mass of contemporaneous mankind.

Were whisky as cheap as buttermilk and were drinking places not fostered by the very processes designed to curb them, treating would still persist, but would find more wholesome expression.

Prohibitionists profess to find that the drink habit is a cause of poverty. Others that poverty causes the habit. Only empiricists divide on this phase of the issue. It it a mark of superficiality to look for various causes for involuntary poverty. There is but one. It can be found in the primitive deference we pay to land titles. That, of course, is not within the scope of the present discussion.

Nor shall I consider here the arguments for or against the propriety of including wines and beers within the general objurgation heaped upon stronger spirituous drinks. For the sake of brevity I confine myself to saying that where there are no restrictions and no inducements to adulterate them, they are better if otherwise good, and not so bad if otherwise blameworthy.

What I have here set forth is sufficient to condemn me, off-hand, in the eyes of any Prohibitionist as a debauchee, a drunkard, and an "enemy of society." Yet I am free of the drink habit and have a decided preference for associating with temperate and intelligent people; especially with such as are free from the intemperance of meddlesomeness.

Governmental activities have done more than all else to produce the deplorable conditions under consideration.

THE CURE—MORE LIBERTY

What, then, is to be done? Nothing. We must *quit* doing as we have been doing. And thus give normality its opportunity. Macaulay tells us that the so-called "evils of liberty" are merely evidences that there has not been liberty enough. Liberty is the freedom of each person to do whatsoever he will at his own cost. Nor is "at his own cost" a limitation upon liberty. It is of the essence of liberty. For whoso does anything at another's cost is not exercising liberty but violating it.

The abstraction we call the State, exercising sovereignty over a subject class (and this is as true of a democracy as in a monarchy or autocracy), has in all ages sought to mold, curb, or stifle desire. Every page of history teems with instances. Failures all! Surely in an array so multitudinous we should find a single record of success. We look for it in vain. Yet always this infatuation persists—that what has always baffled the interplay of cause and effect is somehow, some time, to be effectuated by act of Congress!

Liberty and decency. This is but another way of saying "cause and effect." Despotism and misery is another paraphrase equally valid. Freedom alone can assure us of social harmony and individual well-being.

WATCH FOR MORE LETTERS NEXT MONTH

MEXICO

Photo by Paul Thompson

By FREDERICK PALMER

AUTHOR OF "WITH KUROKI IN MANCHURIA," "THE LAST SHOT," ETC.

Editor's Note: **While Frederick Palmer is widely recognized as the most distinguished of American war correspondents, it is for qualities additional to this that EVERYBODY'S has sent him to Mexico. His experience and his brilliant service in the Philippines, in the Russo-Japanese War, in Macedonia, and in the Balkans not only taught him much about war, but also gave him an understanding of alien peoples, a realization of the futility of war, a point of view. As you read his articles month by month—he will write exclusively for EVERYBODY'S—you'll hear all about the war, if war it proves to be; but besides that, you'll get a real illumination of the whole Mexican question. This month he presents a triple article: an account of conditions in Vera Cruz after the occupation; a story of his voyage with marines on the transport *Morro Castle*, and a remarkably lucid study of occurrences in Mexico preceding and producing strife.**

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT IN VERA CRUZ

(BY CABLE FROM VERA CRUZ)

TWO facts are boldly significant in the taking of Vera Cruz. They make you, as an American, an optimist. They make you believe in the power for good of American civilization. Explain these two facts, and the whole story is told.

First: Business is flourishing in Vera Cruz; the life of the town is proceeding as usual; and women of all classes are going about the streets freely after dark quite as in an American town.

That speaks of more than mere military order. It proves that, in a military occupation against the hostile population of another race, the conduct of our soldiers and sailors is working out the real American spirit.

Second: You will see on the corner-walls of streets where Fletcher's rifles cracked and machine-guns rattled, sprays of bullet-marks about the height of a man's body; in other words, our bluejackets and marines shot with deadly accuracy. Then, the fighting over, they became gentle, considerate masters.

If the native sentiment at Vera Cruz is characteristic of all Mexico, we could, after occupying the country, take the first honest vote of the Mexican people ever allowed, and receive a mandate to stay.

In the hot, humid harbor, off the town blazing white under the merciless white tropical sun, the gringos' great man-of-war had lain like some persistent mighty threat. Suddenly boatloads of marines came ashore. They did not come to make war, but to take the custom-house—peacefully, they hoped. General Maas hurried away in a carriage, leaving his soldiers to fight as they chose, without command, which meant guerrilla sniping. It is ugly business, fighting through cities where the buildings are flush with the pavements. A test of cohesion: it is difficult to hold men together while working their way; some sections may get ahead of others. But the marines stood the test: they halted at cross streets after they had cleaned up one block of houses, before advancing on another.

They had brought crow-bars with which they broke through walls and doors. They found fear-stricken families expecting death, and worse, from the terrible, fierce gringos; but these gringos only nodded, smiled, and went on about their work. They had no business with any Mexican who did not have a rifle. Firing coolly, even though it was their baptism of fire, they aimed for the bull's-eye—they shot to kill. It was

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TO DISCOURAGE SNIPING, THE BLUEJACKETS SET FIRE TO THIS HOUSE AFTER THEY HAD "GOT" THE SNIPERS WHO HAD BEEN SHOOTING FROM ITS SHELTER.

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UNITED STATES SANITARY SQUAD CLEANING THE STREETS OF VERA CRUZ AFTER THE FIGHTING.

target-range accuracy, with flesh targets. A sniper's head showed and they got him. This aspect of the object-lesson was mercilessly precise.

When we had taken all the town and occupied the hills beyond its environs, some sniping still continued. European residents of Vera Cruz, who thought they knew the natives and the one sure means of impressing authority on them, said that the only way to stop sniping was by summary public executions and similar harsh measures. But our combined generosity and good shooting were efficacious. When the Mexicans observed our justice, when they saw that the innocent were not suffering, the order to turn in all arms during a house-to-house search was obeyed. Snipers no longer had sympathy. Why shoot Americans when they treated you better than Huertistas and Maderistas? People appeared from under cover of their houses to see our bluejackets patrolling the streets quite as if policing a Mexican town were no less a part of their work than drilling holes in a target at seven thousand feet with twelve-inch shells.

In this latest revolution, which might be called the gringo revolution, no one was arrested as a political suspect or on any charge not in the statute-book. With all the power their ships and numbers gave them, these illogical visitors chose not to use power for power's sake. They even released all prisoners in the ghastly old prison of Ulloa, regardless of their politics.

Incredible as our action was, and all out of keeping with their knowledge of human nature, the natives nevertheless were fully able to accommodate themselves to it. Even Greasers can accommodate themselves to kindness. Storekeepers found that officers with revolvers and soldiers with rifles paid for everything they bought. So great was our weakness here, strong as we are in other things, that we would even pay double prices without knowing the difference. So storekeepers are already accommodating themselves to that, too.

After the bluejackets from their great ships came the white army transports, their decks thick with figures in olive drab. The bluejackets had been mostly young, their uniforms of white adding to their boyish appearance. But the soldiers looked grimmer

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BLUEJACKETS PATROLLING THE MAIN STREET OF VERA CRUZ. A MEXICAN SUSPECTED OF "SNIPING" IS UNDER ARREST.

and older. There was something that suggested another kind of power in the army, with its big wagons, big horses, and big burros—good old giant army-mules. Here were soldiers. Surely they would exercise the strong hand of authority.

But Funston looked no more ferocious than Fletcher. His regiments of infantry swung through the streets in full marching equipment to take the bluejackets' place at the outposts. They looked as well prepared to steam over the roads of Mexico as bluejackets did to make a landing or to steam across seas. It is clear to the native mind, besides, that they can shoot as well as the marines and bluejackets. But any native is welcome to come in past the outposts unless he has a rifle. He is made to understand that he can bring produce to market without paying graft to any officer. Let his suspicions born of centuries of oppression have their play as they will, the native can still find no object for the action of the Americans except to protect him in certain simple rights in which he never before had known any protection.

It is mysterious, baffling, but very pleasant.

At least we have some return for the cost in lives and money of occupying Vera Cruz. The good conduct of our military forces reflects not only their spirit of preparedness, but through them as a vehicle reflects the spirit of the American people toward a foreign people who misunderstand our nature and our aims. With the discipline of gun-fire went ethical discipline. Our sailors acted in a manner worthy of the traditions of American citizenship.

At the principal café fronting on the plaza we may watch all the world at Vera Cruz marching happily by, sating its curiosity, viewing the Americanos, and knowing for the first time since Porfirio Diaz went that their lives and property are secure; and the Indian, the peon whose ancestors were here when Cortez came, knows that he will not be seized and drafted into the army. At this café, where refugees and correspondents gather with officers, the Little War is already in a state of reminiscence. These refugees tell you that you can not realize what the sight of the flag and sailors means until you have been through what they have experienced.

They have but one viewpoint: They say

that if we do not send the army to Mexico City, existence for Americans in Mexico will become unbearable. They say our evacuation without putting up the flag over Chapultepec will produce the conviction, in the interior, through the misrepresentations of the Mexican leaders, that we are not strong enough.

But the Vera Cruzans do not entertain any such skepticism.

WITH THE LITTLE BROTHER OF THE NAVY

(ON BOARD THE MORRO CASTLE)

THERE is a soldier aboard men-of-war called the marine. His insignia is an anchor, symbolic of the sea; a hemisphere, symbolic of the land; and an eagle, symbolic of the nation. He is a web-footed "hiker." He is the little brother of the navy and the little cousin of the army; and both sometimes scoff at him for being neither fish nor fowl.

The navy as a navy can get on perfectly well without him. So can the army as an army. At sea he mans the small-caliber guns. On shore he has no horses for his field artillery and no mules for his transport. At sea and on shore he is supposed to have nothing to do with big war. He is the boss man for little, sporadic, overnight wars.

When the admiral takes a port the marine is the admiral's policeman. He guards distant Guam and the legation at Peking. When dark-complexioned trouble makes the cable sing from a distant horizon, he is the first soldier to get into action. He is also the little brother of the diplomatist. Landing marines in Santo Domingo or Nicaragua may be an expedient for the protection of property while a revolutionist is shooting up the town in a presidential election conducted according to the local precedents—when to send an army brigade or division would amount to a sinister threat. Army landings are associated with invasions and conquests.

In all, the marines number ten thousand. Every battleship carries a company; but mostly they are concentrated in marine barracks at navy yards, from which they may be speeded oversea on the nation's errands at short notice. After the occupation of Vera Cruz all who were not already with Admiral Badger were rushed to his side from every direction. The little brother became a giant brother, and very busy.

But not busy in any excited and confused fashion. If he were, Uncle Sam would be disappointed in him.

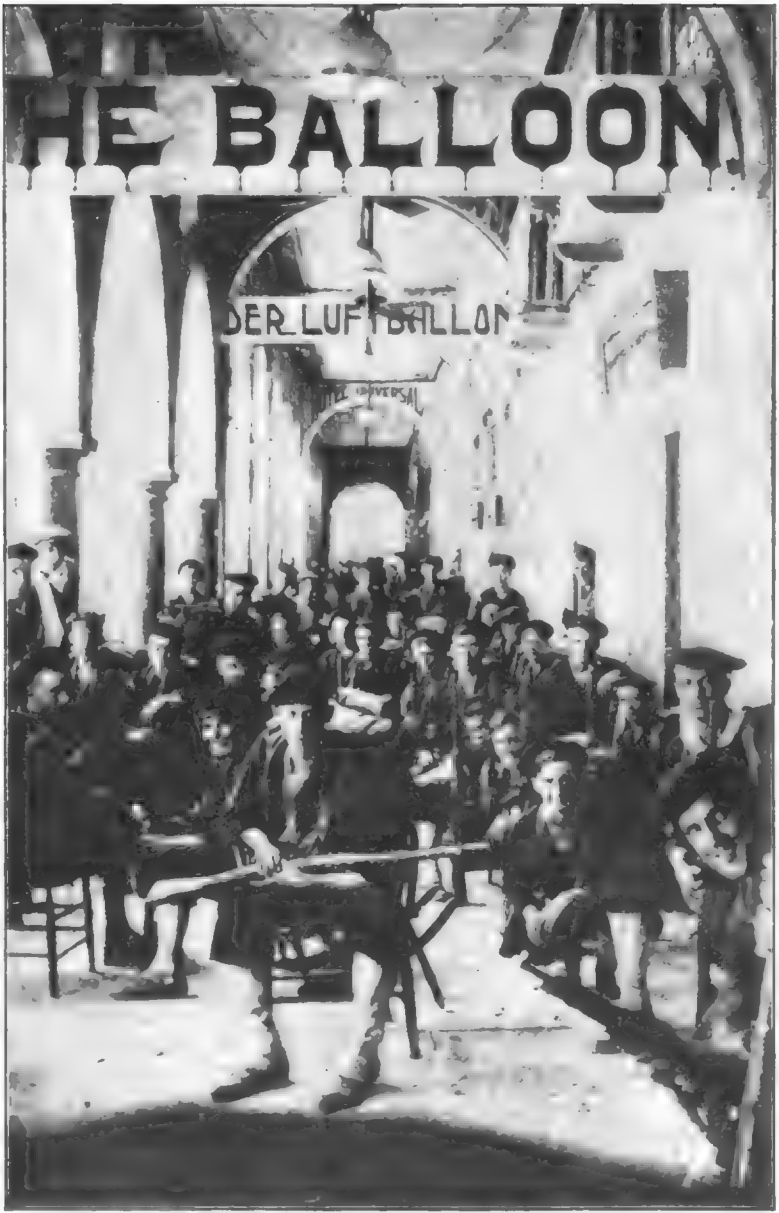
At the League Island Navy Yard in Philadelphia the marines have waiting in their storage depot all the supplies required for the kind of diplomatic pressure which the president is exerting on Huerta. When the call comes, equipping an expedition is as simple as for a department store to set a young couple up in housekeeping.

How many men are going? Where are they going? Given this information, and their needs are exactly known. A set of orders whose form is ready are given, and wagons are set moving from the depot to the pier.

A few days after I had engaged passage to Vera Cruz on the *Morro Castle*, the steamship company's office called me up in New York canceling my reservation. The Government had chartered her as the first merchant vessel to be used as a transport in "the war with Huerta." I sailed on her, though, after all, starting from Philadelphia instead of New York, with my companions a regiment of marines and officers whom I had met before in many parts of the world on just such expeditions as this.

That slight, wiry, weather-beaten man, the colonel in command, was Captain Moses on the march to Peking; and Hall, one of his majors, was a lieutenant of the Marine Guard in the siege. Another officer had been in the Nicaragua fighting; another I had known in Panama and another in Cuba. Wherever the anchor is dropped in either hemisphere they are likely to serve the eagle. They are used to this kind of thing. It is their profession and their happiness.

Captain Dewey, the marine quartermaster in Philadelphia, had a hundred and fifty tons of material on the pier when the *Morro Castle* came alongside at seven on Tuesday



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RECREATION TIME FOR BLUEJACKETS IN A CAFÉ WHERE ALL THE WORLD OF VERA CRUZ PASSES BY.

evening. He stayed up all night, which is also a part of the game when Uncle Sam calls on the little brother. But he wasn't worrying about the absence of any piece of equipment or detail in supplies. He did not have to call up somebody on the telephone and send out rush orders to buy something that had been overlooked. Any such absence of provision for emergencies, in time of peace, would have belied the marine corps' boast that it is the most mobile body of troops under the sun.

Is there a spare part to a rifle which might be needed? Is there any spare article of clothing? You will find it in the hold of the *Morro Castle*, which is chartered by the Government at $1200 a day—for it costs to administer a rebuke to Huerta. And you will also find field wireless, field wires, intrenching tools and axes, and bake ovens, carpenter's and mason's outfits, heliographs and signal flags, wheelbarrows and surveyor's instruments, saddles and megaphones, wire-cutters for barb-wire entanglements, and machetes for clearing away the jungle—everything, running through a list of many typewritten pages, which will enable this regiment to be put ashore in any tropical country and settle down to a comfortable, sanitary existence in camp or to advance against an enemy.

Out of the experience of many expeditions this equipment has been formed until now the experts think that not a single essential which is reasonably portable has been omitted. Whatever the regiment doesn't need when it sets out marching light on a hike, is left at the base under the guns of the navy.

Captain Dewey had no worry except how to load his supplies in such order that the things needed first would come out of the hold first. Tents and wheelbarrows and all spare parts should be at the bottom, and travel rations and artillery and ammunition on top. Among the first things were the neat and peaceful-looking cases of shrapnel shell which immediately followed the field-guns that fire them.

Finally came the men, swinging on to the river in full marching accouterments. They stacked their rifles and waited the word for the gangway. All they had brought was on their backs. While the supplies from the League Island depot were being loaded on the *Morro Castle* they had been hurrying by train from as far away as Portsmouth in the north and Charleston in the south. Every marine barracks on the Atlantic coast had been swept clean of any marines that remained.

When they were on board we were ready to go. It was quite unexciting. No one had rushed up and down wildly at the last moment shouting that something was missing; no belated detachment had come on a breathless sprint. For all you could see, regiments of marines might be departing on chartered transports every day from League Island. It hardly seemed that we were going to war—as the newspapers and the moving-picture man said we were—even when the bluejackets on the old battleships in reserve gave us a three times three, and the crowd that had gathered let out a cheer.

"There ain't any glory in this," said an old non-commissioned officer. "If we've got to fight Mexico, it's just an ugly job—and we've got to do it right."

Whatever comes in Mexico it is all in the day's work for the marines. The officers were not talking war. Theirs was the professional view. Most of them had some experience in the sort of fighting they would have to do in Mexico. They neither crave nor shirk bloodshed. Enthusiasm for war always rises highest among those who have seen no war.

And in the day's work the first duty after the transport had put to sea was to organize all these detachments into a whole. The smoking-room became the colonel's office. There the field desks were opened and there the typewriters began to tick. For every private there is a little record-book. Uncle Sam regards each man who serves as an individual who requires tender statistical care. From the time John Jones enlists till he gets his discharge we know all about his health and his conduct. By and by he may want a pension; and he has a right to have documentary proof of the kind of soldier he was—which is a worthier object than the pension. Groups of records piled in the colonel's office had their counterpart in life in the khaki-clad groups which were mustered as companies on the promenade deck.

Inside of a few hours routine was established. Life for this regiment aboard a chartered transport has become as systematized as life in barracks. The private feels himself a little brother of the rich. He has the run of the decks. He stretches himself in the long passenger-chairs and remarks that fighting Huerta and being a hero for your country's sake isn't so bad, as he lies sleepily regarding a soft blue sky and a smooth sea, with every hour bringing him closer to the steaming tropics.

Yet—it is all very well for the wireless to report that Francis Joseph has had another coughing fit. He is no doubt a fine old man. It is also interesting to know that Vesuvius and Ætna have erupted in sympathy with Huerta. But where are the baseball scores? Every marine may be a fighting man first; but he is certainly a fan next.

"Washington was sure to win. Johnson was going to pitch the day we left."

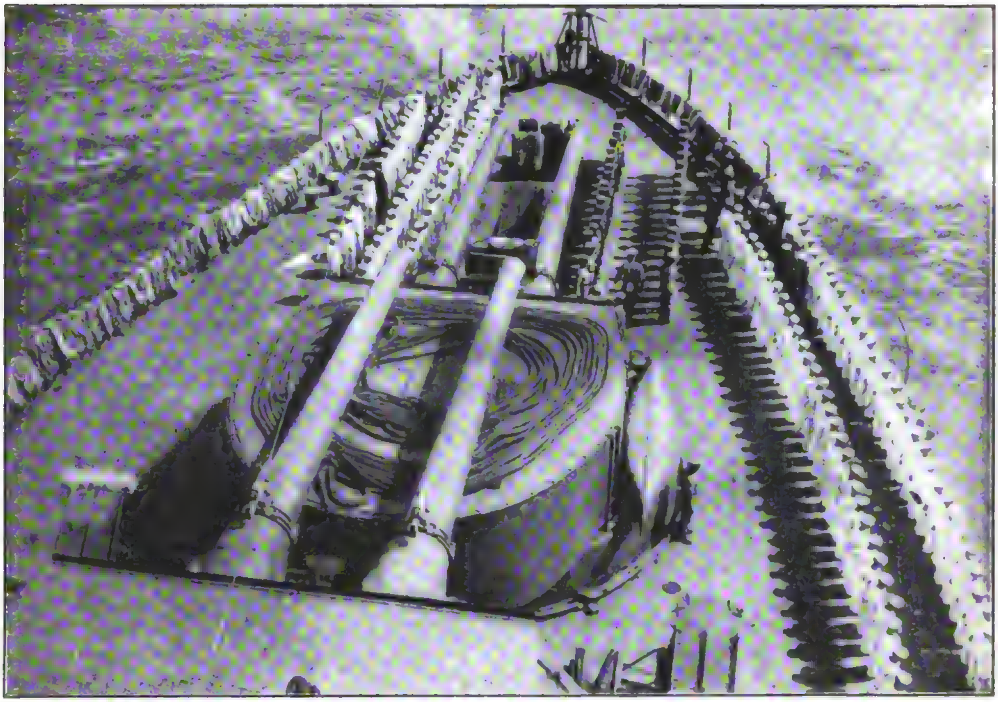
"Oh, I don't know. Even Johnson is touched up for a few bingles, now and then."

"If it isn't war what is it going to be?"

"Don't ask me! Ask Woodrow Wilson!"

If these men have to go straight from the transport into action, you know how skilfully and determinedly they will fight. If they are ordered into a peaceful camp or started homeward they will take this also as a matter of professional routine, just as a fireman takes a big fire or a false alarm. If the President wants Mexico City taken they will take it. If he wants Vera Cruz evacuated they will evacuate it. And if there were a hundred regiments of marines with supplies and a hundred chartered transports, then we could send a hundred thousand men to Mexico as easily as a thousand.

The marines make going to war so simple it is commonplace. The baseball scores are much more exciting and less dangerous.



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CAPTAIN NIBLACK INSPECTING SAILORS AND MARINES ABOARD THE U. S S. *MICHIGAN* AT VERA CRUZ.

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BLUEJACKETS AT MACHINE GUNS ON BOARD THE BATTLESHIP [illegible] OFF VERA CRUZ.

WHAT IT ALL MEANS IN MEXICO

FOR thirty years Diaz spelled Mexico. We had come to think of his as the normal Mexico. She was strange; her people's ways were not our ways; but she was at peace. We lived our life on one side of the Rio Grande and she lived hers on the other.

For fifty years before Diaz, from the time of her independence from Spain in 1821, Mexico had spelled turmoil. She had numerous dictators, and one, Iturbide, who made himself emperor. She was a breeding-ground of factions and adventurers striving for political mastery in her capital; of bandit chieftains and rich landholders of Spanish descent.

At that time we touched her borders at a remote point of our frontier. But twenty years after her independence the forward march of our English-speaking pioneers, declaring Texas an independent state, brought on the war of '47-8, with our victorious march to the City of Mexico and the annexation of Texas and California.

We went on with our development. We had no time to think of our neighbor. The Civil War engulfed us for four years. At its close, when we looked around to find that France had established Maximilian as emperor, we asserted the Monroe Doctrine, whose cardinal feature is "Hands off for all European powers on this continent." The French withdrew, and Maximilian was captured by the Mexicans and executed.

Then came the mighty era of commercial, mechanical, and industrial development throughout the world, when capital and inventive and organized genius spread railways and telegraphs to the ends of the earth. Diaz became the master of Mexico almost with the inauguration of that era. His career as a ruler spanned its stretch. He was the "maker of modern Mexico," as the saying goes.

Now, for three years, Mexico has seemed bent on destroying all that she had built under Diaz. There has been the same turmoil as before he rose to power. Many jump to the conclusion that turmoil is Mexico's normal state; that Diaz was a solecism, a great ruler, and until another is found Mexico can not know peace.

Where fifty years ago her affairs little concerned us, to-day they are of intimate

Photo by Frederick Palmer.

LEISURELY DAYS ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT *MORRO CASTLE*, SOUTHWARD BOUND.

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GENERAL VILLA ON THE MARCH.

and vital interest. They will grow more so with the opening of the canal. Mexico is our neighbor; she is across the Rio Grande, with vast territory and sixteen million people. We can not argue her out of existence. Whether we blockade her ports or garrison all her towns, the sixteen millions remain Mexicans. In public opinion—our foreign and our military policy are the result of public opinion—the time has passed to regard Mexico as only strange, picturesque, and turbulent. A toll of lives, of millions, perhaps billions, of dollars, and the future of a rich country are at stake. It becomes the duty of every American citizen to know Mexico, no less than the question of the tariff, the control of trusts, and the suffrage question.

Whenever I think of Mexico it is of the Mexican. Just as I think of Russia in the picture of a *moujik* plowing, of Japan in the picture of a peasant ankle-deep in the mud of a rice-field, so I think of Mexico in the picture of a swart man in steeple hat, an Indian, a native American, whose ancestors possessed the land before the white man ever came.

At least fourteen out of the sixteen millions in Mexico are of pure or practically pure Indian blood. The peon is the masses, the proletariat. He is the background for the Diazes, the Huertas, the Villas, this man who even in the mass seems inconsequential to the superficial observer. It may be that he has superstition or emotion in the place of opinion, but that does not interfere with the fact that he is the ultimate power—and he dislikes all foreigners.

This power of physical mass the advocates of iron-hand rule overlooked when they said that all Mexico needed was an iron hand, and that an iron hand was the reason of Porfirio Diaz's success.

Diaz was half Indian. He was of the people, of the blood of the country. Untutored, rough, a leader of men, he fought and lost, was captured, escaped, formed another band in the war with the French, and in the battle of Puebla won the fame that thrilled the peons. He was their hero against the foreigner. The magic of the white man had not prevailed against him nor against the little Indian Juarez, whose successor Diaz was. With the popular imagination of nine out of ten of the people with him, he could take care of the tenth man, who was a bandit and a promoter of disorder.

Diaz could be generous as well as ruthless. His iron hand had a soft cunning when it served his purpose. He had the genius of rulership; he understood the spirit of his people. If a northern adventurer formed a *partido* and started a revolt, it was a case of judgment with Diaz whether to hunt him down and execute him and his lieutenants or to invite him to Mexico City and give him an office. Practical politician he was, and despot under the name of president, who gave orders for his own reelection to office.

He caught the spirit of the expanding industrial age. Foreign capital came with its offers and he accepted them. Files of concessions lay deep in the government archives. The land was webbed with railways and telegraph wires manned by foreigners, and foreigners opened up the wealth of the mines. Mexico prospered. She reached the height of her boom at the same time as the United States, in 1904-5.

Diaz was growing old. He had made a great fortune, but he had not been as rapacious as the group of men around him, led by Limantour, his finance minister, who were no more Mexican than the King of Spain. Diaz had forgotten his peons; and they had been for him because he whipped the French. Great grants of land went to foreigners and to the Terrazas and Creels among his favorites. The native, the man of the soil, was ordered off the soil which he thought was his own, and found himself a serf working for a master who had all the Diaz prestige and forms of authority at his back.

Phot. by Brown Brothers

GENERAL EMILIANO ZAPATA.

When, in 1910, Francisco Madero, one of a rich family of landowners, a graduate of an American college, a dreamer, a spiritualist, a vegetarian, raised the banner of rebellion, the knowing ones of Mexico City smiled. Don Porfirio had taken care of a great many rebels. He would make short work of Don Francisco with his scrambled idealism. But the "knowing" did not realize that the nine out of ten were against Don Porfirio. He ruled them now through fear and not through any racial appeal. Otherwise, so impractical a leader as Madero could never have carried on a successful revolution.

With funds to furnish the sinews of war, the *vaqueros* and the brigands of the mountains, who had defied Diaz's authority at the heads of bands, joined to make an army, which found against it only the regular soldiers, lukewarm in their resistance. The Diaz government had become a varnished shell, with its heart of oak honeycombed by dry-rot. Don Porfirio had to leave his beautiful capital an exile, traveling the route to Paris of many another Latin-American dictator.

Our good offices under Taft facilitated the choice of Francisco de la Barra as Provisional President until an election was held

—a Mexican style of election—which chose Madero as Constitutional President. Madero, himself, not an Indian but one of the old Spanish class of feudal aristocrats, tried to apply reforms which his critics said were as suitable to Mexico as the initiative and referendum to Afghanistan or to the Russia of Peter the Terrible.

But he had forgotten the peon, the man of the soil. He did nothing to solve the land question. There were uprisings in many quarters. Pascual Orozco, Madero's old lieutenant, headed a revolutionary advance from the north which General Victoriano Huerta, a man of Indian blood, a graduate of the military school of Chapultepec, and one of Diaz's favorite generals, was able to check. Zapata, the most ferocious of the other leaders, formerly a bandit, held up railway trains, plundered towns, extorted funds from the rich, and threatened Mexico City itself from the south.

That perverse destiny which had made us hope for peace in every shift of the situation from Diaz's exile to Lind and "watchful waiting," was well started on the march whose end no one can foresee at this writing.

Meanwhile, capital—the two billions of foreign capital invested in Mexico—was not idle. It, too, was divided into factions, representing varied national interests and groups. A new source of confusion arose in the great oil-fields in Tampico, richer than the mines. It was Standard Oil against Pearson oil interests, with millions ready to spend to hold enormous stakes and gain new ones. All cried for a strong man, which Madero was not; and each group wanted its own particular strong man. Abroad, golden intrigue; in Mexico, the intrigue of politics and the active rifles of bandits in whom the peon saw the Rob Roy heroes of his desire for land.

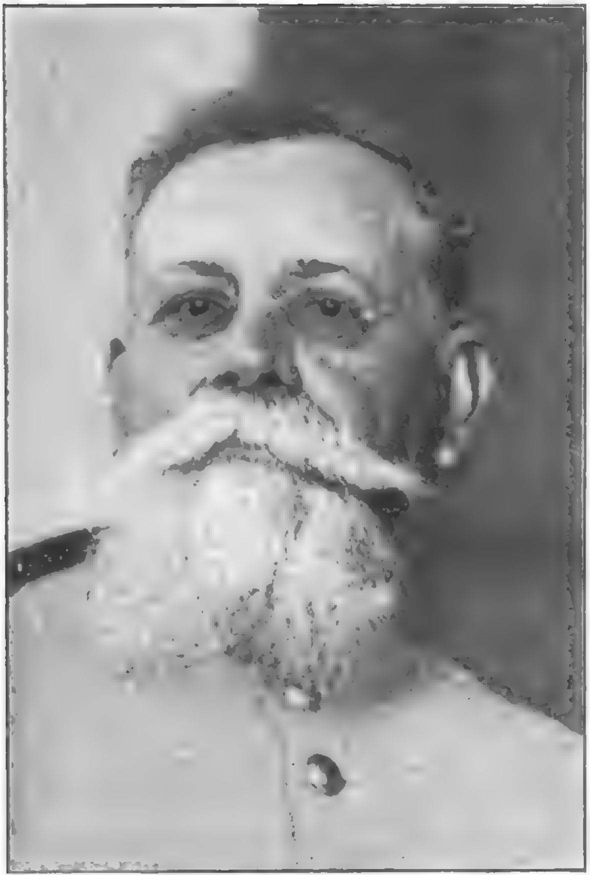
Porfirio Diaz has a son, who is weak. He has a nephew, Felix, who is supposed to be strong. In October, 1912, Felix Diaz, who had been plotting at Havana, landed at Vera Cruz and summoned the people to revolution, according to the prevailing mode of Central America. His effort was a flash in the pan. Madero's soldiers made him prisoner. There could have been only one penalty for that kind of an action if old Don Porfirio were in power. Felix would have been shot. But Madero believed in the humanities. He was magnanimous. He had Felix put in jail in Mexico City, and his leniency was eventually to cost his own life.

Felix in the capital was able to renew his plotting and his preparations for a second revolutionary attempt, while the mild, philosophical Madero was the victim of disloyal subordinates, who did not keep him informed of what was going on under his very nose.

On February 9, 1913, Felix sprung a surprise. He broke out of jail and, at the head

Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

GENERAL VICTORIANO HUERTA.



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GENERAL VENUSTIANO CARRANZA.

of two thousand men, was soon besieging Madero in the National Palace, or official winter residence of the Mexican President. Associated with him in this enterprise was Bernardo Reyes. Reyes had been Diaz's secretary of war, an inveterate politician and a hero to the army, whose loyalty Don Porfirio had so far distrusted that he had sent Reyes out of the country to study European armies.

For the first time the thir-r-r of modern machine guns and the crack of shrapnel from modern rapid-fire field artillery were heard in a battle in the streets of the capital. Shells screamed over the housetops and long-range bullets skimmed the pavements. It was a hide-and-seek game of fearful slaughter for spectators as well as participants. Reyes fell mortally wounded, but the fury of his partisans only redoubled.

Madero, never of a decisive character, was confused but brave, and dependent on Huerta, his general. Driven into a corner, he resigned office. Huerta came to an understanding with Felix Diaz and chose himself Provisional President, imprisoning Madero and his vice-president, Pino Suarez. As Madero and Suarez were being transferred from the National Palace to prison, they were shot to death—in the course of resistance, it appeared, to an attack upon the guards accompanying their carriage. Huerta's followers maintained that they were killed while trying to escape. Madero sympathizers claimed deliberate assassination, and even that they had been tortured to death in the Palace and then carried out to justify the assertion that they were attempting escape.

Henry Lane Wilson, our ambassador to Mexico, a hold-over from the Taft administration, had been a prominent factor in the negotiations of the factions. He was a partisan of the recognition of Huerta. In Huerta Wilson saw the strong military arm which the country needed for its pacification. England and Japan recognized Huerta, but not the United States.

President Wilson took high grounds. We might not interfere in the affairs of Mexico, but, strictly within the limits of our international rights, we could refuse recognition of a president who came into office under such circumstances as did Huerta. Henry Lane Wilson was recalled and repudiated. John Lind was sent as adviser to Nelson O'Shaughnessy, the chargé d'affaires, who remained in Mexico City. All our consuls were at their posts. We were in official relations with Mexico and we were not.

If President Wilson would not recognize Huerta, then the cunning Huerta would not recognize Lind. All Lind's suggestions that would lead to Huerta's releasing the reins came to naught, and Lind finally settled down at Vera Cruz as the outpost of President Wilson's watchful waiting policy.

Huerta intrigued with Europe and the Pearson oil interests. He sent Felix Diaz, whom he wanted out of the way, with a delegation to Japan; but Japan refused to receive the special ambassador. Felix returned to find Mexico City so unhealthy that he fled aboard an American cruiser.

Huerta promised to hold a regular election, and at first indignant at our request that he should not be a candidate, finally announced, with his usual diplomatic facility, that he could not decline candidacy, because it was against the constitution. Whenever Huerta needs the constitution he invokes it; whenever he does not, why, he is above it. He had some candidates nominated and the election was held. But though he was not on the ticket, he received a majority of votes for president, and his foremost general, Blanquet, received a majority for vice-president—not a bit to his surprise, for he had ordered the army to cast the ballots. The army took care not to cast the percentage required by the constitution, now become useful again. Therefore the election was void. In that case Huerta must go on being Provisional President.

A simple, frank man like John Lind of Minnesota was not versed in that kind of diplomacy. He sat tight in Vera Cruz, and President Wilson refused to budge from his position that the United States would not condone the assassination of constitutional presidents by recognizing Huerta. Some members of the Chamber of Deputies daring to criticize, Huerta put enough in jail—one hundred and ten, to be exact—to make sure that no free-minded members remained. All that the adventurous militarism of a Castro stood for in Venezuela, or of a Zelaya in Central America, Huerta stood for in Mexico.

Meanwhile, despite his forcing the unwilling peons into the Federal army and all his cunning as a strategist and firmness as a soldier, he was losing ground. His apologists said it was because he lacked our support. In the north an insurgent government was formed, with Venustiano Carranza as president. By December 1st, Francisco ("Pancho") Villa, Carranza's chief general, had taken Chihuahua.

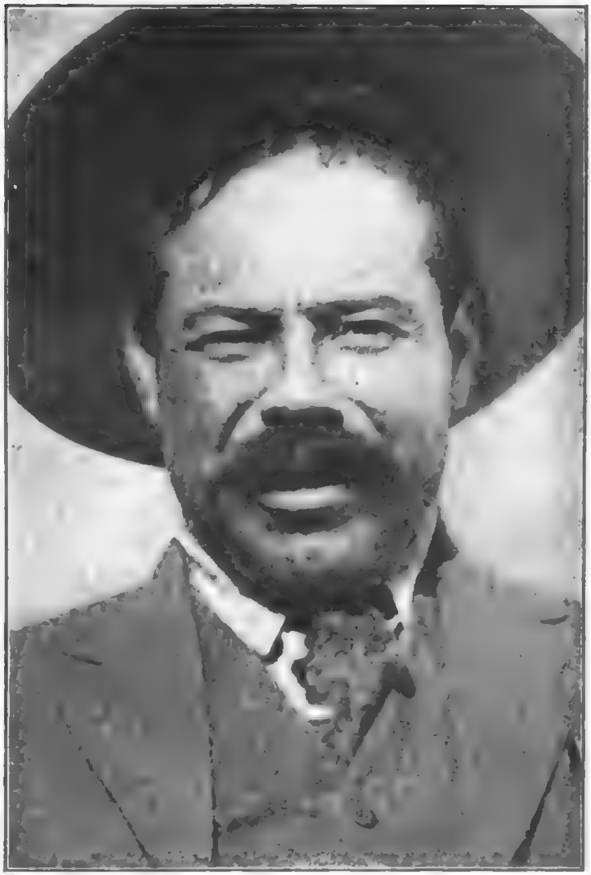


Photo by [illegible] N. Y.

GENERAL "PANCHO" VILLA.

To Villa's standard flocked all the peons of martial initiative from the north. They wore the portrait of Madero in a crêpe border on their breasts; they were fighting for the land. Bandit leaders turned generals had the free run of the palaces of the great haciendas. War was made without quarter—ruthless Indian war. President Wilson, hoping for any way to put Huerta out of power, raised the embargo on arms to help the insurgents.

By March Villa had taken the strategic city of Torreon. Merciless in his punishments, with no law except his own will, a figure created out of the fear and the admiration of his followers, he had made an army which overwhelmed the troops of Huerta, with their regular officers and a stiffening of Diaz's veterans.

With Europe complaining at our weakness, as the responsible nation under the Monroe Doctrine for our neighbor's disorder, we continued to watch and wait. But it was national conscience, not weakness. The war fever of '98 did not belong to our spirit of to-day, in spite of the murder of American citizens in Mexico. We read of the calmness of statesmen, but here a whole people was calm. History affords no finer tribute to national character.

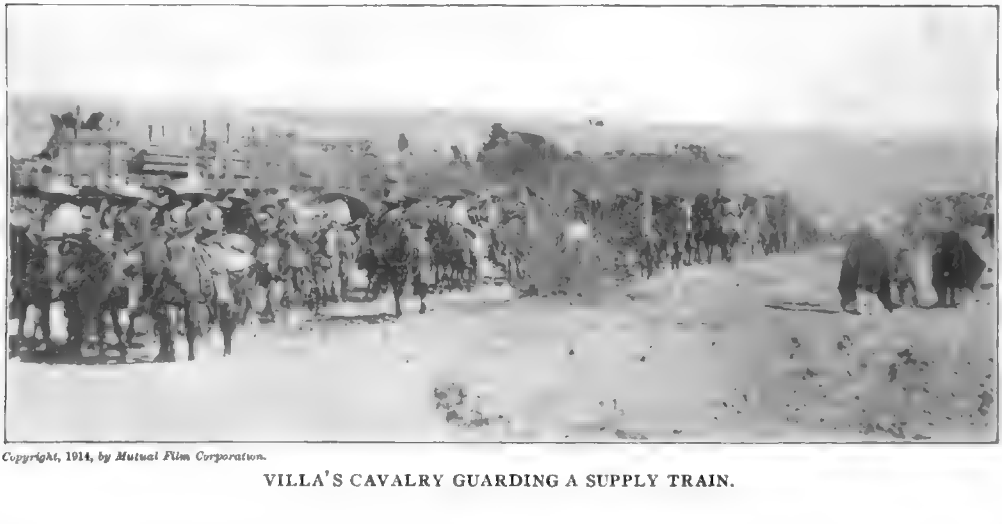
And with every shift of the situation the march of that perverse destiny kept on. It reached its climax in the arrest of a paymaster and his men going ashore on an errand in Tampico when their launch was flying the flag of our country. What private American interests had suffered was one thing. An insult to the flag was another.

Wherever the new policy leads us, we must never forget the nine men out of ten, the peon. He must be given a new era from without, if not from within. His first lessons in the ethics of Christian civilization were from the fierce soldiers of a Cortez who returned Montezuma's hospitality with perfidy. He was oppressed by corrupt captains-general and in turn by half-breed military adventurers who called a government republican which was worse than Spanish.

After three years of guerrilla warfare his restlessness has become chronic. He follows some brigand leader of his section who appeals to his imagination, without sense of anything but the desire of revolt. To him we are the hated gringos. Our single-minded policy, aiming only to help him cure his own ills, he mistakes for weakness. His success against the French is a fetish which convinces him that the gringo soldiers can not defeat him at his own kind of warfare. He will not let us help him until we give him first the proof of our strength, as we had to give the Filipinos.

We have been long suffering from his outrages and he long suffering from his own ignorance. Our campaign in Mexico will be like the work of firemen saving a man who is fighting against being saved from the flames of his own house which he has set on fire. Never was a war entered into with less elation by our troops than this. Talk with officers or men, and the sentiment is the same. A marine officer on a transport before sailing for Vera Cruz expressed it perfectly:

"We must teach them to respect us," he said. "Then we must teach them how to behave."



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VILLA'S CAVALRY GUARDING A SUPPLY TRAIN.

For the July number Mr. Palmer will send us another story from Mexico, making use of the cable at the last moment if events of interest are occurring.

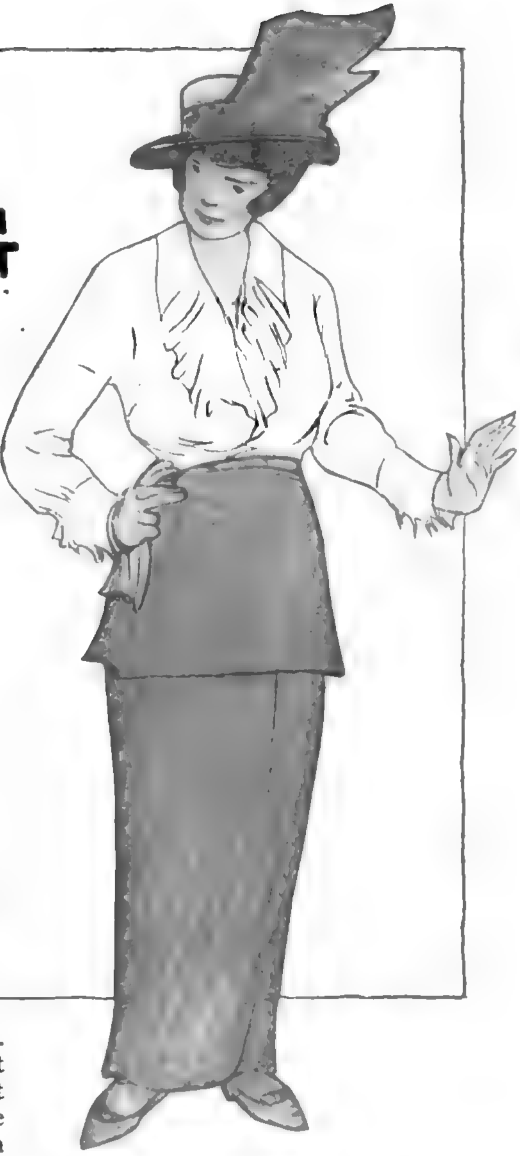
Now turn to Page 775, and read the other Big Story of the month. George Creel, EVERYBODY'S representative in Colorado, reports and interprets the industrial war that has been ravaging that state.

The STENOG

by
PARKER
FILLMORE

AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG IDEA," "THE HICKORY LIMB," ETC.

Illustrations by
Maginel Wright Enright



"AND to think, Rosie dear," Mrs. O'Brien began, "that you don't yet know about Ellen! Sit down this minute, and while I dish the supper I'll tell you. Since you've been gone, Ellen's become a real stenog! She's got her first job! She's startin' in on eight dollars a week, and she's to go to ten in a couple o' weeks if she's satisfactory. As you know yourself, twenty dollars a week ain't nuthin' for a fine stenog to be gettin' nowadays, and twenty a week means eighty a month, and eighty a month means close on to a thousand a year! Now I do say a thousand a year is a pretty big lump of money for a girl like Ellen to be making!"

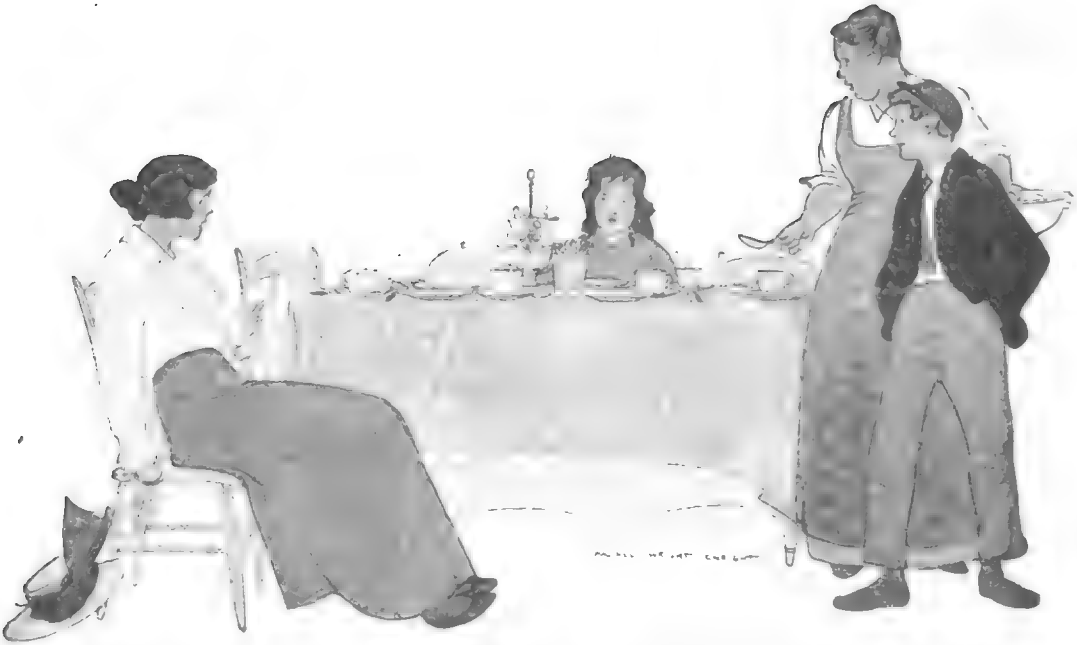
Terence jerked his head toward Rosie with a dry aside: "She started work yesterday on a week's trial."

Mrs. O'Brien looked at her son reprovingly. "Why, Terry lad, how you talk! As if a trial ain't a sure thing with a girl that's got the fine looks and the fine education that Ellen's got!"

There was a slam at the front door, at sound of which Mrs. O'Brien's face lighted up. "Ah, there she is now, the poor dear!"

Yes, it was Ellen. She swept at once into the kitchen, and stood a moment glowering on the family with all the sullen blackness of a storm-cloud. Then, without a word, she flung herself into a chair.

"Why, Ellen dear," her mother gasped, "what's ailing you?"



ELLEN SCOWLED AT HER MOTHER DARKLY. "YOU BET YOUR LIFE I'VE LOST MY JOB! HE THINKS PEOPLE WON'T READ HIS OLD LETTERS IF EVERY WORD AIN'T SPELLED JUST SO AND EVERY COMMA AND PERIOD PUT IN JUST RIGHT."

Beyond twitching her shoulders impatiently, Ellen made no answer.

"What's the matter, Ellen?" Terry drawled out. "Lost your job?"

For answer Ellen snatched off her hat and flung it angrily into corner.

"Ellen!" Mrs. O'Brien cried. "Your new hat!" She started forward to rescue the hat, then paused as the significance of Terry's question reached her understanding. Her fluttering hands fell limp, her face took on an expression at once scared and appealing. "Oh, Ellen dear, you haven't lost your job, have you? Don't tell me you've lost your job!"

Ellen scowled at her mother darkly. "You bet your life I've lost my job! I wouldn't have stayed in that office another day for a thousand dollars! They're nothing but a set of old grannies—every one of them!"

"Oh, Ellen," Mrs. O'Brien wept, "how does it come that you've lost it?"

"I guess you'd have lost it, too!" Ellen glared about the table defiantly. "Any one would with that old man Harrison worrying you to death with his old-maidish ways. He thinks people won't read his old letters if every word ain't spelled just so and every comma and period put in just right. The old fool! I'd like to know who cares about spelling nowadays! I did one letter over for him six times, and the sixth copy he tore up right in front of my face for nothing at all—a t-h-e-i-r for a t-h-e-r-e, and a couple of little things like that. I tell you it made me hot under the collar, and I just up and told him what I thought of him."

"Ellen!" Mrs. O'Brien gasped weakly.

"Well, I did," Ellen repeated. "I just says to him, 'Since you're so mighty particular, Mr. Harrison, I don't see why you don't do your own typing.' Just that way." Ellen stood up and, indicating an imaginary Mr. Harrison, showed her family the pose she had taken.

"Well," asked Terry, "what did he say?"

"What did he say? He flew off the handle and shouted out: 'Damn it to hell! There's one thing sure: I'll never have you type another letter!' Yes, 'Damn it to hell!'—that's exactly what he said! Nice language to use to a lady! And after I had just done over his old letter for him six times, too!"

Ellen's ill-humor was fast disappearing. Under the magic of her own recital she was beginning to see herself in a new and flattering light. Instead of the inefficient stenographer who, a few moments before, had sought to hide her discomfiture in a bluster of abuse, she was now a poor, deserving working-girl who had been put upon by an unscrupulous employer. Conscious of her own worth and made courageous by that consciousness, she had been able, it now seemed to her, to hold her own in a manner which must excite the admiration of her family.

"Well, when he used such language to me, I saw all right what kind of a man he was and I just gave it to him straight. 'I see what you're after,' I says to him. 'You think you're going to bounce me before my week's up and you think I'm so meek that I'll leave without saying a word! But I just won't!' I says to him. 'You hired me for a week, and if you think you can throw me out without paying me my week's salary, you're mighty mistaken!'"

Upon Mrs. O'Brien, at least, the effect of the story was almost terrifying. "Ellen," she wailed, "what makes you talk so? You didn't say that to the gentleman, did you?"

"I didn't, eh?" Ellen tossed her head defiantly. "You just bet I did!"

"Then what did he say?" It was Terry again who asked the question that would help the narrative on.

Ellen smiled triumphantly. "He had nothing more to say to me. He just called the bookkeeper over to him and says: 'Pay this young woman a week's wages and let her go.' Then, without even looking at me, he turned his back and began sorting some papers. Fine manners for a gentleman, I say!"

Before she finished, every member of the family had looked up in quick surprise.

"Do you mean," Mrs. O'Brien quavered —"do you mean that he paid you?"

"Of course I mean he paid me! Here!" Ellen opened her hand-bag and exhibited a wad of bills. "One five and three ones! Pretty good pay for two days' work — what?"

Mrs. O'Brien turned devout eyes to heaven. "Thank God, Ellen dear, he paid you! I was a-fearin' all your hard work was going for nuthin'! Thank God, you'll be able to start this week payin' your board like you intended!"

Ellen looked at her mother coldly. "Say, Ma, what do you think I am? I told you I'd begin paying three dollars a week as soon as I got a good, steady job. Well, have I got a good, steady job? No. In fact, I'm out of a job. So you'll just have to wait. Besides, with this money I've got some shopping to do. I need a new hat and a lot of things."

"A new hat, Ellen? What's this ye're sayin'? Why, ye've not been wearing this last one a day longer than two weeks. It's a beautiful hat if ye'd not abuse it." Mrs. O'Brien lifted it carefully from the floor where it still lay and held it up for general inspection. "Ellen dear, ye don't know how becomin' it is. Just the other morning Jarge Riley says to me——"

"Cut out George Riley!" Ellen interrupted sharply. "I don't care what George Riley says! I'm going to get some decent clothes, and that's all there is about it!"

Terry grunted derisively. "Say, ain't we winners?" He eyed his mother meditatively. "Ma, you and Ellen are a team. You take her guff every time. Not a day goes by that she doesn't pay you dirt, but you keep on trusting her just the same."

"Ah, Terry lad, how can you talk so? Perhaps Ellen has made a few mistakes, but you oughtn't to forget that she's your own sister."

"I don't." Terry spoke shortly and rose from his chair. "Come on, Rosie. No use hanging around here any longer." Once outside he laughed a little grimly. "Say, Rosie, don't it beat all the way she goes along doing just as she pleases? Hardly any one calls her bluff."

Rosie sighed. "And the way she takes in poor old Jarge Riley! Boarding right here with us, wouldn't you suppose he'd get to know her?"

"Well"—Terry spoke in a tone somewhat didactic—"you forget one thing: Jarge is in love."

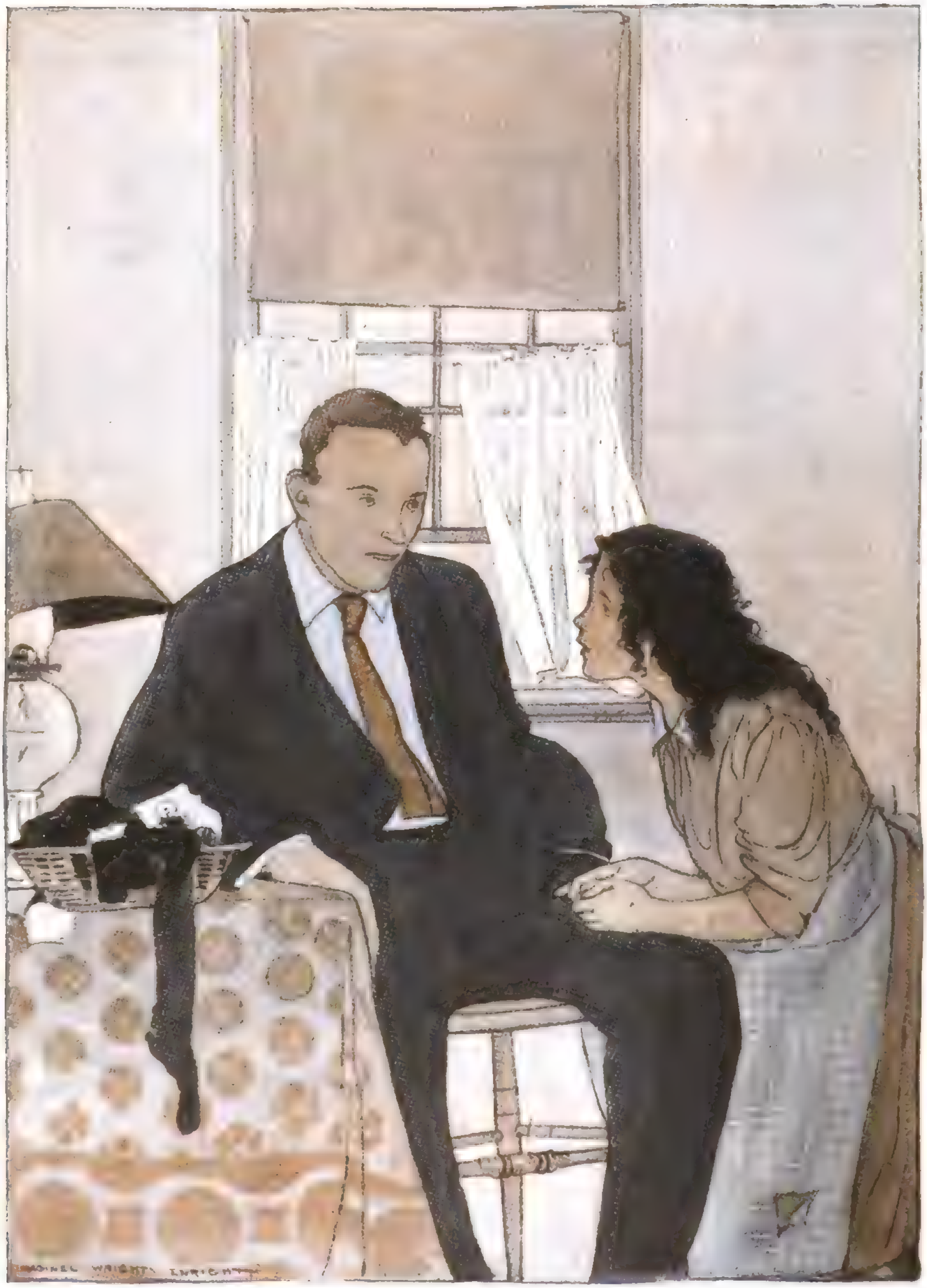
"But why is he in love?" Rosie demanded.

Terry shook his head gloomily. "Search me."

It was the old situation, but Rosie pondered it anew. "Do you know, Terry," she said presently, "I've got a good mind to give Jarge Riley a talking-to. Ellen don't care beans about him, and never will, and the sooner he knows it the better it will be for him."

"I'm sure he'll listen to you," Terry said.

Rosie refused to hear the guile in his tone. "Of course he will!"


MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

"NOW LOOK AT THE WHOLE THING SENSIBLY. WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH A GIRL LIKE ELLEN? ALL'S SHE'S AFTER IS GETTING BEAUS AND SPENDING MONEY."

II

Rosie did speak to George Riley, but not at once. She waited a day or two until she had talked the matter over with her old friend Danny Agin, who, as usual, was able to make her see exactly what she wanted to say. Then, as soon as she could catch George alone, she opened with no preliminary.

"Jarge," she said, "there's something I want to talk to you about."

George laughed good-naturedly. "Well, fire away. Here I am."

"It's about Ellen, Jarge."

George's laugh stopped abruptly.

"I don't like to say anything about her, Jarge, because she's my own sister—" Rosie paused and sighed. "You're in love with her, Jarge, aren't you?"

"Yes, Rosie, I'm afraid I am; and I'm afraid I've got it bad, too."

"Jarge dear, tell me one thing: why are you in love with her?"

George shook his head. "Search me. I don't know."

"But, Jarge, she ain't the kind of girl you ought to be in love with."

"That so?" George's voice showed very little interest.

"Why, you ought to be in love with a nice girl, Jarge—I mean a girl that would love you and pet you and save your money and take good care of you. That's the kind of girl you want, Jarge."

"Is it?" George's tone was still apathetic.

"Sure it is. Now look at the whole thing sensibly. What do you want with a girl like Ellen? All she's after is getting beaus and spending money. She'd be a fine one on the farm, wouldn't she? Why, she'd clean out your savings in two weeks, and then where would you be?"

George sighed heavily. "I suppose you're right, Rosie, but that don't seem to make no difference. I don't know why I want her, but I do. I want her so bad I lay awake nights, and I ain't never laid awake before in my life. Sounds foolish, don't it?—and I guess it is foolish."

Rosie gave emphatic agreement. "Yes, it's foolish, all right. It's making such a plumb idiot out of you that some of these days you'll see yourself, and then you'll want to give yourself a kick!"

"Why, Rosie!"

"I mean just what I say," Rosie insisted. She looked at her friend a moment meditatively. "Even if you can't help being in love with her, why don't you brace up in other ways?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, why do you always do things that let her make fun of you? The other fellows don't."

George sighed hopelessly. "I suppose you mean I ain't no lady-killer. Well, I ain't. I know that. I don't know no more about jollyin' a girl than a chicken."

"Then if you don't know how to do it yourself, why don't you act sensible and find out how from somebody who does know?"

George laughed. "Meaning yourself, Rosie?"

Rosie remained serious. "I wasn't thinking of myself. But when it comes to that, I guess I could teach you all right."

George smiled at her affectionately. "Do you want to try it?"

"Try what?"

"Making me into a lady-killer. I'll be going back to the farm in six weeks, but if you want me to put in those six weeks lady-killin', I'll do it!"

"Do you mean it, Jarge?"

"Sure I mean it. Here's my hand on it."

Rosie beamed her approval.

"Now then," George began briskly, "what's the first thing I'm to do?"

Rosie answered promptly: "Go out and get another girl. Danny Agin says a fellow ought to always do that when a girl goes treating him the way Ellen treats you."

George's face fell. "Aw, what do I want to go chasin' girls for? I don't like 'em, and, besides, it's nuthin' but a tomfool waste of time and money!"

Rosie was scornful. "Is it because you're afraid of spending a cent?"

George met the charge calmly. "I wouldn't be afraid to spend all I make on the right girl, but with the places I got to put money just tell me, please, what's the sense of throwing it away on some girl I don't care beans about!"

"So's to get a chance at the girl you do care beans about!" Rosie was emphatic. "Now I tell you one thing, Jarge Riley: I don't think much of Ellen, and I think it would be a good deal better for you if she'd never look at you, but you're in love with her and you think you've got to have her, and that's why I'm trying to help you. Now: are you going to be sensible or aren't you?"

George refused to commit himself. Instead he asked: "How much do you reckon this fool scheme would cost a fellow?"

After a moment's thought Rosie was able to offer a detailed estimate. "It would come to from five to thirty cents every day."

"Every day!" George was fairly outraged at the suggestion. "Do you mean to say you've got the cheek to expect me to go sporting some fool girl every day?"

Rosie was firm. "That's exactly what I mean. I suppose you think the way to make love to a girl is to give her an ice-cream soda once a month. Well, it just ain't!"

George continued obstinate. "I'm blamed if I'm willing to do more than one ice-cream soda a month for any girl alive!"

Rosie caught him up sharply. "Not even for Ellen?"

"Ellen? Ellen's different! I'd like to do something for her every day of her life!"

"H'm. What, for instance?"

"Well, I ain't got very much money, so I can't do big things, but I'd like to take her to the movies or on a street-car ride or buy her some peanuts or candy or all kind o' little things like that. I know they ain't much in themselves, but if a fellow does them all the time it seems to me a girl ought to know he's thinking about her a good deal."

"Oh, Jarge, you're such a child!" Rosie smiled on him in womanly amusement. "First you say you don't know how to make love, and then you tell just exactly how to do it! The things you say you'd like to do for Ellen are the very things I was going to tell you to do for the other girl! I don't know as you really need me to tell you!"

The praise did not seem to hearten George. "As you've got everything else fixed up for me," he grumbled, "I suppose you've got the girl picked out, too. But I tell you one thing: I won't take after one of them Slattery girls, no matter what you say! If a fellow was to give one of them an ice-cream soda once he'd have to marry her!"

Rosie put out a quieting hand. "Now, Jarge, don't be silly! You don't have to take any girl you don't want to take. Suit yourself. What kind of a girl do you think you'd like? Do you want a blonde? Well, there's Aggie Kearney—she's a blonde."

"Aw, cut out Aggie Kearney! What do you think I am?"

"Maybe you want a brunette. What about Polly Russell?"

"Aw, cut out Polly Russell, too! You know what I think of that whole Russell bunch!"

Rosie looked a little hurt. "I must say, Jarge, even if you don't want Polly, you needn't snap my head off. Make your own choice!"

"Aw, get out! I tell you I don't want any of them!" By this time George was very red in the face and his voice had risen to considerable volume.

Rosie looked distressed. "You needn't talk so loud, Jarge. I'm not deaf. I must say, though, after all the trouble I'm willing to take—" Rosie suppressed a snuffle.

"Well," George growled, "I don't see why you go offerin' me the worst old snags in town! Why don't you pick out a few nice ones?"

Rosie swallowed quite pathetically and blinked her eyes toward the ceiling. It has been observed that gazing fixedly at the ceiling very often conduces to inspiration. Apparently it was to be so with Rosie. The expression on her face slowly changed. She turned to George a little shyly.

"I was just wondering, Jarge, whether maybe *I* wouldn't do."

It must have been an inspiration! To attribute such a suggestion to anything else would be to credit Rosie with a depth of guile which only supreme feminine art could have compassed.

George at least saw no guile. His face glowed. He actually shouted in an exuberance of relief. "Would you do, Rosie? That'd be fine! We'd have a bully time together!" Then he paused. "But, Rosie, do you think you're big enough? I wouldn't think Ellen would get jealous of a little girl like you."

Rosie shook her head reassuringly. "Don't you worry about me. I'm plenty big enough. All you've got to do is make love to almost any one. If it's some one you like, then it'll be all the easier for you."

"Well, you know I like you all right, Rosie!" The heartiness of his tone was unmistakable. "I just love to spend money on you, Rosie! That's a great idea! Let's start out to-night! What shall it be, a street-car or the movies?"

"Just as you say." Rosie, with sweet deference, put the whole thing into George's hands. "They're going to give 'The Two Orphans' at the Gem. Three reels. I saw the posters this morning. But you decide, Jarge. Whatever you say will be all right."

With a fine masterfulness George made the decision. "I say movies for to-night." He reached over and patted Rosie's cheek. "Don't forget, kid, you're my girl now. And I tell you what: I'm going to show you a swell time!"

"It's just as you say, Jarge," Rosie murmured meekly.

III

Rosie entered upon her new undertaking in all seriousness. Her purpose was twofold: she hoped to arouse Ellen's jealousy and at the same time to teach George how to make love acceptably. For instance, she would say casually:

"Now there's one thing a girl just loves, Jarge, and you ought to know about it. It's to have her beau do unexpected things for her. I mean if he's used to giving her candy every night it just tickles her to death to get up some morning and find a little package waiting for her. And if he goes to the trouble of sticking in a little note that says, 'My dearest Sweetheart—I just couldn't wait till to-night to give you this'—why, she just goes crazy about him. Whatever you do, Jarge, you mustn't forget that girls love to get notes all the time."

This particular instruction Rosie had frequently to repeat before George put it into execution. "Aw now, Rosie," he used to plead, "you know perfectly well I ain't nuthin' of a letter-writer."

But Rosie was firm. "Do as you like," she would say, "but you can take it from me they ain't nuthin' like letters to make a girl sit up. You're practising on me, so you might as well practise right. Besides, it ain't hard. You don't have to be fancy. Why, I once heard a girl tell about a letter which she thought was great, and all it said was, 'Say, kid, maybe I ain't crazy about you!' Now, is it so awful hard to tell a girl you're crazy about her if you are?"

From the start the new affair, though confessedly *pseudo*, was cheering. This was to be expected so long as Ellen, notwithstanding her scoffing, was a little miffed. Rosie saw, though, that in spite of being miffed Ellen was still perfectly sure that she did not want George for herself. The only feeling she seemed to have in the matter was annoyance that he should no longer be wanting her. At first she was so outspoken in this annoyance that Rosie was able to whisper triumphantly: "You see, Jarge! Didn't I tell you?"

There were other things occurring just at this time which served to keep Ellen irritable and sensitive. Her experience in stenography was, throughout, unfortunate, and was making her see in almost everything that happened a slight to herself. To Mrs. O'Brien's prolonged amazement, the heads of various firms continued their insulting treatment of Ellen, discharging her on the slightest provocation or no provocation at all, and never giving the poor girl, so her mother declared, anything like a fair trial.

"Now what I would like to know is this," Mrs. O'Brien would begin in the evening as soon as Jamie, poor man, was quietly settled for his bedtime pipe: "How can they know what Ellen can do or what she can't do, never giving her a decent show! The last six places she's been at they've only kept her a day or two days at most. It's me own opinion they don't want a good stenographer! I believe they're jealous of her. I tell you, Jamie O'Brien, it's fair disgraceful, and if I was a man, which I'm thankful to say I ain't, I'd go down there and give them fellas a piece of my mind!"

As the supply of offices in need of stenographers seemed to be unlimited, in the matter of actual earnings Ellen was doing pretty well. Indeed, her first experience was repeated more than once, and she was overpaid in order to be got rid of more quickly. At such times she took the money greedily in spite of the attendant mortification. Mrs. O'Brien saw no cause for mortification, but would declare complacently: "Ha, the villains! 'Tis conscience money, no less, that they're paying you! They know they haven't given you a fair show! But don't you mind them, Ellen dear! The right office is comin' yet—you can depend on that!"

Mrs. O'Brien's faith was steadfast, and at length had its reward. Ellen came home one evening flushed and triumphant. "Well," she announced, "I've struck it right at last! No more running around for me, a day here and a day there! I'm fixed! Eight dollars a week to begin on, and fifty cents advance every month!"

"I'm not one bit surprised!" Mrs. O'Brien cried. "I knew just how it would be! Now tell us all about it!"

"It's a real-estate office," Ellen explained, "Hawes & Cranch. Mr. Hawes is my man. I'm to take his dictation and attend to his private 'phone. It's a big office. They've got two other stenographers and a bookkeeper. By to-morrow Mr. Hawes is going to have my desk put into his room. He's an awful nice man. He says he never had any one who took his dictation better, and he says I certainly do understand business punctuation."

"I'm sure you do!" Mrs. O'Brien agreed heartily.

"And I wasn't there more than a couple of hours when he said he knew I'd suit, and the position was mine if I wanted it."

"Do you hear that!" Mrs. O'Brien gasped. "I'm not one bit surprised!"

"And he apologized for starting me so low. He said it was a rule in their office. He talked like I ought to be getting twenty a week easily."

"And so you ought!" Mrs. O'Brien exclaimed. "And I must say, Ellen dear, if I'm any judge of men, this Mr. Hawes is a fine fella! Mind you're always respectful to him!"

Ellen laughed. "He's not that kind of man at all! He's just as friendly as can be."

For a moment her mother was anxious. "I hope, Ellen dear, he's not too friendly."

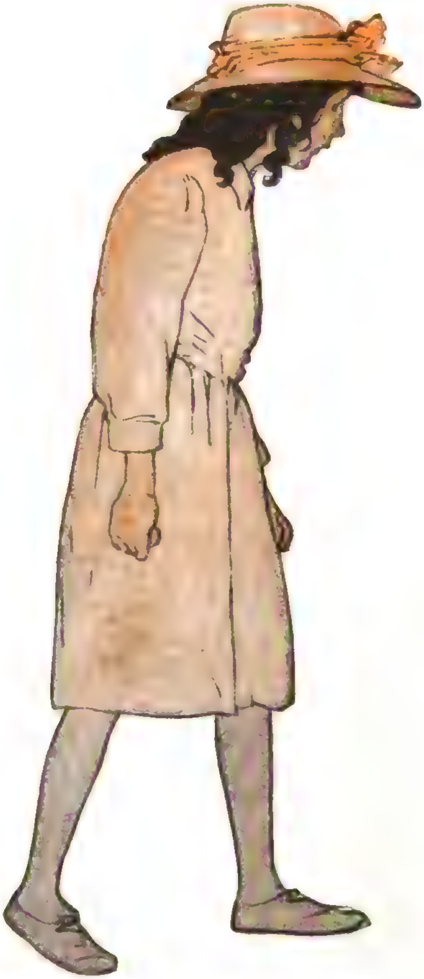
Ellen tossed her head. "Even if he was, I guess I know how to take care of myself!"

Mrs. O'Brien's confidence was restored. "Of course you do, Ellen dear. I trust you for that."

One of the first results of Ellen's new position was her utter indifference to George Riley and Rosie and their little comedy. There was one subject now, and one only, that filled her mind to the exclusion of all others. This was her new employer. She talked about him constantly, first as Mr. Hawes, then as Philip Hawes, and soon as Phil. It was "Phil this" and "Phil that" throughout breakfast and supper.

To his kindness to Ellen during office hours, Hawes was soon adding social attentions outside office hours, inviting her to places of amusement in the evening and taking her off on Sunday excursions. "He's certainly a very kind-hearted gentleman," Mrs. O'Brien repeatedly declared, "and it would give me much pleasure to take him by the hand and tell him so."

This was a pleasure somewhat doubtful of realization, as circumstances kept preventing the kind-hearted gentleman from making an actual appearance at the O'Brien home. He wanted to come; he was anxious to meet Ellen's family; but he was a busy man and could not always do as he would like to do. Ellen had to explain this at length, for even Mrs. O'Brien, easy-going as she was, protested at first against an escort who hadn't time either to come for his lady



ROSIE KNEW THAT BUT FOR HER OWN PRESENCE HE WOULD BE KISSING ELLEN.

or to bring her home. But Ellen was expert at making her mother see reason, and soon Mrs. O'Brien was explaining to George Riley or to any one else who would listen:

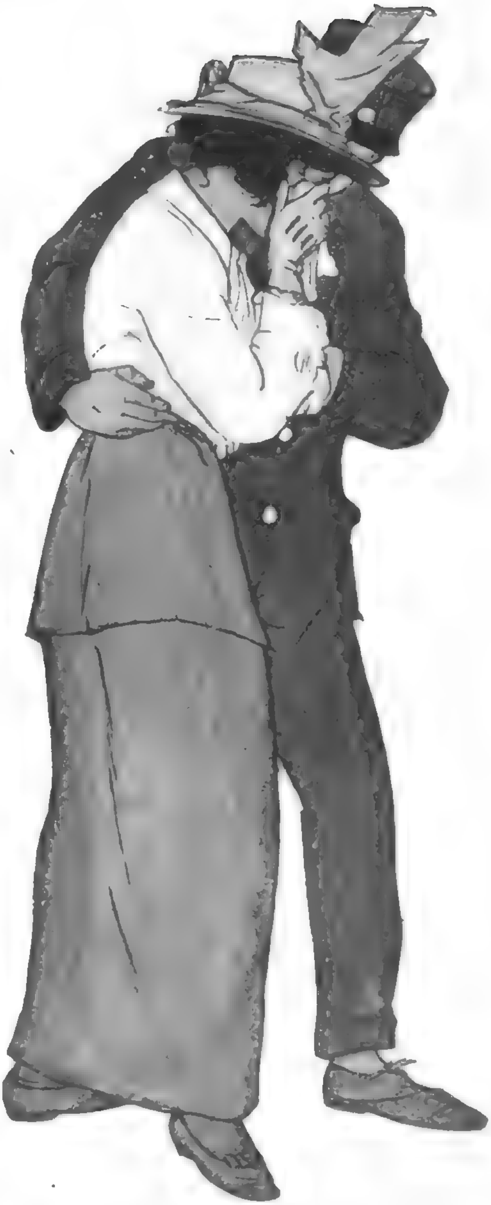
"I do like to see a girl considerate of a poor, tired man, especially if he's a fine, hard-workin' fella like this Mr. Hawes. So I says to Ellen, 'Ellen dear,' says I, 'it's all very well to be accepting the attentions of a nice gentleman, but remember,' says I, 'he's a tired man with a load of responsibility on his shoulders, and he'd much better be resting than spending all his time on the street-cars just coming and going. This is a safe neighborhood,' says I, 'and nowadays girls and women are always coming home alone.' Now I ask you truthfully, ain't that so?"

To Rosie's surprise, George Riley paid no heed to the talk about the newcomer. Rosie herself felt that Ellen's absorption in her employer marked very definitely the defeat of George's cause. Ellen never had cared and never would care two straws about him, and now, with something else to occupy her mind, she had forgotten even the slight pique which Rosie's little affair had at first excited. Rosie wondered whether honesty required her to point this out to George. She tried to once or twice, but George was slow at understanding and at last she desisted.

The truth was, George was having so good a time playing Rosie's little game that he was in a fair way of forgetting that it was a game. Not that he was falling in love with Rosie. Rosie was only a little girl of whom he was tremendously fond, and to his northern mind, as to Rosie's, the idea that a man should fall in love with a little girl was preposterous. They were pals, he and Rosie, who understood and appreciated each other and who enjoyed going off on little larks together. Since these larks had become a regular thing, life for George had regained its normal zest, as it does for any man once fresh interests begin to occupy the leisure moments heretofore given up to a fruitless passion. A look, a word, would have awakened the old passion; but for the present no look was given, no word spoken.

So Rosie, seeing George happy, could only sigh, hoping it wasn't cheating on her part not to tell him the truth. Except for this scruple of conscience her little world was jogging comfortably along, and for her dear friend Janet McFadden as well as for herself the waning summer was affording many treats. Janet's cousin, Tom Sullivan, was making a good deal of money on summer jobs and was squandering his earnings lavishly on his two lady friends.

"Just think, Rosie," Janet announced one day, "Tom wants to give us another


"WHY, ELLEN GIRL, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT EVER SINCE THE FIRST DAY I SAW YOU, YOU'VE BEEN THE ONLIEST GIRL FOR ME!"

picnic on Labor Day! He says, let's you and me and him all go down-town to the parade. After the parade we'll eat supper at a restaurant, and after that we'll go to a ten-cent movies." Janet paused, then concluded impressively: "He made two whole dollars last week, and he's willing to blow in every cent of it on us!"

"You don't say so!" Rosie's amazement was as deep as Janet's.

"You'll come, won't you, Rosie?"

Rosie hesitated. "I'll come if I can. I mean if Jarge Riley hasn't something on. I'll ask him about it to-night. Let's see: to-day's Thursday, and Labor Day's next Monday. I ought to be able to let Tom know early on Saturday."

"I think I'm going to be off," George told Rosie that night in answer to her inquiry. "I switch around to a late run to-morrow night, but I won't know until to-morrow whether I'm going to keep it regular. What do you want to do to-morrow night? Ride down with me on my last trip? Then we could get a soda on the way home."

"Thank you, Jarge. I think that would be very nice. And you can write me a little note about Labor Day, and hand it to me when I get on the car."

George's face fell. "Won't talking it be good enough?"

"No, Jarge, it'll be better to write. You're doing beautifully in your letters, but you must keep them up."

George sighed, but murmured an obedient: "All right."

The next evening Rosie was at the corner in good time, and prompt to the minute George's car came by. It was an open summer car with seats straight across and an outside running-board. Rosie climbed into the last seat, which was so close to the rear platform where George stood that it was almost as good as having George beside her. When there were no other passengers on the same seat, George could lean in and chat sociably.

"Here's a letter for you," he announced as Rosie settled herself.

"I'll answer it to-morrow," Rosie said.

Duty called George to the front of the car, and Rosie peeped hastily into his letter. It read:

> MY DEAR LITTLE SWEETHEART: Say, what do you think? I'm off Labor Day afternoon, so we can go to the Parade. Say, kid, I'm just crazy about you!
> GEORGE.

That settled the Tom Sullivan business. Tom would probably feel disappointed, but a girl simply can't divide herself into sections for all the men that want her.

The car was pretty well filled on the down trip, so George had little time for chatting. Rosie was patient, for she knew that on the return trip the car would be empty, or nearly so.

"All out!" George cried at the end of route, and everybody but Rosie meekly obeyed.

George was about to pull the bell when Rosie called: "Wait, Jarge! There comes a girl!"

The girl was half running, half staggering, and George stepped off the car to help her on. As the light of the car fell on the girl's face, Rosie jumped to her feet, crying out in amazement: "Ellen!"

Yes, it was Ellen, but not an Ellen they had ever seen before—an Ellen with hat awry and trembling hands and a face red and swollen with weeping.

"George!" she sobbed hysterically, "is that you? I'm so glad! You'll take me home, won't you? I haven't got a cent of car-fare!"

George helped her into the seat beside Rosie and started the car. Then, leaning in, he demanded: "What's the matter, Ellen? What's happened to you?"

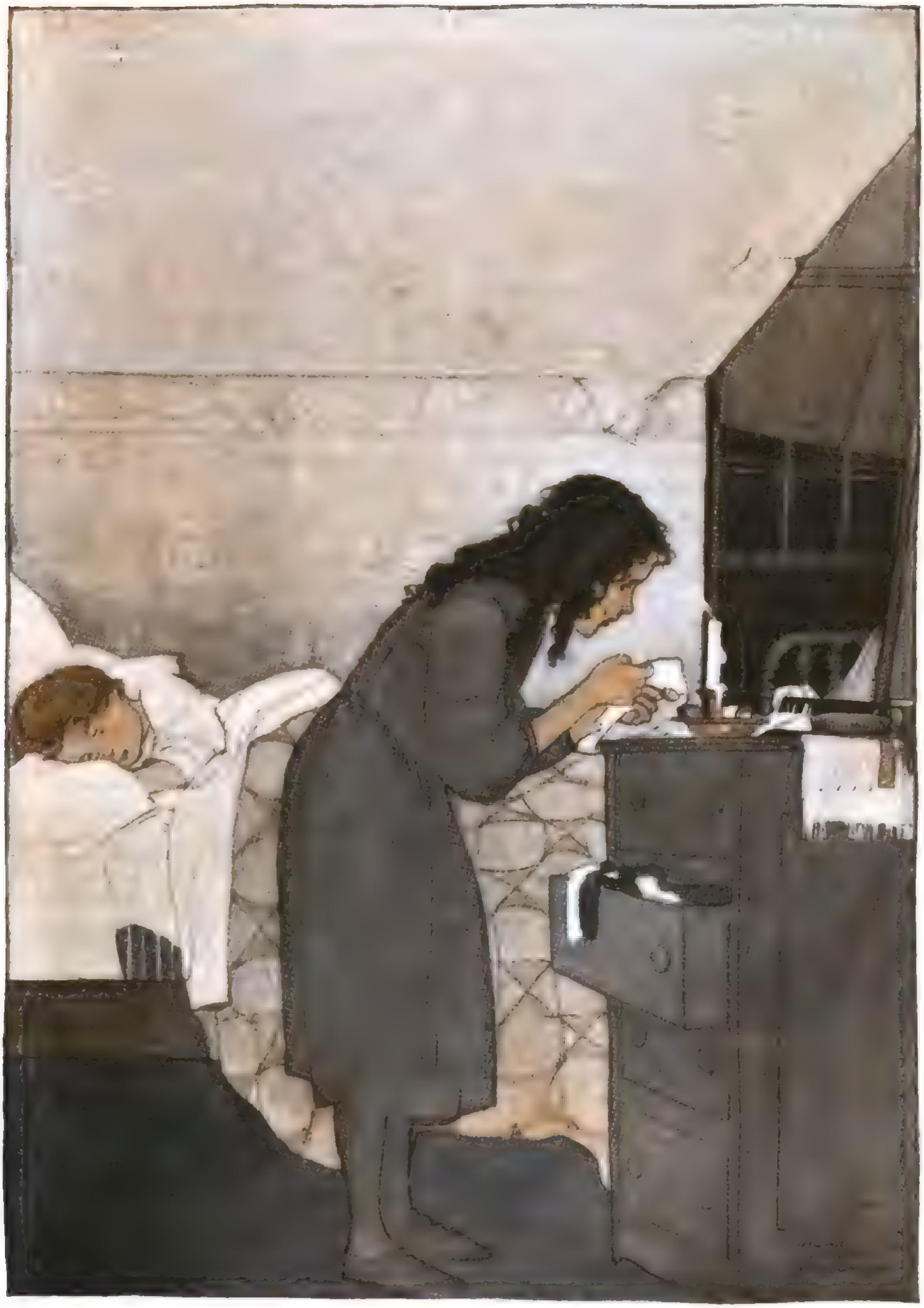
IV

For several moments Ellen sobbed and shook without trying to speak. Then, instead of answering George's question, she turned solemnly to Rosie. "Oh, kid," she begged, "promise me you'll never have anything to do with a man like Philip Hawes!"

There was an unexpected tenderness in her tone, but this, far from touching Rosie, stirred up all the antagonism in her nature. Why, forsooth, was Ellen giving her such advice? Was she the member of the family who was given to chasing men like Philip Hawes? Rosie sat up stiffly and turned her face straight ahead.

Upon George the effect of Ellen's words was different. He leaned farther in, his neck surcharged with blood; his little eyes grew round and fierce. "What do you mean, Ellen? Has that fellow been insulting you?"

Ellen was sobbing again and swaying herself back and forth. "Oh, George, I'm



HER HAND WAS STILL CLUTCHING THE NOTE WHICH GEORGE HAD GIVEN HER EARLIER IN THE EVENING. SHE READ IT AGAIN BY THE LIGHT OF THE CANDLE—"SAY, KID, I'M JUST CRAZY ABOUT YOU!"

so humiliated I feel like I could never hold up my head again!"

George's strong fist was clenching and unclenching. "What did that fellow do to you?'

"It was my own fault," Ellen wailed. "I see that now. He was perfectly right: I knew what he meant all along. Any girl would. But I was so sure I could hold my own all right." Ellen went off into another doleful wail. "So I let on I didn't understand. But to-night he spoke right out, and when I—oh, I can't tell you the awful things he said!"

George breathed hard. "So he's that kind of a scoundrel, is he?"

"And, George," Ellen wept, "I'm not that kind of a girl! Honest I'm not! Am I, Rosie?"

Rosie, silent and miserable, with a sickening realization of how things were going to end, was still looking straight ahead. She wanted to answer Ellen's question with a truthful, "I'm sure I don't know what kind of a girl you are!"—but some hidden instinct of family feeling restrained her and she said nothing.

Ellen seemed hardly to expect an answer, for she went on immediately: "I've been a fool, George, an awful fool; but I've always been straight—honest I have! You ask any one. Of course I knew what he was always hinting about, but honest, George, I didn't know the rest."

"What didn't you know?"

"I didn't know my work was so bad that he had been getting it done over every day! I know I'm pretty poor at it. I know perfectly well why I was never able to keep a job. But he kept saying that I suited him just right, and I was such a fool that I thought I did. I—I can't tell you the rest. We were having supper at one of those sporty places at the Island, and I hardly know how I got away. I hadn't enough money for a ticket on the boat, and some man gave me a dime——"

The car went on with scarcely a stop the whole way out. Some time before they reached the end of the route Ellen had finished her story. The recital relieved her overwrought feelings; her sobs quieted; her tears ceased. By the time they alighted from the car her manner had regained its usual composure.

She and Rosie waited outside the office while George made out his accounts and deposited his collections. Then all three started home.

For half an hour Rosie had not spoken. Neither of the others seemed to realize even that she was with them. She walked beside them now, close enough to touch them with her hand, but feeling separated from them by worlds of space. Her heart was like a little lump of ice that hurt her every time it beat. She waited in a sort of frozen misery for what she felt sure was coming. At last it came.

"George," Ellen began. There was a note of soft pleading in her voice that Rosie had never heard before. "Oh, George, I wonder if you'll ever forgive me for the way I've been treating you!"

"Aw, go on!" George's words were gruff, but their tone trembled with joy.

"I mean it, George," Ellen went on. "I've been as many kinds of a fool as a girl can be, and I'm so ashamed of myself I can hardly talk."

"Aw, Ellen!" George pleaded.

"And I've treated you like a dog, George, making fun of you and insulting you and teasing you. And, George, of all the men I've ever known you're the only one that's clean and honest right straight through."

Ellen began crying softly, making pathetic little noises that irritated Rosie beyond measure but were like to reduce George to a state of utter helplessness.

"Aw, Ellen," he begged, "please don't talk that way!"

But Ellen wanted to talk that way. She insisted on talking that way. Her pride had been dragged in the dust, but by this time she was finding that dust, besides being choking, is also warm and friendly and soothing.

"Oh, George, how you must hate me!" she murmured brokenly.

"Hate you!" George protested breathlessly. "Why, kid, I'm just crazy about you!"

Rosie, listening, caught her breath sharply. Her phrase, which she had labored hard to teach him! But where had he got the deep, vibrating tone with which he spoke it? Rosie had never heard that before.

After a moment Ellen quavered: "Even—even yet, George?"

"Even yet!" George cried in the same wonderful voice that sent little thrills up and down Rosie's back. "Why, Ellen girl, don't you know that ever since the first day

I saw you, you've been the onliest girl for me!"

His arm was around her now, straining her to him, and Rosie knew that but for her own presence he would be kissing her.

"I—I don't see why, George."

"But it's so, Ellen; it's so!"

They walked on a few moments in silence. Then George began soberly: "Of course, Ellen, you know I'm going back to the farm in September, and you know you've always said you'd never live in the country."

"George, don't remind me of all the foolish things I've said! Please, don't! Why, if I could go to the country this minute, I'd go and never come back! I hate the city! I wish I'd never have to see it again!"

George gasped an incredulous, "Really, Ellen?"

"Yes, really!" Ellen declared vehemently, and George, untroubled to account for this sudden revulsion of feeling, threw up his head with a joyous laugh.

When they reached home George said to Ellen: "Don't you want to sit out here on the porch a little while?"

Nobody invited Rosie to stay. She hesitated a moment, then said primly: "Good-night, everybody."

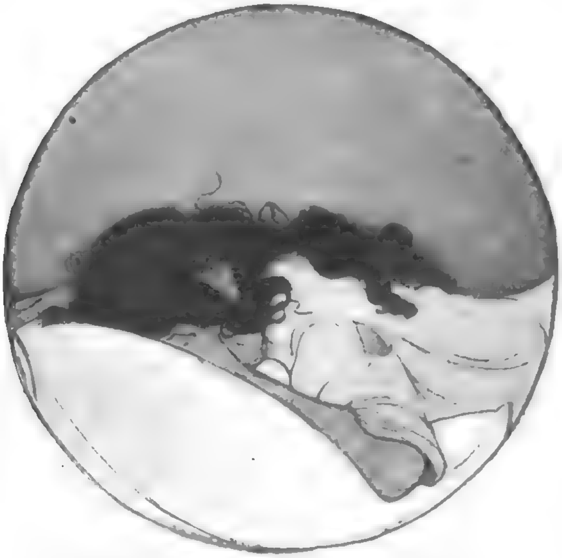
"Good-night," they chorused politely, as they might have done to any stranger.

Rosie started in, then turned back. "And, Jarge, I forgot to tell you about Monday afternoon. I'm sorry I can't go with you, but Tom Sullivan invited me first."

"That so?" George said, and from his tone Rosie knew that he didn't understand what she was talking about. Worse still, he wasn't interested enough to find out.

Rosie dragged herself slowly up-stairs. In the bedroom, when she felt for matches, she discovered that her hand was still clutching the note which George had given her earlier in the evening. She read it again by the light of the candle—"*Say, kid, I'm just crazy about you! . . .*" Jackie turned over in his sleep, and Rosie hastily blew out the candle for fear he should open his eyes and see her tears.

She groped her way to bed in the dark and wept herself miserably to sleep.



SHE WEPT HERSELF MISERABLY TO SLEEP.

The Bloodlike Blossom

by Kate Jordan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. K. HANNA

IT WAS all very practical—no doubt of that. Mrs. McVicker said this to herself as she closed the door of her daughter's bedroom behind her and thoughtfully walked the length of the upper hall. Fog and drizzle made a gray canopy over London, but about her was summer. Spangled June fields in the form of iridescent rugs crinkled over the marble floor; masses of bloom filled corners; a fountain rippled in green shadow; electricity behind alabaster made a superlative sunlight; the silk tail of her lounging robe followed her like a brook's trill until she passed into her own sitting-room.

"All very practical," she said aloud, a shade of regret in the excited sigh, though she smiled; "but it has to be; and how attentive Molly was! Girls are becoming so reasonable in regard to marriage."

Her wilful thoughts would go back to the long-ago Virginia dawn when she had eloped with Peter McVicker, only ball slippers on her defiant little feet and his big Spanish cloak over her tarletan gown, as she shivered joyously in the curve of his arm. "She shoulders such a vast fortune, you see!" she said by way of apology to the rosy memory that reproached her as it slowly faded. "It is fitting and usual. Dear Peter—if you were alive—you'd see this."

She settled herself at a frivolous, satinwood secretary, once a queen's, and began a letter to one of her newest but most powerful friends, the Duchess of Melcher.

No. —— Grosvenor Square,
London, W.

My dear Duchess:

I've just come from Molly—and I believe it will be all right. You don't know how relieved I am! You see she has had some queer, daring ideas at times, has been a party to wild schemes about eugenics, and to helping the poor, and things of that kind, so I didn't know but that this sort of thing—all very well in its way—might have tinged her inward thoughts with a sort of democracy and put her against the idea of a sensible marriage where the usual falling in love is omitted.

As soon as I read your letter saying Roxallen had arrived from South America I went to her and in a thoroughly American, business-like way, *put it up to her*, as we say. She was lying back among the pillows in a pink chiffon nightgown, her hair tumbled under a rosebuddy cap, and she looked—a babe! She stopped eating grapes, but kept her eyes down until I'd finished saying all about how splendid it would be for her to make a brilliant marriage, that the time had come, and that one of the greatest names in England might be hers. I'd got that far when she looked up.

"Who *is* the man?" she asked quietly. "That's a little important isn't it?"

"Lord Roxallen," I said, and waited. I hardly knew what I expected, but certainly not the utterly unashamed delight that went over her face.

"He's *seen* me? That is—to know who I am?" And there was a curious confusion and breathlessness in the way she spoke. "Or—perhaps he has seen my picture? Even that!"

"No, dearie, not even your picture," I said, thinking to please her. "His aunt is going to surprise him pleasantly."

My dear duchess, to my amaze, her look changed to fury and for a moment I was frightened. "Oh, indeed! So this is a sort of grab-bag game for him!" She sat up in bed, pulled off her cap, and rolled it into a ball. "And he allows himself to be disposed of, does he?—handed about—pushed—just as if he were a lawn-mower! Was marrying my money his suggestion?"

I answered her question adroitly—I thought it best to say that the marriage was so far only your scheme and mine, but that we felt sure that when he saw her he'd fall madly in love with her. Not a word about your having it all arranged with him!

"But suppose he doesn't fall in love?" she asked. "Will he want the marriage anyway?"

"Dearest," I soothed her, "all that will come! At present, after his Aunt Dorothea has spoken to him, he will see that the whole matter is quite perfect—both of you young—you rich—he titled but poor. Promise you'll see him, darling."

She stuck her two little feet out of the bed and wriggled her toes. For a moment she looked at them, thinking deeply. "I can't see him too quickly!" she said at length.

I decamped on that. It seemed a wise thing to do. Fetch him to-morrow as you suggested, dear duchess, and we'll manage to leave them together.

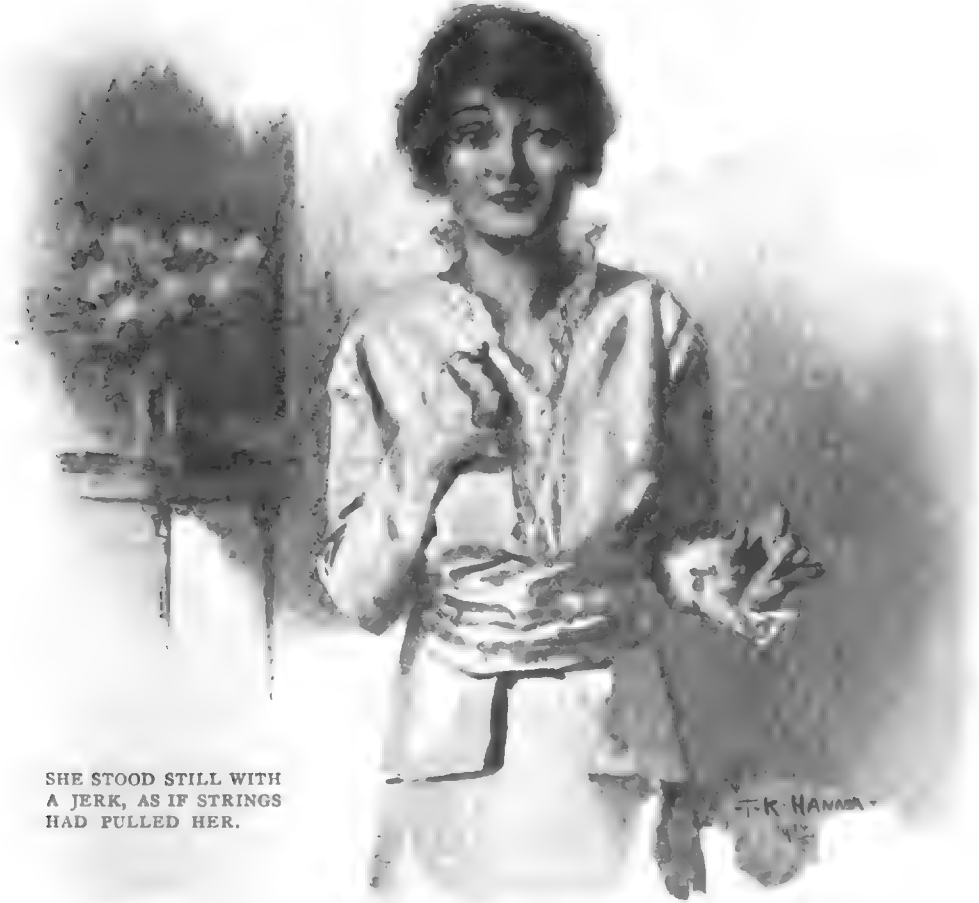
Your anxious but most hopeful,
ELIZABETH MCVICKER.

A letter written at the same time to the very best friend of Miss Mary McVicker—Phyllis Lawrence, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston:

No. —— GROSVENOR SQUARE,
LONDON, W.

DEAR OLD SMUDGY!

Oh, how I wish you were here! Your poor old Moll's simply up against it! I'm up against mama,



SHE STOOD STILL WITH A JERK, AS IF STRINGS HAD PULLED HER.

who is going to marry me off this season. But worse than all—my one ideal, my *one* little, dinky, darling ideal that I cherished out of all this nasty, brassy, near-real, but never-worth-a-cent world, is caving in like a paper bag with the wind petering out of it! You know what I've written you about Lord Roxallen, and how I hoped one day I'd meet him without his knowing who I was or what I had, and how maybe he'd see that he could love me for myself just as I felt from the very first glimpse of him——

But I'm not going to write any more rot, Phil, old girl. I'll get just as callous as all the rest of them around me. And this is why: *without* having an idea what sort I am he has just allowed them to select me as *his meal-ticket for life.* He lets them pick out his wife! Mama said it was not known to him as yet; only to her and his Aunt Dorothea. But I could see mama was telling a whopper. (I always know this when her eyes get a standstill, fishy look.) Very likely the whole miserable thing will go through. I'll buy the title that he's willing to sell. Possibly there's some little nobody that he'd like to marry if he could—Yes, it may even be *that* horrible. Fortunately I'm not in love with any one, since I can't be in love with *him*. Oh, Smudgy, I just want to flop all over you and cry it out. *Think* how I've raved over him—even grew silly, and took to quoting from Swinburne when I wrote you about him:

> It will grow not again, this fruit of my heart . . .
> The bloodlike blossom.

You remember? Yes—I had that blossom in my heart for him, and meant him to have it, if he wanted it, when I should meet him here in London, as I knew I must sometime. But now he's coming to me on his *feet of clay*—coming to ask a rich girl to marry him just because she is rich. I'm crying. Oh, to believe for six months what a man's face has *seemed* to say and then to find him a fraud! *Tough.*

I'll finish this after I've heard his voice. It's the only thing about him that I don't know. Do you realize, Phil, that I've seen his smile, know his walk, know every feature, but I've *never heard his voice*? I'll get ready for the first interview with him as I would if I were going to have a leg off—hating it, but praying for grit.

It troubled Mrs. McVicker that all that day and the next morning Molly remained milky-white, with shadows like faint grape stains under her eyes. When she was ready for Roxallen's visit there was something about her slim, white-sheathed body so suggestive of Molly dead and in her shroud that the heart in her mother's breast went suddenly stone cold.

"You don't look yourself, darling! Where is all your lovely sea-shell pink?" she asked, touching Molly's cheeks. "Put on the teeniest bit of rouge just this once."

"No," said Molly with a quiet, sad obstinacy. "He must see just what goes with the boodle! No good berries on the top of the box!"

She went down to meet him: a gliding little ghost through the whispering stone halls. She went down the long, rose drawing-room to the angle by the fire where her mother was serving tea and where she knew he was.

He had stepped out of the leaping shadows. His name was spoken.

She stood still so suddenly, with such a jerk, it was as if strings had pulled her from the back. Her mother, who was watching her in suspense, felt that she understood Molly at this moment even less than she had imagined—and she had always been puzzled by her! What was the matter with the child? How strange she must seem to the young man of the great name, who was waiting for her to speak. At first her face had grown set while her gray-green eyes had widened. Now her mouth was distinctly open as if she were about to cry sharply, "No!" or "Oh!" Now the deathlike pallor was scudding from her skin, driven away by a trembling, ecstatic rosiness, beautiful to see. Now she was laughing softly and had folded her arms across her breast as if indulging in a delightful self-hugging.

"Lord Roxallen?" A sharp look of fear followed. "You are—you *are!* Aren't you? You're not somebody else?"

"No such bad luck!" the young man exclaimed, and very daintily he took her extended hand, bending over it. "Never gladder to be myself than at this very minute!"

Molly gave her charming shoulders a shiver as if she were just coming out of the surf and, her blood racing, were flinging off the spray. She took her teacup with a kittenish greediness. After this she sat back and in a leisurely way informed herself of every detail of Lord Roxallen's appearance.

He was about five feet six; thin; his figure was bent in the fashionable droop—the result of a neck shot forward and a chest that never knew a full breath; he was as dark as a Spaniard; baldness was already showing; his nose was high, his lips thin and curling, his jaw heavy and protruding; his eyes bright, humorous, and squinting. And yet, curiously, while he lacked beauty and robustness, the mark of race was strong upon him. Molly thought him conclusively aristocratic—but so was an ugly, drabbish, rust-tinged, insect-shaped orchid.

The two women, on a pretense, idled away and left buyer and seller alone. These first moments were important. No one would disturb them. Out in the hall Mrs. McVicker and her new friend beamed pleasantly on each other.

"How she brightened on seeing him," said Molly's mother. "You'd almost think she had expected some one else."

"Possibly she did, as you say she had never seen a photograph of him. And a good thing, too, for she might have been repelled beforehand. I must say the camera does awful things to the Roxallen chin and nose!" And her Grace's big, plump body gave a comfortable chuckle under her furs.

But had they heard what Molly, in the secluded angle, was saying to the man who had come after her fortune, they would have been as delicately disconcerted and unsettled as he was.

"Now let's start right," she demanded briskly, her knees crossed, her fingers rippling on the top one as if she were playing a dance tune. "They're going to marry us to each other—if we let them."

"Eh?" Lord Roxallen sat up at a ight angle. His monocle fell sharply, leaving his staring face so unprotected it had the effect of a disastrous loss of raiment.

"Don't waste time pretending!" Molly ordered. "*You* know and *I* know. But I don't want you to say a word about that—not to-day." Her voice was conclusive. "Just try to imagine that I haven't a cent and that you'd just as soon think of putting your eyes out with a poker as marry me. Once you get *that* imaginary point of view about me we'll get on nicely. Now, first—you've traveled. Tell me *all* about it!"

"But I say—that's a large order!"

He was looking at her, dazed, as he might have done had she suddenly begun to walk about on her hands and feet and bark like a dog. Here was a curious girl! And he didn't like curious girls. In fact, he did not like anything that had not the seal of precedents, fulfilling the standard measurements of his class.

"You've been all over South America and of course in the Argentine?" asked Molly, an unexplained catch in her voice.

"Er—quite so," said Lord Roxallen. (Good heavens! Was this erect and hungry-eyed young woman who was playing piano on her knee, going to turn him into a Baedeker?)

"You raised sheep—or something?"

"No—just visited a man who did."

"You went about a lot there with some one—a man—didn't you?"

"Right-O! But—" He put back the glass under the niche of forehead bone, and his nose squirmed at Molly in a way that reminded her of a worm. "But—how d'you know? Aunty's been talking!"

Molly let this pass. "Who was your—your friend?"

"Eh—er—ah!—which one?"

"The one you went about with so much in the Argentine—who—who looks like Byron, only broader, bigger—and who rode about bareheaded?"

Her voice was so tender, so excited, his lordship's fixed glance took on irritation and stupefaction. "Why, you must mean my cousin—Jim Daince!"

"Jim!" she said—a soft breath, to herself.

"But I say! When were you in the Argentine?"

"Never. Is he away off there—still?"

Roxallen looked pettish. "He's right here in London," he said in a cold, snapping tone. "Has been for two months—since you're so keen to know."

"Two months!" The words were dull, her face a pale disk with regretful eyes. "And no one ever spoke of him to me. Or, if they did, I didn't suppose—" The sentence died.

"He's off to South America again in about a week."

Molly swallowed flutteringly. "He lives with you?"

"He does not indeed!" Roxallen said this with a sneer. "When he came back he settled over in Bethnal Green—fried fish and gin neighborhood. A year ago he had a school started there for training boys—after prison—that sort of thing! Well, he's taking a filthy cargo of them to his place in the Argentine and going to settle them there. You'll find it all written about in this morning's *Chronicle*. Jim's a good sort in some ways, but he's got a queer streak in him. Wants to *do* things!"

"Horrible things like—saving boys?" said Molly, and her appraising smile seemed to roll Roxallen into a bundle, tie him up, and label him: "Perishable—heat will spoil."

"Quite," he said with a snap. "He'll go into politics when he comes back, and be a ghastly agitator for reform."

"He's married, of course." The words were not even a question. Also they were spoken very softly. Yet that she was waiting, and waiting nervously, for the answer was somehow made evident to the listener.

"Why do you say—of course?" Roxallen gave another wormy twist to the eyeglass. "You're a funny girl! Why—of course?"

"The lovely ones are always married," said Molly with flat regret.

He laughed aloud. "Then, as you think that, I hope you'll let me enter the blue ribbon class—soon?"

She so evidently ignored this digression, waiting impatiently for his reply to her question, that he gave it. "Jim's not married. Just as absurd in his views about women as he is about everything else. He thinks the usual society atmosphere asphyxiates all natural impulse—says all the girls he's met who've been well brought up and well educated have been dull and conventional. Here's a saying of his: 'As much like each other as the bricks in a house, the keys of a piano.' Ever hear such drivel?" Roxallen snorted gently. "He says the only distinctive women he's met have been in mining places and backwoods—sometimes wild, ignorant, and dirty—and these his fastidiousness has counted out." His lordship broke off suddenly. "Am I boring you?"

Molly's rigid uprightness, her listening eyes, her clutched hands did not change. "Go on," she said in a low tone.

"Well, as far as Jim Daince and marriage go, I don't think any girl will ever land him unless she's so original she'll surprise him like a snowstorm in July! He's absolutely dotty on what he calls 'the pioneer spirit—the blazing of one's own trail—the dare and do person.' All rot—*I* say," Roxallen concluded serenely.

Molly stood up in a whirl of white draperies. "You'll excuse me?"

"Oh, look here!" He bounded to her. "Must you go?"

"Yes, there's something I must attend to right away."

"You seem to have just remembered it," he frowned.

"Only thought of it this very minute," Molly confided.

"But I haven't said a word about what I came for. You know, really, you go beyond my fondest expectations——"

"Next time!" cried Molly. She tore her hand from his and protruded her neck. Her eyes gradually fixed themselves on him as if she had him under a lens. But she was not looking into his eyes. She was examining one spot. Slowly she lifted her soft, rosy-nailed forefinger and laid it timorously on his nose, which was to his face what an emphasized promontory is to the outline of a smooth continent.

"Is it *all* real?"

He bounded back. "Miss McVicker!" His mouth stayed open.

"Yes—it is!" she said with conviction. "I could *feel* it is." In a burst of admiration she added: "They made a good job of it—didn't they?"

After a wondering stare he spoke slowly and suspiciously. "Whom do you know that *I* know, that knew that my nose had——"

"It's just a *leetle* one-sided!" Molly broke in. "Still, you'd never dream it was a reformed nose—with such a *purple past!*" She backed from him in shivering glee, laughing like a wild thing from the woods. "Good-by, Lord Roxallen, till—next time."

She disappeared, and left him scratching his head with one hand and rubbing his nose with the other. "Rum go!" he muttered. "She's had some one on the watch! Nice, peaceful time I'll have going through life with—that!"

That was busy getting into a street gown. "Don't say anything till I'm out of the house," she said to Justine, the maid, and gave her a sovereign.

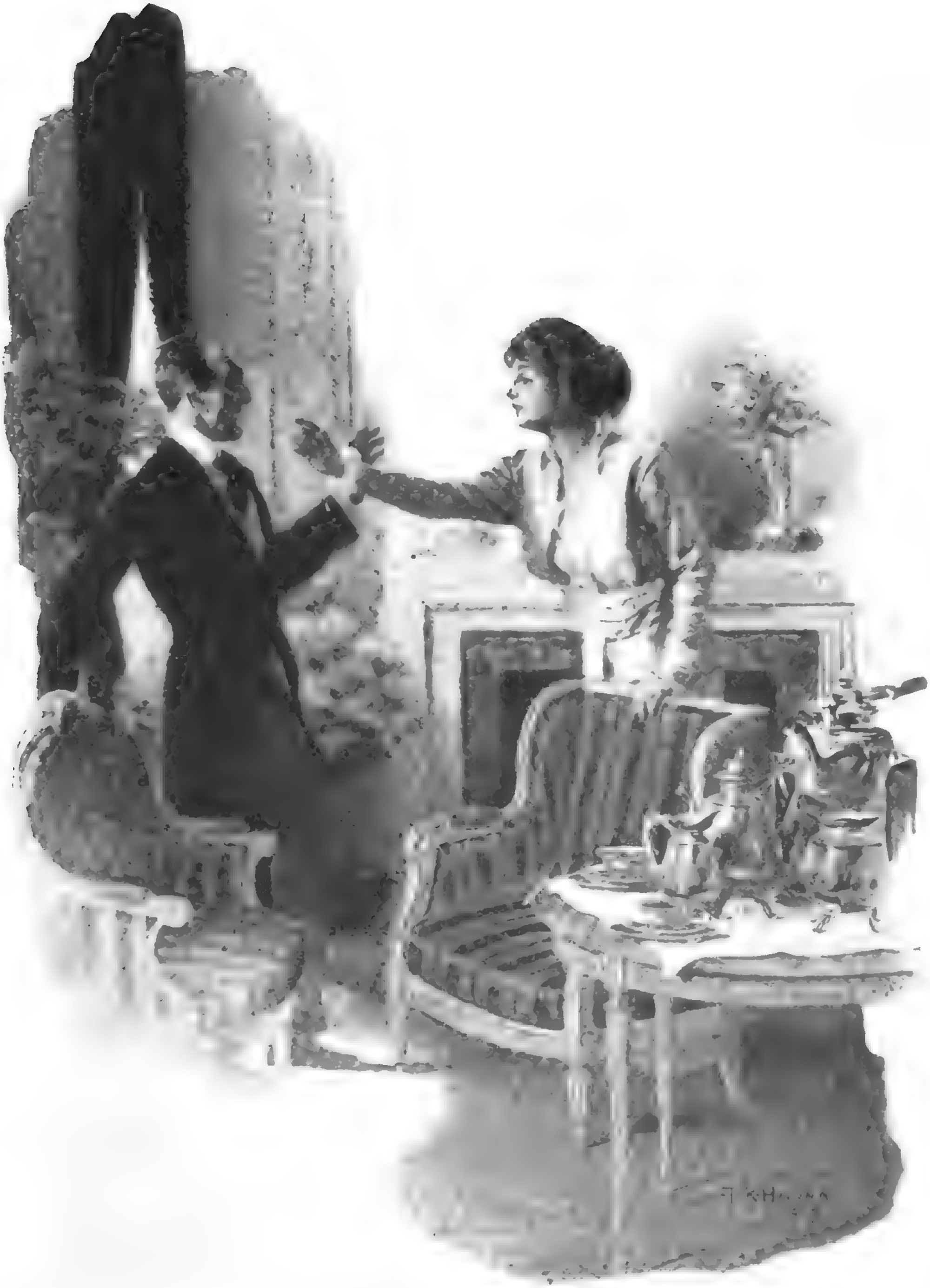
Her gloves were on as she penned a postscript to her letter to Phyllis:

> *Not* the one! He—Roxallen—is the *other* one! Mad with joy! I'm going after my man, if it lands me in jail! Watch for my next letter, Phil! It will make even you sit up!

Molly rapped on the glass in the front of the taximeter cab and when the driver turned waved a folded newspaper at him in a way that signified "Stop!" The newspaper was that morning's *Chronicle.*

This spot in Bethnal Green was not only poor; it was terrible—a place of malediction. Sorrow and sickness went over Molly. In the mere stepping from the cab into slime, she saw on pavements and in doorways at least six parcels of human wreckage, and was aware, dimly, of other horrors lurking in windows and sidling into public houses. A tawny smoke stuck to everything. The rancid smell of frying lard was choking. The languid but unfaltering rain had the hopelessness of what it fell upon.

"Wait," she said to the driver.



SLOWLY SHE LIFTED HER SOFT, ROSY-NAILED FOREFINGER AND LAID IT TIMOROUSLY ON HIS NOSE, WHICH WAS TO HIS FACE WHAT AN EMPHASIZED PROMONTORY IS TO THE OUTLINE OF A SMOOTH CONTINENT.

"They're sure to chuck things at me 'ere! They are indeed, miss," the man implored. "I'd better keep goin' and come back whenever you siy."

How could she tell what awaited her beyond the green door, startling because it was clean and brass-knockered? — say whether she would ignominiously reappear in five minutes, or remain to the ease of her heart for the delectable hour that she desired? She compromised.

"I'll tell you," she said with a nervous smile. "You drive around a little, then dart back and see if I'm peeping out. If not—go on again—and come back in another few minutes. You see? Keep that up," Molly directed, and went through the green door—for it stood half-open—her heart in her throat.

A shady hall, with fresh matting on it; some pots of scarlet geraniums about somewhere; a white door at the end of the passage with huge, black capitals: "COME IN." Molly saw these things through a fog created by her own senses. She moved slowly toward the door, reached it, but was driven back by the sound of a hacking cough beyond it. As she stood flat against the wall she heard a chair rasp over a bare floor. Her strength was now dripping from her pores, from her fixed feet and from her ice-cold hands.

"Who's out there?" called a man's voice—vigorous, cheerful, and easy. "Come in, my boy!"

His voice? The voice she had never heard?

Not one move made Molly. Even the lashes of her wide-opened eyes seemed painted, they were so motionless. The waiting, the terror that made a limp string of her, the slow beats of her failing heart—surely death must be something like this! So she was telling herself when into the still place that smelled cleanly of whitewash and geraniums, *he* stepped.

Big and young he was; and as fair-haired as she had felt sure he would be. But his clothes were not what she remembered. He wore to-day a gray yarn sweater that swathed him to his ears, an old coat, and old, black trousers; in one hand he carried a dumb-bell, in the other a tape measure. He put these down, came close to Molly, and looked at her lifted face, his own startled.

She was the Unexpected in that place—alone, and with dusk coming on. In sheathing silk, deep-toned glistening furs, flower-tipped cap pressed down, one-sided, upon a tangle of nutmeg-hued hair that glittered above questing eyes, she was as exquisitely a fashion sign-manual of her time as was a beauty by Fragonard of the court of Louis XV.

"What can I do for you?" the man asked. "You seem ill."

She remained tongueless.

"You ventured over here and some one's frightened you! Come in and sit down."

But she seemed nailed to the wall. He saw her lips whiten and tremble.

"Come," he said, a warm note in the word that stirred Molly's heart to a rapturous pain; and he took her by the arm.

Oh, was this how he treated the poor boys that came stumblingly to him? How they must love him! And his warmly clasping hand as he led her—how could fingers, *just fingers*, be made of this magic that sent electric stings through her? Ah, this was the rapture of her dreams! Here was the man. Out of all the world she knew him and claimed him as hers. How wonderful to be alive, and still free, and there with him to make her play for happiness!

He led her to a seat in an angle of a big room. Over by one of the windows a gray-skinned, sunken-faced boy was sitting in clothes that were harshly new. Though Molly's heart was overful, her perceptions were quickened. She could see the glassy surprise in the waif's eyes; some one thought him more than a speck of slime; some one *cared;* this Jim Daince did; he couldn't get it through him why—yet it was so!

"Will you wait here—rest a few moments? I'll finish with this boy soon."

The yarn sweater and the slightly tanned, fair face were bending over Molly. She was so weak she felt as if she would sink from the chair, but she set her teeth and smiled at him.

"I'll wait for you," she said distinctly. "That's what I came for."

Yes, she would wait. But—rest? That was another matter. No rest for her frightened, racing, daring heart! Nor for her brain that seemed tumbling, twisting, blissfully complaining, like a sea coming to its full tide! She watched him go to the boy and retreat with him to a farther corner. She saw him place the dumb-bell in his protégé's hands; then he directed the lifting of the arms; after this he measured the chest. When the boy broke down, coughing nervously, she saw him clutch the knife-blade shoulder as a comrade would have done, and heard him laugh comfortingly until the boy smiled waveringly back.

A soundless cry went up in the silence back of Molly's shut lips: "I love you, Jim Daince. Oh, but I do love you!"

A little while, and the waif was gone. Jim Daince shut the door and came to her. All the blood rushed to her heart. She grew as dead-white as the gardenia in her fur cap as she straightened and met his look. No matter what life was to hold for her, there could never be a more throbbing giant of a moment than this.

"It was good of you to come over here to this jungle spot," Jim said, leaning his shoulder against the wall and folding his arms. The lovely kindliness of a sheepdog's eyes was in his; but they were also the eyes that go with victory—a steadily shining gray, flecked with russet gold. "You saw what the *Chronicle* said to-day, I suppose. We had quite a crowd of people over here this morning, all of them from the West End—as you are," he concluded, smiling.

But stage fright had descended upon Molly as he spoke—an appalling sense of why she was there and of the work that lay before her. She had literally to lay hands on her courage and haul it back. Her throat was dry. Her heart seemed to have stopped its beating altogether. But nevertheless a hard, invincible determination to win was forming a mysterious substratum of rock in her soul.

"I didn't come over here because of what the paper said," she declared all on one note.

"No?" asked Jim Daince, and he was looking at her as men look at pretty women, but with something else—inquiry, expectancy, a scintilla of hope.

"No," Molly emphasized. "But I'm going to tell you why, and I'm going to tell you—*straight*. If I've done right in coming here, why," she said with a choking sound, "then—I've done right! If—I've been too impulsive, daring—a fool—then I'll never see you again in all my life, and you will please, *please* try to forget what I'm going to say."

Molly had conveyed her sincerity to her listener. He was young, with a healthy, responsive body, with blood that raced easily, with his share of human perverseness; and this strange girl saying strange, disturbing things was tempting enough to have the early Christian taboo of "dangerous" placed upon her. But he forgot these things utterly. Some starkly honest, primal appeal beyond them called from her soul to his.

"You interest me," he said quietly, and sat down before her.

"Do I?" Molly asked, faltering.

"More than I can say. Please tell me—anything you will."

Oh, but it was hard to commence! Once started there were a million things she could say. But she dreaded the shock that would show in his eyes—the Englishman's natural conservatism that would at first enamel him, before he was sure that she was neither mad nor a swindler.

"You don't know who I am," said Molly, fencing for time.

"No," said Jim Daince.

"You've never seen me before."

"Oh, but I have."

This was a surprise. "You've seen me?" she stammered.

"Twice," said Jim Daince, his arms over the back of his chair, his hands loosely clasped. "Once on Bond Street, about two weeks ago. You had just bought a lot of flowers from a poor man; in fact they quite filled your arms. Afterward I saw you give them all to two girls behind the counter at Marsden and Dixon's. The second time was at Lady Drewer's musicale about ten days ago. You were driving away as I went in."

"And I never saw you!" said Molly, with a wondering, wistful bitterness. "But how did you know I gave those flowers to the girls?"

"I'm afraid you won't like it," said Jim. "I'd no right, of course——"

"Well?" asked Molly, and never were eyes more rapacious.

"I followed you," said Jim. "I sometimes get interested in strangers that way. And for the life of me I couldn't help wondering what you'd do with all those flowers." He added penitently: "I hope you don't mind?"

Molly could have hugged him. How this helped! "Now," she said, her eyes swimming in light, "I'll be able to tell you."

"Why you've come?" asked Jim.

"Yes, why I've come."

He settled himself before her. He let his candid, unqualified delight blaze in his handsome face. He was underscoring his first impression of her: this was a girl to be singled from the stupid sheep of fashion—a *living* air to her that proclaimed an impetuous vitality.

"But you mustn't look at me," said Molly. As he hesitated, she said with a pure candor: "It's hard to say. I couldn't, if you looked at me."

He moved so that his profile was toward her. His elbow rested on the table. His eyes were obediently on the wall.

"First," said Molly, "I'm Mary McVicker, and it's expected I'll marry Lord Roxallen." He would have turned, startled, but at a gasp from her he steadied and kept his eyes on the wall. "Probably you've heard the duchess and him talk me over? Well—never mind that. I—I—saw *you*—oh, a hundred times! I got to know you very, very well, and—*please* don't turn! You didn't see me at the times I'm speaking of. I was told you were Lord Roxallen. As I'd been in Switzerland at school and then had traveled in the East and have only been settled in London about a year, I never saw any newspaper picture of the duke, and no one described him to me. So I still believed that you—you were he."

"Yes, but where did you see—" and Jim half flung about in amazement.

"You know you were not to look," said Molly reproachfully..

"Sorry!" said Jim, and resumed his previous pose.

"Well—I liked you." She paused on a quivering breath. "That's the flat truth. I liked you—oh, *very* much." A faint chest disturbance was visible under the gray-yarn sweater, but the Byronic nose and chin remained obediently silhouetted. "I knew Lord Roxallen was in South America, but I knew I'd surely meet him when he came home and—thinking he was you, I was looking forward to it—oh, a lot!"

"You—you'll let me speak? You'll surely let me say—" began the profile, the tone smothered.

"No!" Molly cried out with a touch of wildness. "If you break in, I'll go all to bits. I'm headed—and I mustn't be stopped. I'm coming to the hard part."

There was stillness for a moment. Molly's eyes were rigidly open. They stared past Jim Daince as if across vast spaces; as if, for courage, they watched some star.

"When my mother told me yesterday that I ought to marry Roxallen and she hoped I would, I thought she meant you. At first I—I—felt a terrible happiness, thinking you had seen me somewhere. But that only lasted a minute. I grew wretched. The whole world seemed to roll away from under me, for I thought you were ignoble—willing to arrange to marry what a rich girl could give you in pounds, shillings, and pence." Molly's voice was a trembling breath now. "I went down to meet you, thinking this—and oh!—*Roxallen wasn't you!* I'll never forget that. I never knew there was such happiness upon earth!"

She stopped, unable to go on. Jim gave abortive twists of rebellion.

"If you look at me," said Molly, "I'll *die*."

At this he averted his head with marked conscientiousness; even let it droop; even lowered his lashes so that his eyes were hidden from her. His obedience was so demurely childish, a sting of mother-fire shot through the girl's love, a sharp longing to lay her hand with comfort and tenderness on his submissive head; but she did not stir.

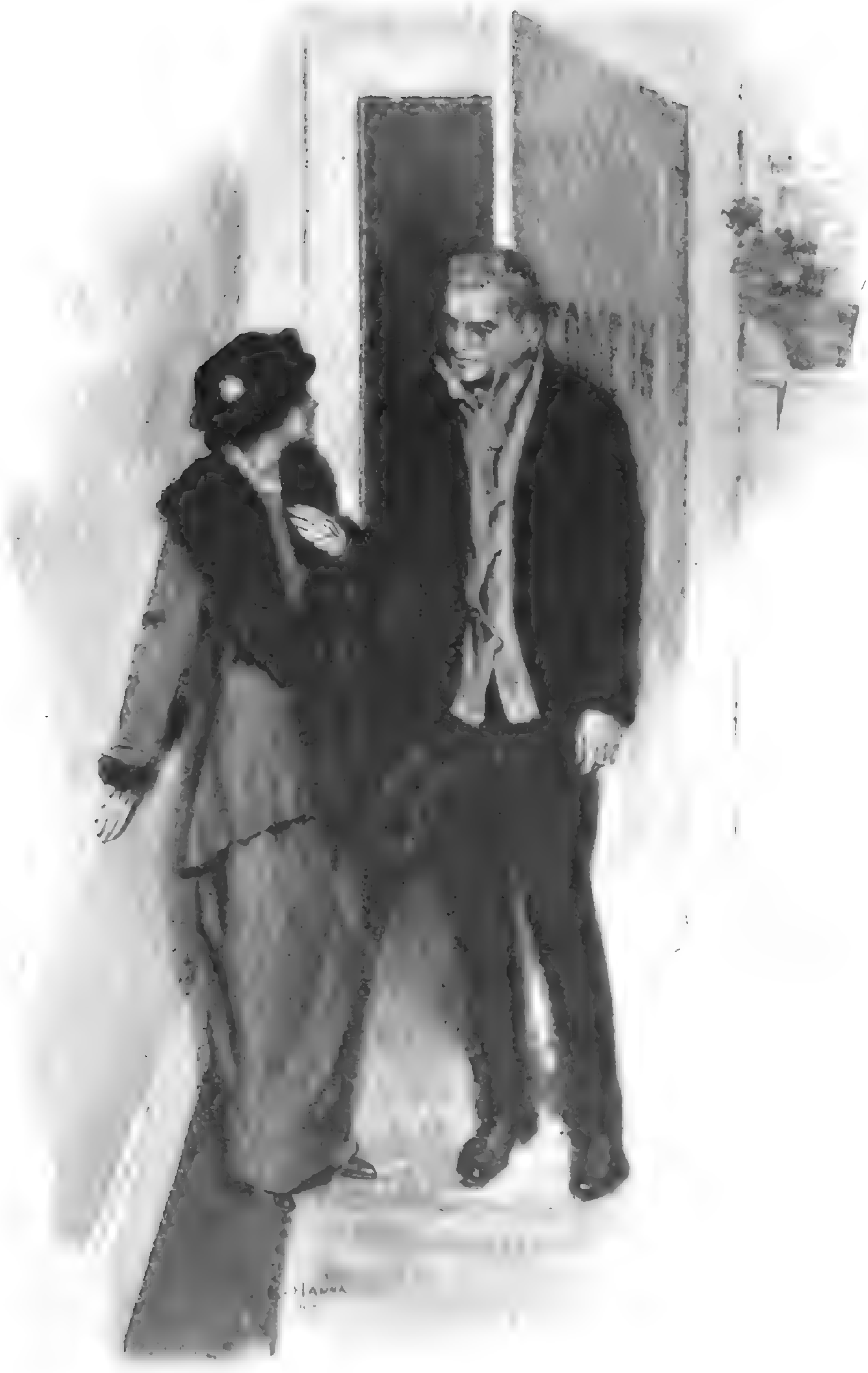
"And then?" Jim ventured this in a whisper. "Mayn't I even ask where I—came in?"

Simple questions. Flat. Necessary. But Molly was aware of a breathless excitement underlying the whisper, and this led her on, warming her like an oily, amber Italian wine; or like some of the aching love strains in "I Pagliacci."

"I made Roxallen tell me about South America, and that got him speaking of you. Then I—located you. Then I found that it was you he visited in the Argentine; you that I had seen with him. He told me your name and all about you—when I made him." She bent a little nearer in excitement. "I know you're wondering hard when it was that I saw you in the Argentine. I was never there. But I was in America about six months ago, visiting a school pal of mine. That was just when *you* arrived in Boston."

"Ah," said Jim, without turning, his voice as regretful as it was decided, "not I! Never been in Boston!"

"Yes! On a film!" cried Molly victoriously. She stood up and slipped behind him. Her speech grew rapid as if she were getting through a difficult lesson. "Moving-pictures of your sheep-farm outside Buenos Aires—you remember them? Well, they came to Boston. *Now*—you see? After happening on them the first time—Phyllis and I—at a little theatre, I went alone every day—two performances—for a



SHE SEEMED NAILED TO THE WALL. HE SAW HER LIPS WHITEN AND TREMBLE. "COME," HE SAID, A WARM NOTE IN THE WORD THAT STIRRED MOLLY'S HEART TO A RAPTUROUS PAIN.

week. I had a seat in the front row. The man at the box-office got to know me. I didn't care. I had—*had* to go! Oh, maybe you don't know how *real* you were in those pictures! I saw you among your men; among your sheep; walking; riding; meeting your guests; playing polo. I used to look right up at you, and so many times, when you came full face down the picture, you used to seem to be looking *straight at me*, and smiling at me. Oh, it was wonderful! When they took you—I mean the film—to Springfield, I followed with Phyllis. In fact I spent three weeks with you on your sheep farm—that way. You were *living* to me."

Her energy began to diminish. A pinching terror at times passed over the face which Jim could not see. Her ammunition was almost exhausted. Quite likely she would have to retreat, a failure, the possessor of a memory to flay her always.

"There was a small, dark, sickly-looking man often near you in the pictures. I detested him," she raced on bitterly, but in a voice hushed and weak. "Even on the sheet I could sense him as a supercilious little bully—even before I saw the set of pictures of you both, taken in the city—in Buenos Aires. Perhaps you didn't know that you were both being snapped that day when he kicked a blind peddler's dog, and the young native farmer broke his nose, and you were beyond doubt telling him how it served him right, even while you mopped his nose and got the doctor in the crowd to plaster it up? Well, I saw the nose *on* him, to-day!" she said in a flurry of hysterical mockery. "I don't think much of it," was the conclusion in a flat, dismissing tone; and Jim laughed softly.

There came a solid pause. The room was now very shadowy. They two seemed closeted in gray, mystical solitude. Mayfair — London — the earth — where were they? All had perished for this brief space, leaving but them uncannily sentient in this still spot where the beating of hearts could be heard.

"I'll—I'll finish!" said Molly, and there followed a wild spurt of words shot with a thrilling softness. "Why did I come to think you were Roxallen? Well, for one thing, the man who talked about the pictures said so. You see he must have been a simple American with the dramatic instinct who, probably never having seen a lord, picked out the one that *looked the part.*" She had been creeping noiselessly to the door and was close to it now. "And that's what I did," she said, adding quickly: "Not that thinking you Roxallen made me—care. That would have been the same if you'd been the overseer on the farm!"

There was a long, rebellious sigh from Jim. "I'm going to disobey you in a moment—that's flat," he said.

"Not yet!" leaped to him through the gloom—a splintery, panic-stricken little tone. "Oh, just let me get this *all* done! You'll wonder about me when I'm gone. You'll say I'm queer, bold, maybe. In a way I am. But—I was desperate." Her fingers had stolen about the knob. "What was the use of trusting to Fate to give you the chance even of seeing me? Fate acts so beautifully in stories—*yes!*—but in life it's generally a stupid thing that just *stays put!* Besides, there wasn't time to hope about that. You were going so soon—something might happen to you—to me."

Only a whisper, this last, then stillness, after which her voice gathered life and came throbbingly. "And then, anyway, what's the good of all this talk of girls' being allowed to think and act independently, not being hampered by prejudices, and all that? —What's the good of this being a rebellious, changing time, a transition time packed with fresh ideas?—Oh, what's the good of it"—her voice, still defiant, weakened, and stole faintly, tenderly through the shadows across the stillness—"if a girl can't sometimes—just once—try to get hold of her life with her own two hands, and make it —oh, *make* it—what she wants?" A trembling, ecstatic indrawing of the breath: "Now—anyway—you *know.*"

There was a soft crash. It sounded like the door's closing. Jim lifted his head, turned it a little. "Some one's come in?"

But he felt the room's emptiness. He sprang up, took a few strides forward, then stopped short. It would be kinder not to follow. She did not want him, he thought confusedly.

Fighting the impulse to follow her, he nevertheless found his hand on the door-knob. He was trembling, his face was damp, his heartbeats were heavy, fierce, and fast, a delicious dizziness made him sway.

"She'll go to pieces, once she's in the cab!" he thought. "She *got it over*, by Gad! But I could feel her beginning to rock like a little house on a light foundation. What a girl!" Every vein and fiber of feeling was twanging. "Oh, the wonder, the wonder! —what a girl!"

He stood there plunging mentally between his wild longing to rush down the passage and into the street after her and his tact as a man of the world, which told him that the deepest longing in Molly's soul at that moment was to put miles between her and him. He visualized her flung sideways in a motor or cab, weeping among the cushions.

"Sure to do it," was Jim's thought.

Then he opened the door daringly. At least, without her seeing him, he must make sure that she had rolled away from Bethnal Green. This was not a neighborhood for a girl like her to hesitate in after dark. Why, her furs alone would mark her to birds of prey! On the heels of the thought he reached the street door and looked out. Nothing. No motor, or taximeter cab, or girl. Only a bundle of rags topped with the wreck of a tall, silk hat and a magenta nose, all of which was peering into the steep, black areaway of Jim's house where the boarded windows showed its use as a cellar.

"Arter some one, your lordship?" asked the heap of rags, becoming animated. "Likely she's down 'ere!"

Jim bounded to the railing.

"Down among the coals—" and to the magenta nose were added glinting little eyes and a stretched, toothless mouth. "Blimy guv'nor, if I said a word to her lidyship, but to arsk for a penny, when she let a screech out of her to wiken the dead, and made for the coal 'ole!"

But before half of this was said Jim was among the coals and beside Molly. She was patterned against a dirty wall, saying, "Oh! Oh!" And both hands were pressed flat against her face. She felt Jim beside her and peeped out in fright.

"The taxi—has it come? Oh—the taxi!"

Jim pulled her masterfully to where there was blacker shadow and more coal. Here the bundle of rags above, even at the most ingenious angle, could not see them. He took both of Molly's cold hands from her face. His own were shaking.

"Oh, let me be! Don't look at me! Get my taxi," she said, and whimpered.

How well he knew! She had dared to be the superman for just a moment. But she was back—a woman again—centuries of habit, straps of tradition, claws of conventionality all torturing her.

"Dear," said Jim; and after a while, falteringly, she looked up, the street lights weaving a pattern on her white face. "I'm not good at saying things. I'm choking, but I can't get them out. So take it on trust—won't you? I've been waiting for you all my life—just such a *real* woman as you are! Truly. I've been waiting—and you came to me to-day! But why did *I* follow *you* in the street? You know! Thank God, I didn't lose you. Oh, you darling child—you darling child!"

"I'd like—to sit down," said Molly faintly. He felt her knees sink against him.

"Let's sit on the coals," Jim suggested.

And after he had spread out his coat as a shield for her they did—very silently for a few moments—while Jim kept awkwardly kneading her hands.

"You're mine!" he said at last, his teeth clicking on the words.

"Of course," Molly sighed, and he drew her a little nearer.

"This is going to upset your mother dreadfully," said Jim. "But you won't back out? Promise."

"Once she gets used to it she'll be glad. You see," said Molly—who had looked into eugenics—"this is heredity. Mother eloped with father at three A. M. from a ball. So—I inherit you."

And now they heard the taxicab pumping at the street door.

"If I dared kiss you!" said Jim with sharp longing. "But—oh, no!" he added humbly. "That would be too much delight. I'll have to wait for—that."

"Yes," said Molly.

It was odd that after saying this, and hearing her reply, he should bring his face very close to hers; that she should meet his long look tenderly, steadily; that their lips should brush, and then melt unhesitatingly into one tremulous, burning mouth, while the heavens sang.

Why? Lovers know. Only to them, by instinct, comes the answer to this mystery.

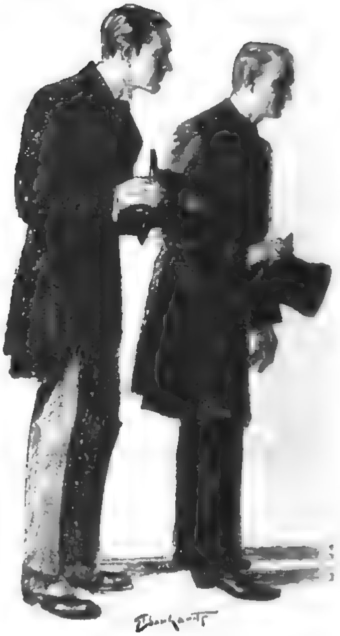
Read some good letters from EVERYBODY'S Readers on "What We Know About Rum," Page 798.

BENNETT *of the* HERALD

by

LEO L. REDDING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT



THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE REMAINS STANDING AND IN SILENCE UNTIL THE "THRONE" IS OCCUPIED.

THE most picturesque figure in the whole history of journalism, James Gordon Bennett, remains to-day the one living representative of a school that passed forty years ago. He seems to have the knack of eternal youth, and as a result he has succeeded in keeping the New York *Herald* what it was when his father handed it down to him in 1871, one of the world's greatest newspapers.

A man of infinite whim, he can not well be described except by picturing him in his various and varying moods. He is a human paradox. Always a patrician, he is frequently a buffoon. To him the whole world is a joke, but to no one else will he permit the privilege of looking upon it in any but a serious manner.

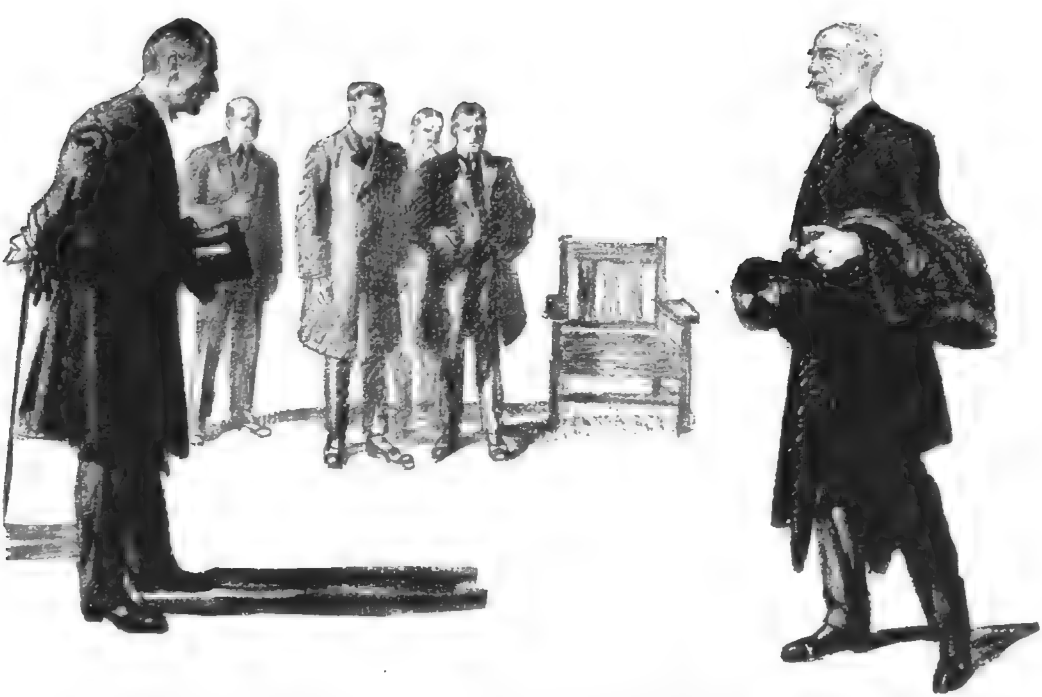
As remarkable in his eccentricities as in any other respect, James Gordon Bennett is a big man whatever way he is taken. His individuality always impresses those with whom he comes into contact. It is difficult to speak of him without prejudice, and little has been written about him that is not flattery or invective.

In appearance he is a thoroughbred. He is tall and slender and of military bearing, with the swing of a sailor added. In spite of his seventy-three years he stands erect and carries himself with the grace and ease of youth. Everything about him indicates tremendous force. Time has not greatly marked him, and this in spite of the many excesses in which he is supposed to have indulged.

Mr. Bennett is as unjust as he is generous, and that is saying a great deal. He is an arrogant aristocrat, an unbending tyrant, and a steadfast friend. He is inconsiderate in his dealings with those in his employ, and yet by most of them he is regarded with the same awe and respect in which the Japanese hold their "heaven-born" emperor.

When he is under no restraint Mr. Bennett's thoughts flow faster than he can voice them. His words tumble over themselves as he talks; he shortens them to mere syllables, and finally they seem to choke him and he is compelled to halt for breath. In conversation it is his habit to jump at the meaning of what is being said to him, frequently falling into error but never admitting that he has done so. When contradicted, his rage becomes violent—so violent, in fact, that it is no uncommon thing for him to rave at those about him and, like a madman, seize upon and destroy whatever he can lay his hands upon. The storm is terrible while it lasts, and it is not always of short duration, but when it is over the sun shines and the Bennett sky is beautifully blue.

It is impossible to separate James Gordon Bennett from the New York *Herald*. Bennett most of the time is the *Herald*. The *Herald* at all times is Bennett. He dominates the paper, permitting absolutely no authority to any subordinate. To such an extreme is this carried that the head of a



department is made to feel that he is of no more importance in the great machine than is the lowest-salaried man under his command. Indeed there is ample precedent to justify the thought that another day may see the relative positions of the city editor and the cub reporter reversed.

Colonel Henry Watterson of Kentucky, who is one of Mr. Bennett's oldest and most intimate friends, a few years ago came from Europe on the same steamship with him. In conversation the last evening before making port Colonel Watterson attempted to impress upon Mr. Bennett his opinion that it would be wise for him to give to his employees in the *Herald* office greater power in the conduct of the paper.

"You are wrong," responded Mr. Bennett. "The *Herald* is everything; the man nothing. To prove to you that this is so, I am going to promote to the position of city editor the first *Herald* reporter who boards this ship."

"But what is wrong with your present city editor?" queried Colonel Watterson.

"Nothing at all," was the reply. "He can do ship news after to-day."

Five *Herald* reporters met the ship the next morning prepared to interview the passengers. The first one over the side was Julius Chambers, then just starting his newspaper career. Mr. Bennett met him, and after inquiring his name sent him back to the *Herald* office. Chambers entered upon his duties as city editor that same day.

Speaking to me afterward of this occurrence Mr. Bennett smiled grimly and said: "Mr. Chambers took himself too seriously. He didn't last long—three months, I think."

This incident is fairly enlightening as to the character of James Gordon Bennett. In the office of the Paris edition of the *Herald* at the present time the editor who is in charge must at the end of a fortnight take a subordinate position and wait for the turn of the wheel to carry him again to the top. He is succeeded by one of his assistants who in accepting them knows that his editorial honors will last only two weeks, at the end of which time he in turn will be succeeded by another man of Mr. Bennett's choosing.

That such methods can create a sense of loyalty is impossible; yet it is a tribute to the powerful personality of its owner that the *Herald* is almost a religion to those connected with it. The effects of the semiannual office earthquakes are somewhat offset by the fact that there are men approaching the conclusion of their allotted threescore years and ten, who have spent their entire working lives in the employ of the *Herald*.

Undoubtedly Mr. Bennett is a newspaper genius of the first quality. He it was who originated the definition of a great editor as one who knows where hell is going to break loose next and how to get a reporter first on the scene—a definition attributed to various others, but belonging to him and reflecting some light upon his methods of thought. His genius for three decades turned him to the big things of the world, and it is sad to see it crippled and distorted by the obstinacy of his advancing years.

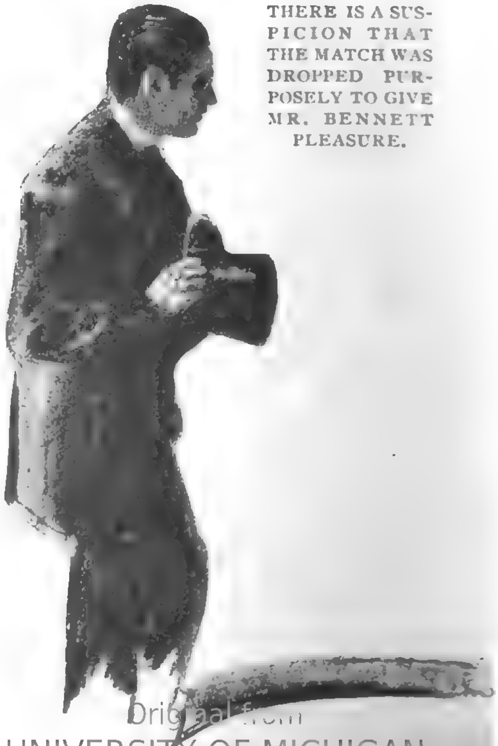
The thousands of readers of the *Herald*, once confident that all the news of all the world would be placed before them, must now accept as news what the proprietor of that paper chooses to regard as such. Instead of spending tens of thousands to send a Stanley into Africa and hundreds of thousands to relieve a famine in Ireland or some other suffering country, Mr. Bennett spends similar amounts in a failure to force the metric system upon the American public; to prevent the practise of vivisection upon the lower form of animals; and to demonstrate that sterilized milk is no better than the raw material.

Undoubtedly the incident that made the deepest impression upon the life and character of James Gordon Bennett was that which has been accepted as the direct cause of his self-expatriation. His engagement to marry one of the beauties of New York City was announced early in the autumn of 1876. Society was looking forward to a brilliant wedding. A reception was held at the country home of the parents of the young lady. There have been many and conflicting reports of what took place at that reception, and it is only fair to say that most of them are grossly untrue. It is enough to know that the engagement was broken by the young lady, whose brother, Fred May, a man of enormous physical strength, caned Mr. Bennett the first time they met. Then foolish friends came into the affair, demanding a resort to the field of honor. A challenge was sent and accepted, and the authorities of at least five states became vigilant to prevent the duel.

After much dodging and maneuvering May and Bennett slipped down into Delaware with their seconds and surgeons, and early on the morning of December 8, 1876, met in the old-fashioned manner with pistols as weapons. One who was present has told me that May was highly nervous and impatient to have the affair over. Bennett, apparently, was the least interested of all present. It was arranged that the men, placed ten paces apart, might fire at the signal: "Gentlemen, are you ready? One, two, three—Fire!"

Without the word May discharged his weapon and the bullet clipped a lock of his opponent's hair. Bennett's pistol was raised slowly until it hung pointing directly at May's breast. There was a tense second. Then Bennett turned and discharged his weapon into the air. He stood with his back to May while the four seconds formed themselves into a jury of honor to determine what further should be done. They decided that it would be sheer murder to permit a man to stand before the fire of another while refusing to defend himself. So the affair ended, but without reconciliation between the principals.

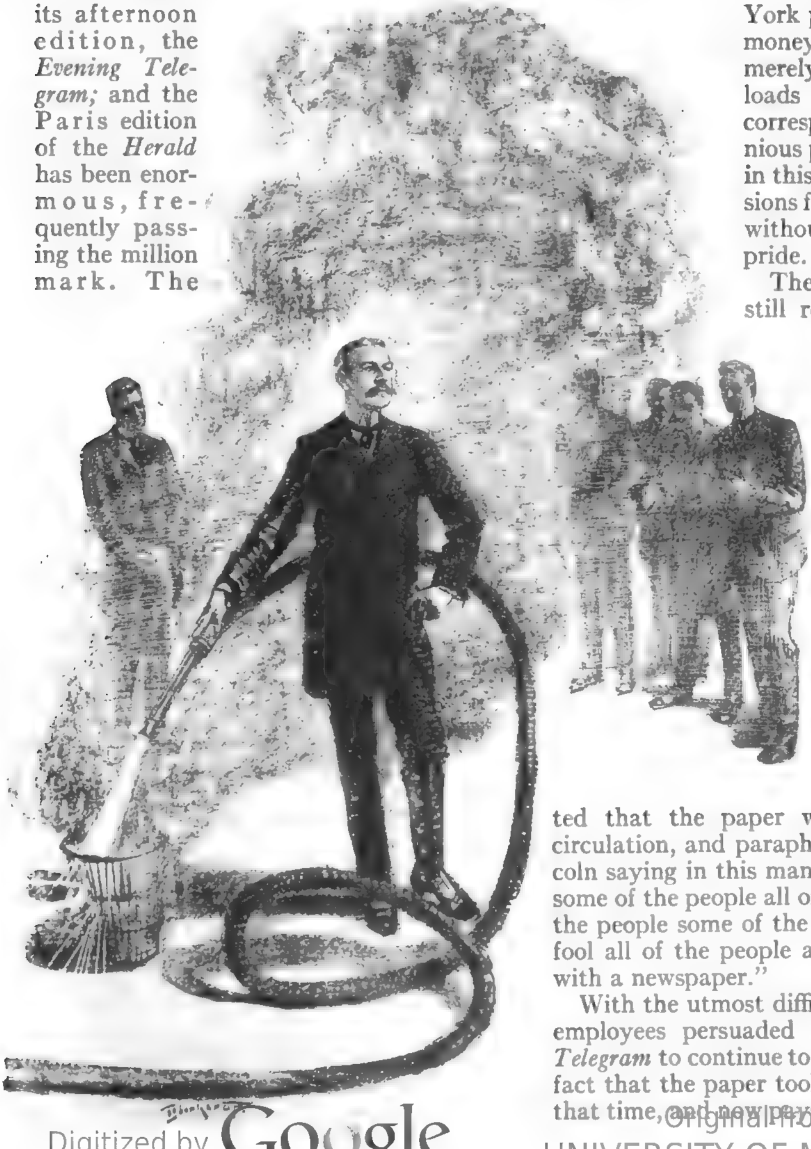
Fred May has led a varied existence, and more than once since the day of his duel has been in serious trouble. It has always happened, however, that just when things



THERE IS A SUSPICION THAT THE MATCH WAS DROPPED PURPOSELY TO GIVE MR. BENNETT PLEASURE.

seemed to be the darkest for him assistance has been extended from a mysterious source. It has pleased some peculiar phase of Mr. Bennett's intense vanity to defend and assist his one-time antagonist without giving him an opportunity to refuse his aid or to thank him for it. So he has kept close track of May through all the latter's vicissitudes and has aided him, but remained behind the curtain in doing it.

Mr. Bennett has given his time to amateur sports, to society, travel, and—in the character of an absentee landlord—to journalism. His annual income from the New York *Herald;* its afternoon edition, the *Evening Telegram;* and the Paris edition of the *Herald* has been enormous, frequently passing the million mark. The *Herald* is the one thing that Mr. Bennett always takes seriously. It is his existence, and I do not believe he would part with it at any price. There are to-day ten syndicates ready to bid for the *Herald* if circumstances ever place it on the market.



One of New York's wealthiest bankers once cabled to Mr. Bennett asking whether the *Herald* could be bought. Back came the reply:

"The *Herald* is for sale; price three cents daily, five cents Sundays."

The Paris edition of the *Herald* is intended by Mr. Bennett to be nothing more than a news feeder for his New York papers. It is not a money-maker, but that is merely because its owner loads it down with idle correspondents — impecunious persons of title, who in this manner accept pensions from their benefactor without hurt to their pride.

The *Evening Telegram* is still regarded as a plaything by Mr. Bennett, who started it several years before the death of his father. During a great part of its existence the *Telegram* was not permitted to be prosperous, and it was not long ago that its owner proposed to suspend its publication. Through an editorial in the *Herald* he admitted that the paper was without serious circulation, and paraphrased a famous Lincoln saying in this manner: "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time, even with a newspaper."

With the utmost difficulty Mr. Bennett's employees persuaded him to permit the *Telegram* to continue to live. It is a peculiar fact that the paper took on prosperity from that time, and now pays a handsome profit.

Though he makes his home in Europe and does most of his editing by cable, Mr. Bennett's presence is felt in the *Herald* office every day and all the time. It is to emphasize this effect that he insists upon having the lights kept burning in his private office each night until the presses begin to turn, and everything there kept in full readiness for him. Pencils, pens, ink, and stationery are properly arranged upon his desk, upon which, too, are placed, morning and afternoon, all editions of the New York daily papers.

In the editorial council-room his big armchair, ever ready for his occupancy, stands at the head of the table, and about it is all the atmosphere that is supposed to surround a throne. In the memory of the present generation the sacred chair has never been violated by plebeian touch.

Mr. Bennett's only living relatives are a sister and her children, and between him and them there is not the fullest cordiality. It is his declared intention to leave the *Herald* to those employed in making it. A few years ago he told me that my interest in the *Herald* would be worth $350,000, and that he could not expect a longer lease of life than fifteen years. Some ways of earning $350,000 are easier than others.

THE *HERALD* MACHINE

The *Herald* to-day is a combination of a despotism and a puppet-show. For many years there has been no managing editor in name in the *Herald* office, though William C. Reick, now proprietor of the New York *Sun*, exercised the functions of managing editor until Mr. Bennett caught him at it. Since then the *Herald* has had an interlocking system of committees of coordinate powers. Those powers are well represented by the minus sign. It makes no difference whether the committees agree or disagree; no action is taken until a final decision is obtained from their owner.

Committees to the number of sixteen—perhaps it is eighteen—composed of the temporary heads of the various departments, sit in solemn daily sessions to discuss routine affairs in connection with the publication of the *Herald* and *Telegram*. Their proceedings are carefully recorded by secretaries, whose reports are submitted to the proprietor of the paper. By this method five men take five times as long to determine to recommend that something be done as an ordinary managing editor would take to do it.

Perhaps the committee system is at its best during one of Mr. Bennett's periodical visits to New York. If fates are kind, notice of the impending visit is received from Paris in time to permit a general house-cleaning. Walls are mended; paint and whitewash are used without stint; desks are put in order, and above everything else the fire-apparatus is carefully overhauled.

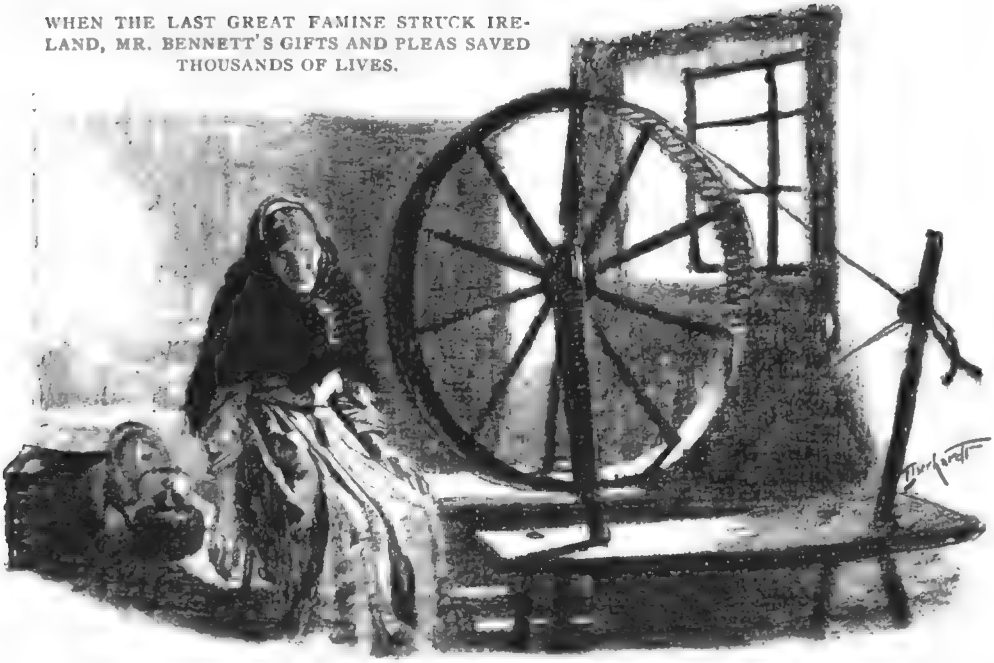
Mr. Bennett dearly loves a test of the *Herald* fire department. Two years ago he led in person when an emergency call was sounded; helped run the hose off the reel and himself held the nozzle while a blaze in a scrap-basket in the *Herald* library was drenched. There is good ground for the suspicion that the match that caused the blaze was dropped purposely to provide pyrotechnic pleasure to the visiting proprietor.

The morning of the day of the Bennett arrival the *Herald* is certain to carry on its first news page two semi-stock stories. One is a dog story; the other describes a runaway, preferably in Fifth Avenue. Runaways always interest Mr. Bennett, and if necessary at least a little one can be arranged with the connivance of a friendly policeman.

Dogs are Mr. Bennett's hobby. He speaks oftener and with greater feeling of a King Charles spaniel that died about ten years ago than he does of any of the men who have died in his service. So highly does Mr. Bennett think of dogs that he has arranged a set of cable-code names for the heads of his various committees, each having the word "dog" for its stem—such as doghead, dogfoot, dogeye, and dogtail—and I have never yet been able to determine whether this was done out of compliment to his employees or as an act of derision.

There is a hush and an atmosphere of mystery about Herald Square on the day of Mr. Bennett's arrival. Men who for a year have worn baggy trousers and shiny coats and who have slouched at their work, appear at the office hours earlier than is their custom. Their clothes are new, and their trousers are stiffly creased. Nothing less than a magnificent frock coat is considered decent. Silk hats are necessities. The editorial council, as a result, has all the solemnity and much of the appearance of a convention of undertakers.

WHEN THE LAST GREAT FAMINE STRUCK IRELAND, MR. BENNETT'S GIFTS AND PLEAS SAVED THOUSANDS OF LIVES.



Runners are out in all near-by streets to give notice of the "approach." Even "Big Dan" Rinn, the policeman who has been a fixture in Herald Square for twenty years, is nervous.

By the time Mr. Bennett reaches the building, there is not one of his employees who has not been warned of his coming. The office is a hive of industry, and it remains so as long as he is there. He may stay until long after nightfall, but no one leaves before him even at the urgent call of hunger—there might be a summons to the Bennett presence.

Finally a menial passes from room to room with the words of release, "He's gone."

A wild dash is made to the nearest restaurant; food is hurriedly swallowed, and all are quickly back at their desks, there to remain until a trusted scout brings word from his home that "Mr. Bennett has retired for the night."

At three o'clock in the afternoon the Executive Committee, composed of serious-minded gentlemen, gathers and waits in silent gloom for the coming of Mr. Bennett to preside. After perhaps an hour of oppressive silence, the opening of a far door brings all members stiffly to their feet. They remain standing and in silence until the "throne" is occupied. Then follows from Mr. Bennett a rapid fire of questions and instructions. The recent issues of the *Herald* are torn to shreds. Every one connected with the paper is declared to be deficient.

"Only two stories have appeared in the last week that have been worth the space given to them. One was about a runaway in Fifth Avenue; the other about a dog saving a baby's life. They were both full of human interest."

Finally the one-sided debate closes and the committee session for the day is at an end. Every one stands until the door has closed behind the owner of the *Herald*. Then there is a period of suspense, broken by the coming of a clerk to announce that Mr. Bennett will see Mr. Blank in his private office. Mr. Blank's associates know both relief and jealousy. They are happy to escape the probability of immediate and severe personal censure; but there is always the possibility that Blank may come out with a bright new yellow jacket and a peacock feather to be worn with much ostentation for a very few days.

When the ship carrying Mr. Bennett back to Europe is known to have passed outside Sandy Hook, silk hats are laid aside, creased trousers and frock coats are put away in camphor, and Herald Square relaxes—just a little. Long breaths are not drawn until it is certain that no bomb has been left behind with a slow fuse attached.

Though popularly pictured as living at ease in Paris or rioting his way through life, Mr. Bennett most of the time is the hardest working of men. It is his habit to rise not later than five o'clock in the morning and more often than otherwise four o'clock sees him at his labors. If the weather permits he takes his papers to his garden, where he works behind a screen of shrubbery. He first busies himself with the copies of the *Herald* that have arrived on the latest mail ship. These papers are so marked before they leave the New York office that they show the origin of everything that appears in them: who wrote each article, and which editorial reader passed upon its quality and fitness. This permits Mr. Bennett to weigh each feature by itself and then the paper as a whole, so as to make comparisons with other New York papers.

That done, he is ready to use the cable to convey his conclusions to those most interested in them. He is scant in his praise, but his criticism is generous as to quantity and of biting quality. His punishments are swift, severe, and as often as not inflicted upon the wrong person. Judgment having once been passed, there is no appeal.

EDITING BY CABLE

Four stenographers are kept busy handling the great mass of correspondence from New York. In addition to Mr. Bennett's private letters and the committee reports, there are the letters to the editor, which under an iron-clad rule must all be published or forwarded from New York to him for his perusal. This means for him much unnecessary labor, and it also means much trouble for the men in the New York office. Scarcely a day passes without a cabled reprimand because some letter was not published, or because a news story was not built upon another.

In the progress of his day's work it may occur to Mr. Bennett that he would like to talk over some matter with one of his New York employees. A cablegram is sent directing the man to take the first steamship leaving for Europe. This order is mandatory. To refuse to obey is equivalent to a resignation, and no man who voluntarily leaves the *Herald* may expect to return.

Men submit to such discipline without knowing why. One man—telegraph editor of the *Herald*—against his physician's orders continued at his work, in which he knew Mr. Bennett for the moment was particularly interested, until his heart gave out under the strain and he fell forward upon his desk, dead. Two other editorial workers stood up under the lash for more than a quarter of a century and both fell dead in harness. Another who had served the *Herald* for thirty years, and in the most important positions, was called to Paris three years ago. His physicians told him that to obey the summons would mean his death. He went—and he died.

There is a theory of pensions in the *Herald* office—a theory and little more. A few years ago Mr. Bennett called to Paris one of his most trusted employees, a man who had served him for more than fifty years. When this man started home he was told that his salary would be continued as long as he lived, but that no more work would be required of him. It is customary for those returning from Paris to cable as soon as they reach New York, thanking Mr. Bennett for the trip. This formality was forgotten by the veteran, who as a result was ordered back to work, and in a subordinate position. Later he was again pensioned, but this time his income was cut to a pittance.

That Mr. Bennett derives pleasure from the humiliations his position enables him to force upon those over whom he possesses power is unquestionably true; but his humor at times takes a less cruel turn. On one of his recent visits to New York his suspicions were aroused by the extreme neatness of all the members of the staff of the *Herald*. As he left the office one midnight he came upon a reporter, who while on an errand in the composing-room had got a heavy smear of ink across his face. The fortunate youth received an immediate increase of salary and was complimented for being the only one about the establishment who appeared to be doing any real work.

This incident made a deep impression upon the younger men in the office. Mr. Bennett had decided to take some one back with him for editorial service on the Paris edition of the *Herald*. His selection rested between two men, both of whom were instructed to see him at his New York home the next evening. One of the two attempted to impress his employer with the belief that he had just left a very busy desk. The other, Robert J. Carter, went to the opposite extreme and dressed with much care for the call. There were no preliminaries. Mr. Carter was chosen.

It was not many months, however, before Mr. Carter was back in the New York office. When asked why his stay in Paris had been so short, he replied that he did not know unless it was that he had eaten sixty-seven dollars' worth of eggs one morning for breakfast.

Mr. Bennett has shipped to him at regular intervals from South America eggs that are laid by birds living in the remote Andes Mountains. Mr. Carter was invited to breakfast one morning with Mr. Bennett, who as a mark of special favor ordered served to him two of these eggs. Not knowing the variety he was eating, the visitor made so bold as to ask for a second helping. Later on he learned that the eggs cost Mr. Bennett $200 a dozen. His stay in Paris terminated soon after that breakfast.

If, as has been said, Bennett is bullying in his tyranny, it should be added that he does not pick his victims. He lashes the powerful as frequently as the weak. When he quarreled with Nathan Straus he knew that it meant that the Macy advertisements would be withdrawn from the *Herald*, and that there would be grave danger of losing the advertising of nearly all of the great department stores of New York City. This did not make him falter, nor did he swerve from the path he had selected when he was more seriously threatened. He fought the advertisers until they were ready to swing the white flag and beg for a truce.

When Oscar Hammerstein opened the Manhattan Opera House in opposition to the Metropolitan, he formed the opinion that the *Herald* was not giving him a square deal in its news columns. He made his views plain in a letter which was forwarded without delay to Mr. Bennett. The latter cabled his reply in the form of an editorial utterance, declaring the *Herald's* independence of opera managers, "whether their names be Einstein, Lammerstein, Hammerstein, or Jewstein."

When that editorial was received there was consternation in the office of the *Herald*. It had been publicly charged that Bennett was a Jew-hater, and his employees believed that "Jewstein" would be just enough to start a holy war upon the paper. Committees held joint sessions and it was decided to make the hateful word read "Jawstein." That was done, and then a long apology was forwarded to Paris with the explanation that the change was the result of a typographical error. Mr. Hammerstein understood, and laughed.

In his long career Mr. Bennett has had many bitter conflicts. Perhaps the most spectacular was his war with Jay Gould, which lasted for more than thirty years and ended only with the death of the financier. How it began no one but Mr. Bennett now knows. Gould once said that the first time he met Bennett the latter inflicted upon him a humiliation which no decent man could have failed to resent.

BENNETT AND GOULD

When Gould formulated his plans to have the American Telegraph Company absorbed by what is now the Western Union, he found Bennett a director and demanding favors and concessions for the *Herald* as against its competitors. Gould at once placed the *Herald* on an equality with the other New York daily newspapers and forced Bennett out of the directorate.

Gould, "Jim" Fisk, and Daniel Drew about that time engineered the infamous gold corner that resulted in the Black Friday of 1869, when half of Wall Street was plunged into bankruptcy. Gould just failed of complete success, his plans having been upset by Bennett, who aroused President Grant to the enormity of the conspiracy. The sale of gold in the open market by agents of the United States Treasury saved the situation.

During the next two decades Gould and Bennett fought and lashed each other at every opportunity. Many of Gould's financial plans were frustrated by the *Herald*. Perhaps the most severe blow sustained by him was inflicted when Bennett cast the light of publicity upon the well-matured scheme to wreck the Kansas & Pacific Railroad. That came soon after Bennett, joining forces with the late John W. Mackay, laid the Commercial Cable Company's lines under the Atlantic, and established the Postal Telegraph Company as an active competitor of the Western Union. Gould, stung to frantic rage, addressed to James

Gordon Bennett an open letter which, though devoted to a vicious attack upon the private character of the owner of the *Herald*, appeared unexpurgated in that paper. Much of the Gould letter would be unprintable at this time, but a fair sample is contained in the following paragraph:

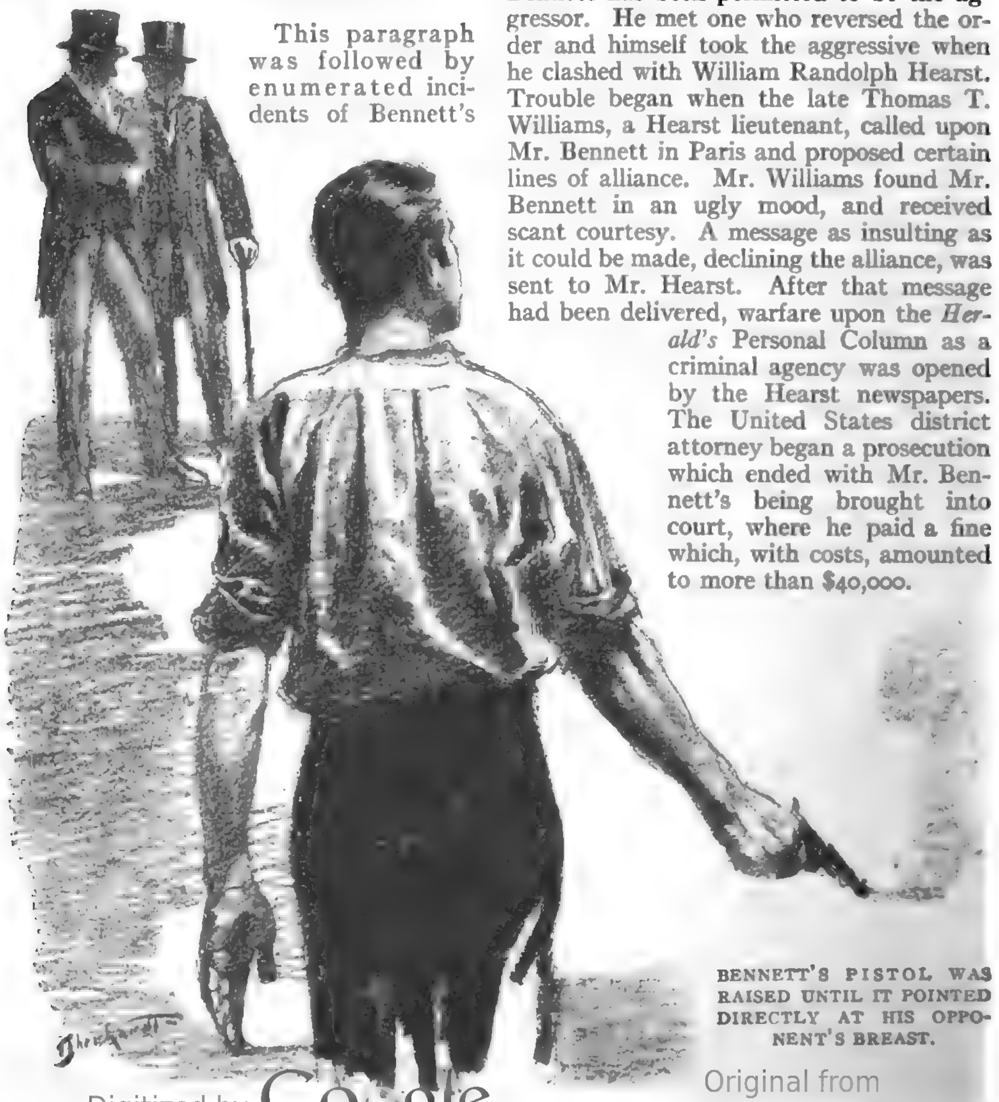
> Let me see: I have known you for about thirty years, and during all that time your life has been one of shame. Your private life has been but a succession of debauches and scandals, so that your name is on every tongue as Bennett the libertine. And however gentlemen might meet you at their clubs or hotels, not a gentleman in New York, as you well know, would allow you to cross the threshold of his residence where virtue and family honor are held sacred.

This paragraph was followed by enumerated incidents of Bennett's misdeeds, which at that time were still somewhat fresh and fragrant in the public mind. The *Herald* contented itself with this terse editorial retort:

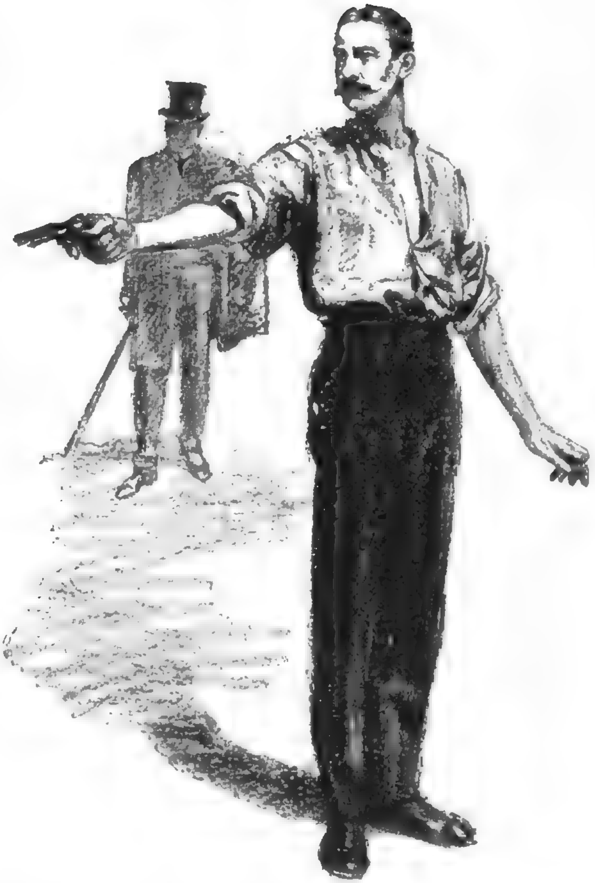
"Gould the corsair has been hit hard by the *Herald*, which has told the truth about the methods he has pursued to gather a fortune from wrecked railroads and bankruptcies of scores of honest men."

The only other reference to the Gould attack was made in the single editorial sentence: "The proprietor of the *Herald* lost his reputation long before Mr. Gould was ever heard of."

In most of his journalistic battles Mr. Bennett has been permitted to be the aggressor. He met one who reversed the order and himself took the aggressive when he clashed with William Randolph Hearst. Trouble began when the late Thomas T. Williams, a Hearst lieutenant, called upon Mr. Bennett in Paris and proposed certain lines of alliance. Mr. Williams found Mr. Bennett in an ugly mood, and received scant courtesy. A message as insulting as it could be made, declining the alliance, was sent to Mr. Hearst. After that message had been delivered, warfare upon the *Herald's* Personal Column as a criminal agency was opened by the Hearst newspapers. The United States district attorney began a prosecution which ended with Mr. Bennett's being brought into court, where he paid a fine which, with costs, amounted to more than $40,000.



BENNETT'S PISTOL WAS RAISED UNTIL IT POINTED DIRECTLY AT HIS OPPONENT'S BREAST.



In connection with this case it is only fair to say that Mr. Bennett, while taking the attitude that the *Herald* is not responsible for those who advertise in it, frequently instructed that the Personal Column be kept clean.

Mr. Bennett, too, has had the courage of his convictions. It was during the time of a recent visit to New York that election advertising—about the most profitable advertising any newspaper enjoys—was sent to the *Herald*. It was worth to the paper $42,000. Printing it meant that the name "William Randolph Hearst" would appear once, but only once, in the *Herald*. Mr. Bennett brushed it aside with the remark:

"The paper is mine. I would not admit that man's name to its columns for $42,000, for $420,000, nor for the full value of the Hearst estate. If Hearst dies, goes to jail, or is elected President of the United States, I want no mention of him made in the *Herald*."

It would be an act of unfairness to picture Bennett the unscrupulous and tyrannical journalist, without calling attention to the fact that many of the greatest newspaper achievements have been his. He has a wonderful mind, and is never happier than when planning a big stroke of enterprise. Success came to him as soon as the *Herald* passed under his control. In fact, it was in 1872, when Stanley reported that he had found Dr. Livingstone, that the *Herald* had its greatest popular triumph.

Stanley, however, really did better work for the paper in 1868, when he accompanied General Napier at the head of a British military column into Abyssinia. All England awaited with impatience the result of that important expedition. Stanley beat the pick of the English correspondents, and the London newspapers were compelled to have the *Herald's* news dispatches cabled back to them from New York.

When Stanley returned to New York after his meeting with Livingstone, his employer briefly congratulated him, and assigned him to cover routine news in the Jefferson Market Police Court. Mr. Stanley never forgave the humiliation.

The ill-fated *Jeannette* polar expedition was one of the greatest disappointments of Mr. Bennett's life. He purchased the *Jeannette* and without sparing expense fitted her for a hard cruise in the Arctic waters. The United States Government at Mr. Bennett's request took charge of the expedition, placing George Washington De Long in command. The *Jeannette* was caught in a Polar ice-pack September 5, 1879, and was crushed June 13, 1881. The crew got away in three boats. The first boat was overwhelmed in a storm and all of its occupants lost. Another, with De Long in charge, succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Lena River, where the entire party died of starvation. Those in the third boat, under the command of George W. Melville, chief engineer of the expedition, escaped with their lives.

When the last great famine struck Ireland, Mr. Bennett made a powerful plea through the *Herald* for assistance for the starving. He headed the subscription with a gift of $100,000 and succeeded in raising $300,000 more. The entire sum was spent in a way to do the most good and undoubtedly thousands of lives were saved.

About the same time the poor of New York were in great distress. Money was scarce, times were hard, and an exceptionally cold winter added to the suffering. All over the city kitchens were opened by Mr. Bennett, and from these the needy obtained food. It is quite characteristic of the man that he employed one of the Delmonicos to manage the charity kitchens, and instructed that the food served should be of Delmonico quality.

Wireless telegraphy received its first trial in America as the result of Mr. Bennett's enterprise, and it was put to its first real practical test when Signor Marconi came in person in 1899 to report for the New York *Herald* the contests for the America's cup by the yachts *Shamrock* and *Columbia*. At that time Mr. Bennett was enthusiastic over wireless, but when he discovered that the oceans would be spanned by means of the ether waves, the thought that his cable enterprise might be disturbed changed his attitude. Since then wireless and Signor Marconi have been frowned upon.

Although he deplored the war, Mr. Bennett long foresaw the struggle between Spain and the United States, and to the early preparations made by him were due the indisputable successes of the *Herald* in reporting the events of that short conflict.

Mr. Bennett for many years has been convinced that war between Japan and the United States will come when Japan is ready to strike the blow. I do not know what his opinion is based upon, but I do know that he is possessed of more of the secrets of nations than are in the possession of most diplomats. He still regards such a war as inevitable. It was his belief that Japan was likely to strike while the United States was engaged with Spain, and all correspondents at the front carried code-books by means of which it would have been possible, regardless of censorship, for them to send information concerning any conflict between American and Japanese forces.

Five years ago Mr. Bennett had information that permitted him to anticipate the revolution that recently drove the Manchu rulers from China. Correspondents were hurried to Hongkong, Pekin, and other cities in China, and the *Herald* has had more complete reports from that country than has any other paper or news-agency. To-day China and Japan hold a score of *Herald* correspondents. I do not know why.

In spite of his vagaries Mr. Bennett has a sound theory of popular journalism. In a recent letter he said:—

"Young people take little interest in the serious problems of the day. They leave such matters for attention when they are too old for anything else. They wish to read about people, about sport, about events of the day. They are keenly interested in the details and score of a polo-match or baseball game; the reports of a gymkhana; of a ball or reception; of a humorous, or pathetic, or strange lawsuit or criminal case; in the movements, plans, and achievements of people. In other words, they are alive and take an interest in living matters.

"The *Herald* is not published for statisticians, club-room philosophers, and scientific theorizers. A paper that appeals to such a class is doomed. Its readers die off steadily and as they do its circulation dwindles. For this reason the *Herald* aims at securing the support of the rising generation. Experiment has shown that the vast majority of people remain faithful to the newspaper they liked early in life. By keeping the *Herald* a paper for the rising generation fresh blood will be infused into its circulation."

BENNETT, PATRON OF SPORTS

As a patron of legitimate sports Mr. Bennett has never been questioned. Trophies of his giving are being contested for in almost every country of the civilized world. He is the father of polo in America. The International Balloon race is for the Gordon Bennett cup. The race for motor-boats from New York to Bermuda is for the Bennett cup. There are several Bennett automobile trophies and at least three Bennett aviation trophies in existence.

In his younger days Mr. Bennett took an active interest in athletics and sports of all kinds. So long ago as 1858 he sailed his own sloop yacht, the *Rebecca*, against three of her class around Long Island. The *Rebecca* was nearly wrecked, but won the race as a result of her owner's taking her through Plum Gut, where none of the others dared follow. The race was protested and the

Rebecca disqualified, the hazard of Plum Gut being regarded as too great to be sportsmanlike.

In 1866 Mr. Bennett sailed his yacht the *Henrietta* against the *Vesta* and the *Fleetwing* straight across the Atlantic from Sandy Hook to Cowes, for a purse of $90,000. This was done in midwinter, and the race to this day is regarded as the most sensational the world has known. The *Henrietta* won, her time being 13 days 21 hours and 55 minutes, defeating by 8 hours and 45 minutes the *Fleetwing*, which finished 40 minutes ahead of the *Vesta*.

John Whipple in the early seventies was regarded as one of the best pedestrians in the East. Mr. Bennett believed he could defeat him, and made a match for $6,000. The men started from the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street, the finish being at the gate of Jerome Park. Mr. Bennett won without much effort, and he and his friends gathered in nearly $50,000 in wagers in addition to the purse.

Stories of "young Jim" Bennett are still retailed in Broadway and they have multiplied and magnified in their telling. Some of them, however, are well authenticated. There are still living in New York men who were with him at a dinner party given on board his yacht *Namouna* when on one of his infrequent visits to America it was anchored in the East River. Wine was served so liberally that several of the guests were soon asleep. Bennett had the unconscious ones placed in his launch, announcing that he would see them safely to their homes. Instead of doing that, he had the young men landed near the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, close to Bellevue Hospital, and when they struggled back to their senses the next morning they found themselves stretched out upon slabs in the morgue.

Becoming boisterous one night while in the company of a party of convivial friends in the Bartholdi Hotel, Bennett resisted the attempts of those who would quiet him and as a result was well thrashed by "Billy" Edwards, then the light-weight champion pugilist of the world. The next morning, expressing himself well satisfied that his chastisement had not been received at the hands of an amateur, Bennett sent a check for $100 to Edwards and a note thanking him for the care he had taken of him.

It has been in Europe, however, that Mr. Bennett has best displayed his talent for mischief. For several years he was much interested in coaching and frequently drove professionally, accepting the patronage of those who cared for the sport. One spring he established a regular coaching schedule between Nice and Monte Carlo, but for one reason or another there were no patrons. Purchasing an American burro from a Wild West Show, he had the animal hoisted upon the coach and so placed that his head stuck over the end of one of the seats. Around the unfortunate's neck was hung a huge placard on which was printed in large letters this legend:

"This donkey is the most sensible American in France."

Mr. Bennett continued his interest in coaching until 1894, when an accident right at the gate of his home, No. 104 Champs-Elysées, nearly cost him his life.

At one time Mr. Bennett and his secretary, on starting from Paris to Nice, found only one compartment in their train not fully occupied. In that compartment the parcels racks were already crammed with the luggage of a passenger who had been beforehand with them. The passenger, however, was away at the moment, and Mr. Bennett, taking advantage of the situation, threw all of the luggage from the two racks, placed his own in one of them, and climbed into the other, stretching his long body at full length. He then calmly lighted a cigarette and smoked while his secretary

DESPITE OFFICE EARTHQUAKES, MEN HAVE SPENT THEIR ENTIRE WORKING LIVES ON THE *HERALD*.

stood at attention at the door. Presently the missing passenger, an English gentleman, walked up, looked into the compartment, and ejaculated: "What in thunder do you mean, sir? What is this outrage?"

Mr. Bennett smoked on without paying the slightest attention to him.

"Hush! Take care," said the secretary. "Don't excite him. He's dangerous. He's a lunatic, sir, and while he is quiet at this moment I trust you will talk low and do nothing to annoy him. Though he now seems quite harmless, if provoked to a paroxysm I fear I might not be able to restrain him, sir."

At this moment the lunatic grinned horribly and began gibbering, apparently making ready to spring from the parcels rack. The Englishman withdrew precipitately and a few moments later sent a guard for his luggage, leaving Mr. Bennett and his secretary in full possession of the compartment.

While James Gordon Bennett is a hard-working man a large part of the time, he lives like a king when not at work. In New York he keeps his home—a magnificent establishment—open for him all the time. His servants are there, and it is the domestic theory that the master may be in at any moment. If he came to New York unannounced and went to his home at seven o'clock to-night, he would find his dinner ready to be served.

In Paris he maintains two complete establishments in the Champs-Elysées, one at No. 104 and the other at No. 120. But his true Paris home is at No. 37 Avenue d'Iéna, where he lives in princely manner. At Beaulieu—between Nice and Monte Carlo—he has one of the finest châteaux known to the Riviera. Though he spends little time there, his establishment, like his home in New York, is maintained just as if he were present.

The real show place of all the Bennett establishments is at Versailles. There he occupies the château built by Louis XIV. for his second wife, Madame de Maintenon. It was there that the royal zoological gardens were maintained, and it was there that Marie Antoinette had her famous dairy. The grounds, which run up to the Petit Trianon, are 1,800 acres in extent. There Mr. Bennett entertained every year the late King Leopold of Belgium, and King Carlos of Portugal whose assassination a few years ago shocked the world. At Versailles, too, he has entertained many of Russia's grand dukes and many of the nobility from every country in Europe. It is a fact that scores of broken-down noblemen have no other incomes than the pensions paid to them by the remarkable owner of the New York *Herald*. He has been on terms of real intimacy with the Sultan of Turkey—now deposed—and the Khedive of Egypt, both of whom I have known to accept from him presents of large value.

It is quite probable that Mr. Bennett has done more traveling than any other man in the world. His present yacht, the *Lysistrata*, is one of the very largest private craft afloat, and it is, too, one of the most magnificent. In it he cruises every ocean, and has visited every land—always with his private physician on board, and two cows. For he is careful of his health, and must have fresh, pure milk.

Every winter he goes to the Far East, generally taking with him a company of intimate friends, whom he entertains lavishly and regardless of expense. It was while on such a cruise that Mr. Bennett recently fell so dangerously ill that for weeks his life was despaired of. During his illness, his New York employees did not dare make direct inquiry as to his health. Their sources of information were quite as roundabout as those of any other paper, despite their infinitely greater interest in the outcome.

Fortunately Mr. Bennett's recovery seems now assured, and those who are most frank to recognize the paradoxes in his character are glad to know that this remarkable personality has not vanished.

EVERYBODY'S MONEY

by

JOHN PARR

THE PLIGHT OF LITTLE CAPITALISTS

SEVEN men — among them a chemist, a dramatist, a professor, an inventor, and a promoter—were recently tried in the Federal Court at New York on the charge of having defrauded thousands of small investors by selling them worthless stock through the agency of the notorious Sterling Debenture Corporation. The jury found them guilty, and the judge, sentencing them severally to do hard labor at Atlanta Prison, said:

"These men made millions out of the poor investors of this country. What is the woman to do who has invested all her savings in these men's schemes? What recourse has she? This was a very flagrant fraud, and punishment should be meted accordingly."

Only the names of the men and the legends they had engraved upon their merchandise distinguish this case from many others. Julian Hawthorne, son of the well-known author, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and himself a writer of some distinction, was recently convicted of a similar offense and made to pay the like penalty. He had employed his pen to write the stuff that sold the shares the small investors lost their savings in.

Our subject is not the swindling of investors by means of art-engraving. If there is anything new to be said on that, we can not imagine what it is. What we propose to consider is neither the dishonesty of promoters nor the credulity of victimized human nature, but the shocking economic waste of saved capital, and the singular indifference of finance to some perfectly obvious facts.

"These men made millions out of the poor investors of this country," said Judge Anderson, referring to the Sterling Debenture Corporation people.

Did they?

The statement is unintentionally misleading. They got millions from investors, indeed, but they did not make millions for themselves. They will come out of Atlanta Prison poor, as scores have done before them. A career in utterly dishonest promotion is almost certain to end in poverty.

WHERE DOES THE MONEY GO?

That leads us directly to the question: What becomes of the millions the small investors lose? That is the economic point we intended to arrive at.

The money goes to pay advertising bills, to hire the expensive men who write the alluring prospectuses, to maintain the luxurious offices which produce upon the casual mind an impression of solvent prosperity, to pay clerks and stenographers and salesmen, printers and blackmailers. All of it, in the economic sense, is lost. The promoters themselves, while it lasts, or until the Post-Office Department issues a "fraud order" against their "business," are wont to live fashionably and to be very free with money (other people's) in the way of salaries to their employees and associates, all of whom, you understand, are non-productive units of society, preying upon those who save, and living up money which might otherwise be mobilized in the form of productive capital.

The Post-Office Department is increasingly vigilant, and yet the industry continues to flourish. Hundreds of millions of dollars are annually enticed away from those who save money in small amounts, and utterly wasted. It is money that ought to be drawn into society's reservoirs of productive capital and loaned at interest to borrowers who can give proper security for the use of it. There have been single years when the money lost by the credulous public and dissipated by dishonest promoters would have built the Panama Canal. Think of it! There is hardly ever a year in which it would not have built ten thousand miles of railways, or irrigated a million acres of semi-arid land in the West.

This is not an indictment of the financial sense of the people. It is a reflection upon the intelligence of finance, which has failed to provide good securities in denominations small enough to come within the reach of all who save. And the waste will continue until it is possible in this country for anybody with $10 to invest to put it into safe securities—municipal, corporation, or Government securities. The swindlers, selling their worthless shares at "popular prices," reach the people who save in small amounts where the vendors of good securities never try.

FOR A WIDER BASE

Wall Street marvels at the success of a man like Ford or Woolworth. Ford made an automobile so cheap that anybody in average circumstances could buy one; and Woolworth made his base even wider and offered attractive goods at prices so low that the poorest could not resist them. It marvels also at the success of the vendors of worthless securities. But it makes no application of an obvious principle to its own affairs. It continues to complain of the lack of capital in the land and deplore the fact that our people are the worst savers in the world.

The wonder is that they save at all, seeing how difficult it is for the mass of them to find anything in which safely and profitably to invest their money. Corporations complain that the rate of interest is rising and that capital is scarce, and go on issuing their bonds in $1,000 and $500 denominations at 5 and 6 per cent., while hundreds of thousands of people have to take their $5 and $10 and $50 savings to savings-banks and deposit them at 3½ and 4 per cent., because there is nowhere else to put them.

The savings-banks, having collected the money, put it into bonds; but the corporations, if they tried, could get the money direct, instead of through the savings-banks. They could pay the people more than savings-bank interest and yet effect a great economy in the cost of borrowing.

"BABY BONDS"

A few of them have gone so far as to make bonds in one-hundred-dollar denominations. These are called "baby bonds," and the available ones are:

Imperial Chinese Government 5 per cent. bonds.
New York City 4½ per cent. bonds.
Central Vermont Railway 4 per cent. first mortgage bonds.
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, Denver extension 4 per cent. sinking fund bonds.
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul 4½ per cent. convertible bonds.
Colorado & Southern 4½ per cent. refunding and extension mortgage bonds.
Keokuk & Des Moines (Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific system) 5 per cent. first mortgage bonds.
Missouri, Kansas & Texas 4 per cent. first and refunding mortgage bonds.
Morris & Essex (Delaware, Lackawanna & Western system) 7 per cent. first mortgage bonds.
New York & Greenwood Lake (Erie system) 5 per cent. prior lien bonds.
New York, New Haven & Hartford 6 per cent. convertible debenture certificates.
New York, New Haven & Hartford 3½ per cent. convertible debenture bonds.
Norfolk & Western 4 per cent. first consolidated mortgage bonds.
Southern Pacific—San Francisco Terminal 4 per cent. bonds.
Virginian Railway 5 per cent. first mortgage bonds.
American Ice Securities 6 per cent. debenture bonds.
American Telephone & Telegraph 4½ per cent. convertible bonds.
Bethlehem Steel 5 per cent. first lien and refunding bonds.
Central Leather 5 per cent. first mortgage bonds.
Commonwealth Power & Electric 6 per cent. first mortgage bonds.
General Electric 3½ per cent. debenture bonds.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco 7 per cent. debenture bonds.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco 5 per cent. debenture bonds.
New York Air Brake 6 per cent. first mortgage convertible bonds.
P. Lorillard 7 per cent. debenture bonds.
P. Lorillard 5 per cent. debenture bonds.

Only a few of these are such as you would want to advise a woman to put her money in, and those are hard to buy. Generally the broker or dealer charges 1 per cent. more for them than the current market quotation on the same bond in $500 and $1,000 pieces, and he is not anxious to bother with them at all. The City of New York has provided for bonds in $10 pieces, and that is a big step in the right direction; but they are very hard to buy. Dealers think it too much trouble. It is as much trouble, they say, to sell a $10 bond as one for $1,000; and it is true. But hundreds could buy the $10 bond to one who could buy the other, and thousands would buy the $10 bond who now know not what to do with their savings—a very large proportion of which is annually wasted.

"LITTLE ACORNS"

American finance has been strangely remiss in this respect, and blind to its own interest. For one thing, it has been too easy to make money merchandising investments in the old way. Nobody has felt obliged to cater to the very small investor, either as a matter of business or in a spirit of service. Proper investment has been for the rich; savings-banks were for the poor. But purely as a matter of business it would pay to reach the little capitalists, who, beginning with a $10 bond, are sure to increase their investments in proportion as the first ventures turn out well. It would pay in a much larger way. Capital in small amounts that is now scattered or wasted, as it was before there were banks and investments, would be mobilized and become powerful to perform works of construction and to finance wealth-producing enterprise.

What Wall Street needs to do is to widen the base of its appeal to investors.

There now is present an unusual opportunity to bring within everybody's reach a kind of investment that will yield a fair rate of interest and be absolutely trusted.

AN OPPORTUNITY

Congress, on the urgent request of President Wilson, has undertaken to create by legislation the means of providing in this country cheap and available rural credit. That matter was purposely left out of the Federal Reserve Act, to be dealt with separately at a later time.

Free of details, the scheme will be to create a number of Land Banks, somewhat on the pattern of the Land Mortgage Banks of Europe, to lend money for long periods on farm mortgages. The borrower who now pays a variable and generally a very high rate of interest on three and five year mortgage loans, that are always coming due at an awkward time, will get money at much lower rates of interest and pay off the principal in small regular instalments running over a period of many years.

Much good is expected to come of it. The need of some such system to make rural credit cheaper and more available has become very clear. But the question, as always, is one of capital. It is easy to provide by legislation for Land Banks; it may be very difficult to procure the capital.

One plan is to authorize the Government to lend the funds of the Postal Savings Banks to the new Land Banks. Although that would be ideal employment for the savings gathered by the Government from the people through the Post-Office Department, it would neither create the wider financial sense we lack in this country nor bring into being a body of new investors. People would go on saving money as before, and deposit it in the Postal Banks at a low rate of interest. Besides, the Land Banks will need more capital than may be provided in that way.

Here, then, is the opportunity.

A SAFE INVESTMENT FOR SMALL SUMS

If the Land Banks, on the security of the farm mortgages pledged with them by rural borrowers, will issue mortgage securities in popular denominations—that is, in units of ten dollars and multiples thereof—all those who save in small amounts will have something safe in which to invest their money. After a little time those mortgage securities, issued by the Land Banks, under the supervision of the United States Government, would come to be regarded as combining the safety of Government bonds with a higher rate of interest, and they would be available to everybody by reason of their low denominations.

That would be an ideal solution of a very difficult problem. Many millions of scattered capital, subject now to shocking economic waste, would be mobilized in the very best cause—namely, to finance a more intensive and scientific production of food on American farms. It would facilitate the settlement of some 600,000 acres of "uncropped" land irrigated by the Government at a cost of $24,000,000, and yet idle and unproductive because the ruralist of small means finds it so difficult to borrow capital. And it would greatly simplify the task of getting the frugal wage-earner's savings into safe employment, free of financial worry.

Letters come continually to this department of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE from women and men who have no financial experience and only two or three hundred dollars to invest. They can not afford to take such risks with their money as are inherent in most of the securities now available to them, and yet they are entitled to a higher rate of interest than they can get at a savings-bank or from endowment insurance. To tell them to take it to a savings-bank and so make sure of the principal, though at a low rate of interest, is often to leave them open to the greater temptation of buying worthless or inferior securities vended in popular denominations, promising anything from 10 to 100 per cent. return.

A country that does nothing to meet the simple needs of this class ought not to complain either of the inefficiency of people in saving or of the scarcity of capital.

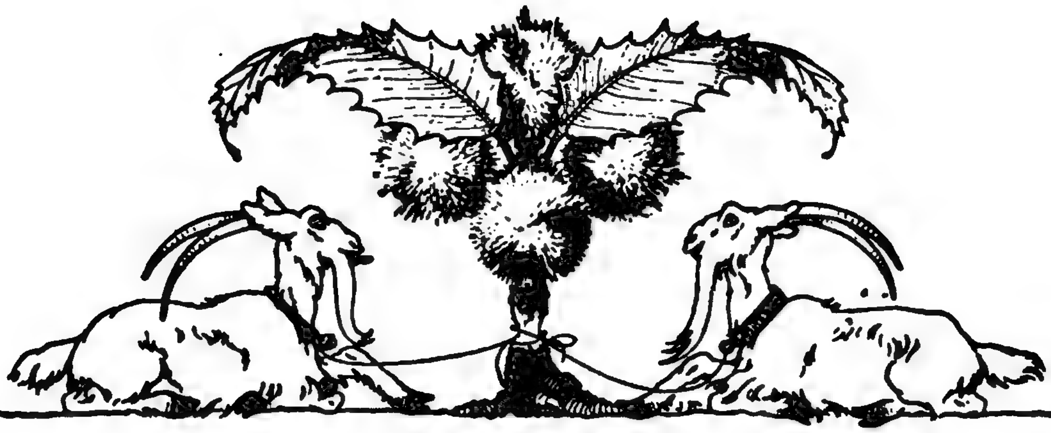
The editor of this department, called "Everybody's Money," invites correspondence from the readers of Everybody's Magazine dealing either with purely personal problems of saving and investing, or with larger economic questions which may be of general interest. Inquiries about particular securities will be answered by letter, free of any charge. That is one thing the department is for.

J. P.

THIS WHIRLING WORLD

In the old days of Scotch Presbyterianism stained glass was regarded as a sort of Romish abomination. An elderly Scotchwoman who had lived all her life in a little village still held it in horror, even when her own church had been decorated with stained-glass windows. One afternoon the preacher encountered her as she was about to enter the church and asked her how she liked the innovation.

"Ay, it is handsome," she replied dolefully, "but I prefer the glass jist as God made it!"



UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

"The prosperity of a chestnut is in the ear of the stranger."

Editor's Note—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

A colonel wanted a man-servant, so he inserted an advertisement in the local weekly. One of the applicants who answered was an Irishman.

"What I want," explained the colonel, "is a useful man—one who can cook, drive a motor, look after a pair of horses, clean boots and windows, feed poultry, milk the cow, and do a little painting and paper-hanging."

"Excuse me, sor," said Murphy, "but what kind of soil have ye here?"

"Soil?" snapped the colonel. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, I thought if it was clay, I might make bricks in me spare time."

◆

The three young Borden children were visiting their Grandma Borden, and the occasion was one of great merriment for them. After a while it proved a trifle too noisy for grandma, and she said reprovingly:

"Good gracious, children, why are you so noisy to-day? Can't you try and be a little more quiet? You are making my head ache."

"Now, grandma," said little six-year-old Dorothy, "you mustn't scold us. You see, if it wasn't for us, you wouldn't be a grandma at all."

◆

A Scotchman and an Irishman were engaged in the usual battle of words and wits. Honors were generally pretty even between them, but this particular time O'Reilly scored rather heavily. Scotty was more and more upon the verge of losing his temper, until at last, stung by a shot of Irish repartee, he burst out:

"Wel, a' I ha' t' say is, to blazes wi' the Pope!"

This outrageous assault rendered O'Reilly speechless for the moment. How could he strike back as hard as he had been struck? Finally he exploded:

"Aw, an' t' hell wid Harry Lauder!"

◆

He found his own front porch with wonderful accuracy, navigated the steps with precision, and discovered the key-hole by instinct. Once in the dimly lighted hall, there was an ominous silence followed by a tremendous crash.

"Why, what has happened, Henry?" came a voice from above.

"It's all right, Mary, but I'll—I'll learn those goldfish to snap at me!"

◆

It was in the smoker of the Limited, and the New England Yankee was talking of Joe Knowles, the Boston artist who took to the woods without food or clothing and lived there for some weeks, by way of proving that Nature is an adequate provider. The man from the Soo was skeptical. "Well," said he, "maybe he might do that in Maine, but out here where we have WEATHER he never could have done it. Why, man, I've seen good sleighing out here in August!"

The Pine Tree man never blinked, but replied: "Nothing wonderful about that! Why, up Farmington, Maine, way, where Joe and I come from, they never think of using the snow until it's two years old!"

◆

While traveling through Alabama a young salesman was one day forced to dine at a farmhouse. Not being very well satisfied with his meal of cornbread and bacon, he asked if he might have a glass of milk.

"No," replied his host. "Ah don't reckon you'll find any milk around here since the dog died."

"Since the dog died!" echoed the stranger. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Why," replied the farmer, "who do you-all reckon's goin' to go an' fetch the cow?"

◆

When Irvin Cobb was rewrite man for the New York *Evening World* he left the office one night, highly incensed, after a spat with Charles Chapin, the city editor. He returned the next morning, still ruffled, to find that Chapin was absent.

"Where's the old man?" he inquired.

An assistant informed him that Chapin was ill.

"Dear me!" said Cobb, much concerned. "I hope it's nothing *trivial*."

◆

An old German was delivering a self-imposed address on military science.

"My son Otto," said he, "goes off to the war, and wears a high hat. Along comes a bullet—right through the middle of it. Had he been wearing a cap, mein Gott! Otto would have been killed!"

Francis Wilson, the actor, tells this about the late Maurice Barrymore:

"Mr. Barrymore once placed a play that he had written with a London manager, who promised to give the piece an early production and to have Barrymore play the leading rôle.

"About a week before the play was to open the manager sent for Barrymore and said:

" 'I like your play, Mr. Barrymore, and I'm going to give it a fine production; but, really, I don't see how I can use you in the cast. Your beastly American accent won't do at all over here, you know. They don't like it!'

" 'That's odd,' replied Barrymore. 'They tell me on the other side that I won't do on account of my beastly English accent. What on earth am I to do against such odds—give recitations on the transatlantic steamers?' "

◆

The constable in a small town received by post six "Rogues' Gallery" photographs, taken in different positions, of an old offender wanted for burglary in a neighboring city. A fortnight later the constable sent this message to the city chief of police:

"I have arrested five of the men, and am going after the sixth to-night."

◆

They tell a story about a Fifth Avenue food king, who, blustering into the house at four o'clock in the morning, growled:

"Hello, where's all the servants?"

"If you please, sir," the butler answered respectfully, "when it came three o'clock I thought you was spendin' the night out, and ventured to send most of the footmen off to bed, sir."

"Humph!" growled the food king. "Ventured to send 'em off to bed, 'eh? Fine piece of impudence! Suppose I'd happened to bring a friend home—then there'd only have been you seven to let us in!"

◆

William, aged five, was taken by his father to his first football game. That night, when he knelt at her side, his mother was horrified to hear him pray, with true football snap:

"God bless papa! God bless mama! God bless Willie! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

◆

A palatial touring-car had attracted the attention of a visitor to Boston, and he asked his friend:

"Who is the man seated in that large car?"

The Bostonian glanced in the direction indicated and replied: "That is the poet laureate of a well-known biscuit factory."

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
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STRAIGHT·TALK WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

ANOTHER milestone. With this number Everybody's Magazine celebrates its fifteenth birthday. Not very old for a man, but not exactly youthful for a magazine. With magazines, as with men, the review of a single year of work is likely to be mighty disappointing. Men and magazines who are growing must find the proof and the encouragement in a review of five- or ten-year periods.

Speaking by the ledger, Everybody's is making less money than it did five years ago. It is making more money than it was making a year ago. We lost advertising steadily for three years. We are gaining now. We did not lose advertising because we were a less valuable advertising medium than we had been, but because some advertisers believed that other media were more valuable than the standard magazines. They took their advertising out of the standard magazines and placed it in these other media. It requires two or three years to try out any advertising media fairly. The fact that these advertisers are now coming back to the standard magazines is, speaking by the ledger, a mighty encouraging sign.

As regards circulation, the past two years have been especially trying for Everybody's. "Tainted Fiction" proved to be a tremendous circulation-maker. Our scruples prevented Everybody's making use of it. One of our friendly rivals shot by us so fast as to make us look and feel as if we were standing still. A mighty trying experience for a runner with any spirit. But we ran along as well as we could in the dust which they kicked up, strong in the faith that the race is to the clean.

Editorially, the last two years have not been easy sledding. There has been a tremendous swing of magazine readers toward fiction. All kinds of fiction.

We do not wish to make a fiction magazine of Everybody's, even for the sake of a temporary advantage. We do not wish to have Everybody's known as a fiction magazine. We believe that when the fiction craze wanes Everybody's will be in a very much stronger position than it would have held if we had joined the craze.

OUR NEW WEAPONS

The general swing toward fiction was due, partly, to the fact that the public had begun to weary of the old-style muckraking; and the big constructive articles that had to follow did not "catch on" as quickly and universally as they should. Perhaps this constructive work was not at once made interesting. If so, that was partly our fault, and the fault of writers in general, who naturally did not wield their new weapons with the effectiveness of the old.

But we and they have learned. We have found ourselves. We shall make a vigorous, interesting, and attractive magazine.

We believe that there will always be a bigger and bigger place for Everybody's as an all-round magazine for the home. For every member of the family of reading age. We believe in fiction, and we shall always run a goodly proportion of fiction in EVERYBODY'S. The best fiction we can buy. But we should not find anything like the satisfaction we do find in our work if we could not continue to make EVERYBODY'S more than a vehicle for entertainment. If we could not make EVERYBODY'S an interpreter of big national movements. A champion of worthy causes. An inspiration to the sturdy souls who are everywhere fighting for better standards in business, in politics, and in the home.

When we measure our limitations against our opportunities, we are humble. But when we remember that all the good work in the world must necessarily be done by imperfect men, we are encouraged to go on; and being naturally very optimistic, we take up our work for another year, gladly, enthusiastically, hoping that despite our imperfections and the mistakes we are bound to make, the sum of our work will land us on the right side of the ledger in the Great Book.

The debate between Morris Hillquit and John Augustine Ryan, D. D., on Socialism, has brought us a host of most interesting and valuable comments. Unfortunately we can not find more space to devote to them in this number. The letters printed below are typical, and will give you an idea of the interest in the debate and the caliber of those who followed it.

WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN DEBATED

It seems to me that the debate on Socialism, instructive as it undoubtedly is, fails to disclose the real strength of the case for either side. This is due to the fact that the opposing points of view arise from antagonistic conceptions as to the meaning of the universe and the origin and ultimate destiny of man.

The strength of the Catholic side can not be adequately grasped without considering its position on these more fundamental questions, for that point of view forms part of a logically coherent system of belief. Catholicism is, or claims to be, a unity or synthesis of all knowledge, and its position in regard to Socialism can not be rightly understood apart from the unity or synthesis of which it is the logical consequence.

Socialists also insist that their doctrine is something more than mere economics. They tell us it is a "philosophy of life," and as such it presupposes an attitude toward the fundamental questions above mentioned which conflicts with the Catholic attitude. It is in this wider outlook that the real conflict exists.

Greater light would be thrown on the whole question by a debate commencing right where it really should begin, say: Teleology *vs.* Materialism, and then Catholicism *vs.* Private Judgment; and so on. The exclusion of the Catholic Church as an issue in the debate ignores the crux of the whole question; for the full import of either viewpoint is only fully grasped in the light of the conception of the universe which it presupposes, and into this phase of the question the conflict between Catholicism and Socialism will be ultimately forced. I feel sure you would do a tremendous service to your readers by arranging a debate that would cover the *whole* question in thorough style. As it is now, the adherents of either side can read the debate and still remain of the same opinion.

Toronto, Canada. C. F.

AS A DISTINGUISHED SOCIALIST SEES IT

Dr. Ryan and Mr. Hillquit have done a public service. The debate has removed superficial matters and fixed attention on the real issues. It even broached the main question. But it gave no answer.

The main question is: Will society stop evolving when it reaches the progressive stage described by Dr. Ryan, or will social evolution continue from that point until we reach Socialism?

Dr. Ryan admits that our present society is unstable because we are predominantly a nation of hired men. He wants and predicts a stable society in which "the majority of the wage-earners have become owners, at least in part, of the tools with which they work." Lincoln shared his view about a nation of hired men, and Roosevelt shares his view of the future society.

If, then, we have a stable society, where a majority of the population—largely, perhaps, employees of governmentally operated industries—share in profits by governmental favor, how is such a society to be brought over into Socialism?

Hillquit failed to answer this crucial economic question. Both debaters surprised the public; Hillquit by his superiority over Ryan on many religious and moral points, Ryan by his superiority over Hillquit on many economic points. Hillquit's answer to the main question was not economic at all. He said, very rightly, that to stop the evolution of society at the stage above mentioned would have "no justification in logic or morals." The question is not one of abstract logic or moral theory, however, but of fact. Hillquit adduced no facts to show how a society governed by a majority composed largely of wage-earners more or less favored by the government can be overthrown.

As Hillquit failed at this crucial point, we can only conclude that he lost the debate economically, though we might conclude at the same time that he won the religious and moral argument. WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING.

New York City, N. Y.

RYAN'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE PROGRESS OF SOCIALISM

I am a Catholic; therefore it was with intense interest I read the debate on "Socialism: Promise or Menace?"

From the economic standpoint I was rather too liberal in imbibing Socialistic ideas; in fact I went so far that some of my Catholic acquaintances considered me dangerous, one who was liable to forswear his Catholicism at any moment. Of course, basing their assumptions on the theory that Socialism is a highly anti-religious movement, they thought it their solemn duty to warn me to be more careful.

After thoroughly, very thoroughly, digesting the contents of the debate, I must truthfully admit, to the sorrow of my Catholic acquaintances, that I did not learn about Socialism what I wanted to learn (that it is a highly anti-religious movement), either from Father Ryan or Mr. Hillquit.

On the other hand I find that the two closely agree as to the existence of present social evils and that they differ but little as to the remedy.

It seems strange to me that Father Ryan should reject Hillquit's Socialism as the cure, and in its place offer social reform as the proper cure. I believe in Father Ryan's social reform as the proper cure, and I think we will have social reform before we have Socialism. But after a thorough digest I came to the startling conclusion that social reform in all of its various degrees is nothing but Socialism in its formative stage, or Evolutionary Socialism. Mr. Hillquit offers a ready-built house, which we will call Socialism; Father Ryan offers the material, social reform, with which we can build Mr. Hillquit's house. K. A. H.

Perham, Minn.

PESSIMISM

The trouble with both debaters is that neither goes to the root-difficulty involved, which is human depravity. Mr. Hillquit rejects, or wholly ignores, this depravity as a fact in human experience, and Dr. Ryan fails to show its fundamental relation to the questions discussed.

The real practical difficulty in the realization of the Socialist's ideal lies in the matter of administration after "the wage-earners become the owners of the tools with which they work." This involves the ownership of nearly everything on the earth. In other words, all who can work become wage-earners under the administration of a set of men selected by the wage-earners, or a part of them. A pure democracy on any large scale is simply impracticable.

Hence the Socialist fails to see that his scheme puts the wage-earners and their dependents at the mercy of the administrators, who hold in their hands the revenues; which means, in the last resort, all power. This means a benevolent despotism, as illustrated in the factory of the Ford Motor Company, and in the Canal Zone under the administration of Colonel Goethals; or a series of revolutions, issuing in anarchy or despotism, of which the world has had many illustrations and which have not been benevolent. These are the only alternatives, unless we can get rid of human depravity and persuade all men, and especially those who hold the reins of power, to obey the Golden Rule.

When the Single Tax Amendment was a political issue in my state I asked an intelligent farmer, who expressed a determination to vote against the amendment, why the rural voters, who formed a majority, did not get together, adopt the amendment, and elect men to administer the state government so as to throw the burden of taxation on the big cities.

He replied: "If we did that, the rich men in the big cities would bribe our officials to go back on us."

My comment was: "You must believe in the fact and doctrine of human depravity."

State it as you please, the root-trouble is that the vast majority of the human race have no intention of obeying the Golden Rule in any thoroughgoing way. E. G. C.

St. Louis, Mo.

CHRISTIANITY THE REAL ISSUE

The debate was of course, on the whole, very interesting and instructive. All your readers must admit that. While an occasional hot shot was exchanged between the able debaters, no hard feelings resulted, and both retired from the battle with credit and honor.

With no desire to try to belittle Mr. Hillquit's arguments, I would like, merely as an onlooker, to mention two things that I have noticed in most all debates of a like nature: (1) Let the Socialist try as he may, he can not conceal his hatred for the Church; (2) He dismisses the Church and all her proofs with a word.

Why the Socialist is persistent in his contention that Socialism cares nothing about a man's religion, and yet delights in taking a fling at the Church whenever the opportunity presents itself, is rather hard to understand. When Mr. Hillquit states that "the Socialists do not fight the Catholic Church unless forced to do so in self-defense," he leaves the inference that Socialism is the accused.

The truth is, however, that the boot is on the other foot. The Church did not attack Socialism until Socialism entered her domain.

The Church was on the scene centuries before Socialism, and will no doubt retain her position, unless, perchance, the Socialist succeeds in making Atheists of the "working class." Should this happen, Socialism will find that while they have made many Atheists, they have made, in comparison, few Socialists.

When you attack Socialism, the Socialist demands that you give nothing but proofs and quote authorities. In this he is right, and is to be commended. But when he attacks the Church why does he forget that principle, and with a mere assertion, or an oft-repeated sophistry, try to overthrow Christianity?

Mr. Hillquit says, "There are no authentic contemporaneous documents bearing on the rise of Christianity." Mr. Hillquit is mistaken. Four well-known historians, whose writings are authentic, have quite a little to say on the subject. They are Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. The Codex Vatican, The Codex Alexandrine, and the Codex Sinaitic, although more or less imperfect, can not be lost sight of by a mere assertion.

The pagan writers who gave some attention to the "Rise of Christianity" and who were certainly contemporaneous, are many. To be sure, they wrote to try to explain away Christ and the wonderful growth of Christianity; but the fact that they wrote at all disproves the statement that "there are no authentic contemporaneous documents bearing on the rise of Christianity." Among these documents may be mentioned the writings of Macrobius, Chalcidius, Josephus, Julian the Emperor, Phlegon, Celsus, Porphyry, Hierocles, and others. This brings us to the fourth century. From that time on, the contemporaneous writers on the "Rise of Christianity" are numberless.

Personally I do not believe the Church has any quarrel with Socialism for seeking to better the condition of the wage-earner and prevent any further centralization of wealth. She is opposed to Socialism because those teachings embrace much more than the downfall of the capitalist and the uplift of the employee.

The so-called "social unrest" has been brought about, for the most part, because both employer and employee have lost sight of the teachings and practises of Christianity. Atheism and religious bigotry and prejudice are the real causes of so much conflict between capital and labor; and I can not see, even after a careful reading of the debate, that Socialism tends to remove these causes. T. E. J.

Westhope, N. D.

FROM RELIGION TO SOCIALISM

Nobody can possibly have read the Ryan-Hillquit debate with more eagerness than I did. It was the magazine event of the year to me. Now, as I recall the debate from the beginning, I find the argument about Socialism and Religion most often in my thoughts. Whether this is so because Dr. Ryan seemed most ardent in his attack on this score, or because I personally became a Socialist through religious conviction, I can not yet decide. Or perhaps it remains especially in my mind because neither protagonist nor antagonist, to my way of thinking, mentioned the crux of that matter.

The crux seems to me not whether Socialists generally are irreligious, or whether the Catholic Church persecuted scientists in past ages; but whether Socialism weans people away from Religion.

If many comrades are indifferent or hostile to religion (by the way, *are* they indifferent to pure religion and undefiled, as St. James so lucidly defined it?), the question still remains, was it Socialism that made them so? How many were, perhaps, repelled by a lazy, by a worldly, by a sleepy church? By a friendliness for the cruelest and most unlovely aspects of Mammon, displayed among church members? If persons who had slipped away, from this or other reasons, out of the church of which they were once members, became Socialists after their church ties were broken, and found in our humaner hope and faith something better than an empty life, Socialism can not be charged with breaking those church ties.

Does Dr. Ryan, does Mr. Hillquit, think there are many who became Socialists while still members of a Christian or Jewish church, and then found their religion cooling and dying? For one such, five will be found, I think, whose religion is brightened and vitalized by the Socialist hope.

Three texts came again and again into my mind as I read the later instalments of the debate:

"Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not."

"And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold," and but they must hear

"The poor have the gospel preached to them."

SARAH N. CLEGHORN.

Manchester, Vermont.

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A *Guarantee* of Quality

ANONYMOUS Commodities? Did you ever hear of this before? Isn't it a delightful name for unbranded, untrademarked goods that carry no sense of responsibility with them? Isn't it a fully explanatory term? "Anonymous Commodities." It was used by William Hard in his brilliant article in the May EVERYBODY'S on "Better Business."

If you haven't yet read it, take our advice and lose no more time. If you *have* read it, go over it again. It is well worth the effort.

Mr. Hard starts out to show up the evils of price-cutting on standardized, trademarked, advertised goods. And in so doing he convincingly shows us why advertised, trademarked commodities are better, more consistently reliable and more uniform in quality than unnamed, unadvertised products—in short, than anonymous commodities.

The following is an apt illustration of the situation and the way Mr. Hard handles it:

> "Here's a coffee quite nameless, lying in a bin. Well, you can't hurt it, no matter *what* price you sell it at. And the Ultimate Consumer does actually buy it at thirty-eight cents, and goes her way, still highly pleased with herself. She doesn't know that it also sells at *twenty-five* cents a pound.
>
> "I mention thirty-eight cents and twenty-five cents out of real life. The Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor in New York City has been inquiring at length into retail prices. Here's a coffee shoveled out of a bin and taken to a certain store. There it sells at thirty-eight. It is shoveled out of that same bin and taken to a certain other store, *owned by the same firm*, and there it sells at twenty-five. Anonymous coffee.
>
> "And tea. Emerging from its sack, it travels to one store and sells at *thirty-five* cents a pound. Emerging from the same sack, it travels to another store, *owned by the same firm in the same city of New York*, and sells at *seventy*. *Anonymous* tea.
>
> "Happy anonymous commodities! The Ultimate Consumer buys them at one price here to-day and at another price there to-morrow, and all is merry as an Oriental bazaar. She can't remember anything against them because she can't remember *them*. She looks into their blank identical faces and there's nothing to remember them *by*. They can be sold to her at a score of different prices and she doesn't know it."

Of course she doesn't know it. How can she when there's no identifying mark by which she can recognize them?

On the other hand, when once a manufacturer

(*Read the rest of this on page 6*)

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Hamilton Watch

"The Railroad Timekeeper of America."

ALL considerations in watch buying radiate about accuracy as spokes about a hub.

Any jeweler will tell you this. Also that close time-keeping — second for second with Government Observatory time—is what sells the Hamilton Watch.

Accuracy is the thing everybody wants but that railroad men must have. That is why

Over one-half (56%) of the Railroad Men on American Railroads where Official Time Inspection is maintained carry the Hamilton Watch.

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It pictures and describes the various Hamilton models and gives interesting watch information.

There are twenty-five models of the Hamilton Watch. Every one has Hamilton quality and Hamilton accuracy. They range in price from $12.25 for movement only, up to the superb Hamilton masterpiece at $150.00.

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Engineer W. S. Gillette, of the B. & O. R. R., carries a Hamilton Watch. He is one of the thousands who have carried Hamiltons for years with perfect satisfaction.

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A *Guarantee* of Quality

advertises his name or brand, he practically says to *you:* "There's my signature. I guarantee the quality of my goods to you. If it isn't what I say, don't hesitate a minute. Come to me and I'll make good."

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It means *your* perpetual protection against doubt, mistake, fraud and inferiority.

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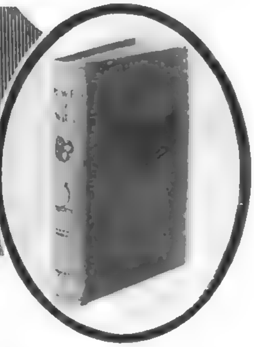
Over 20000 People Already Use This Book



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- Six Principles for Developing Will
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- How to Master Habit
- How to Master Anger
- The Law of Habit Cure
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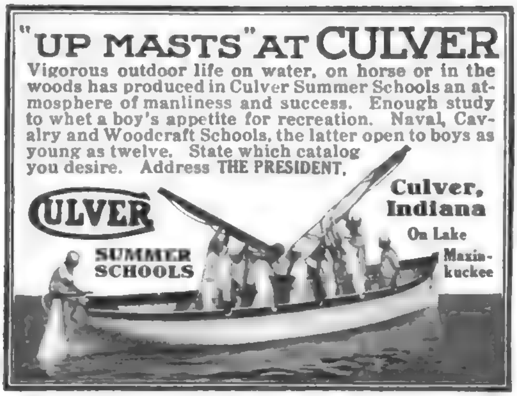
Camps and Summer Schools—New York Schools



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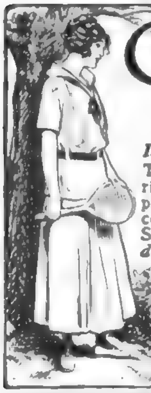

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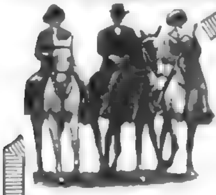

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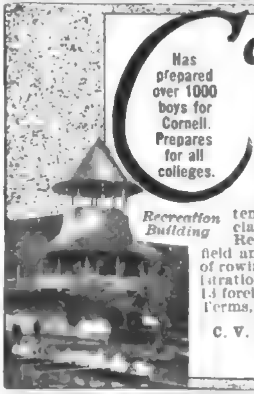

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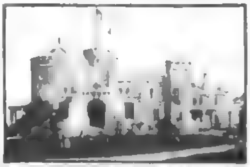

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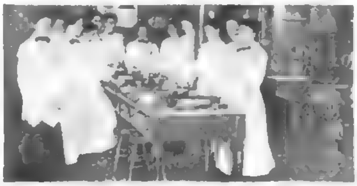

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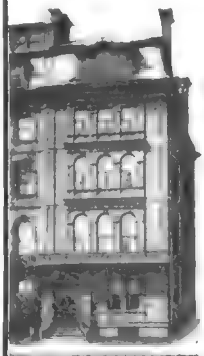

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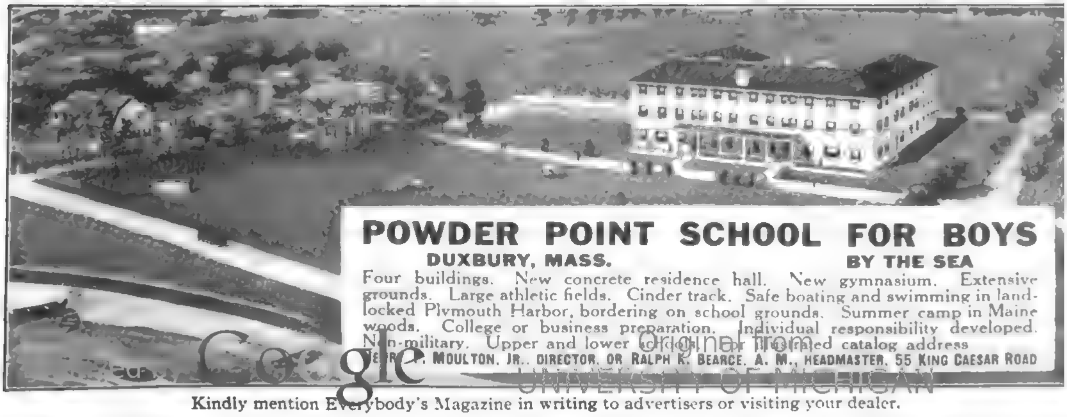

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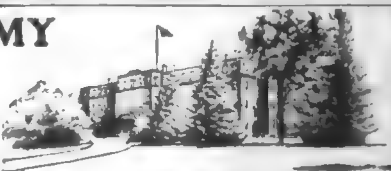

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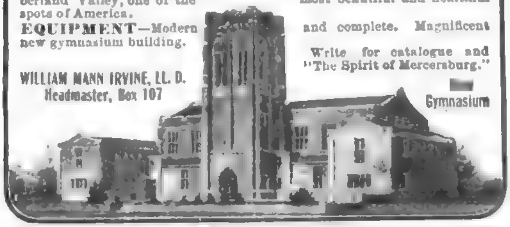

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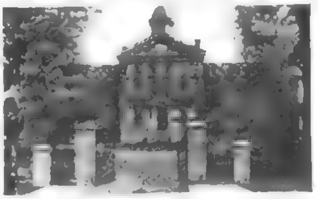

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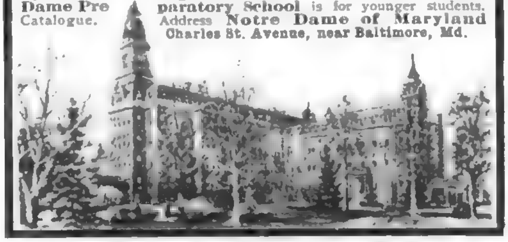

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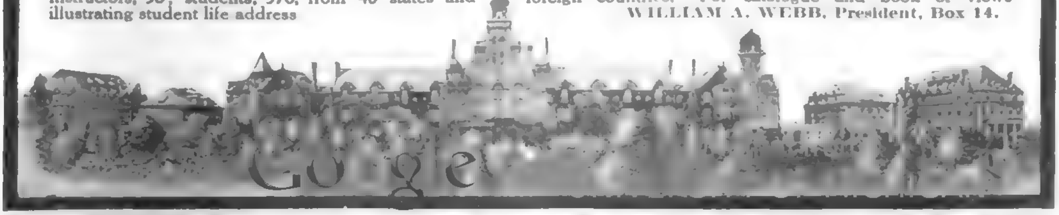

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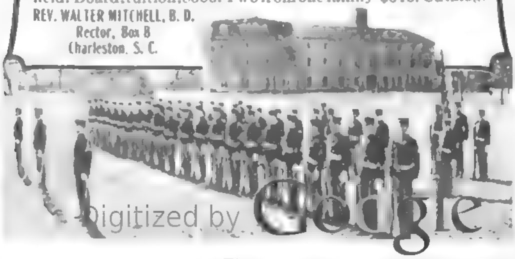

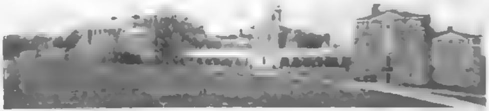

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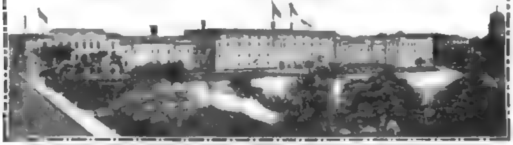

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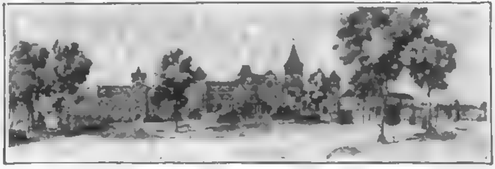

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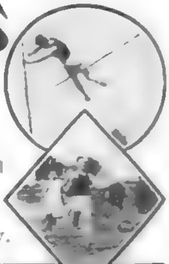

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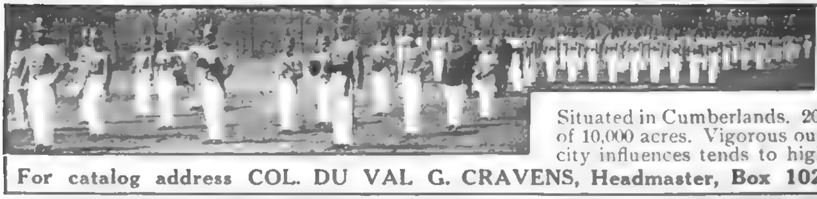

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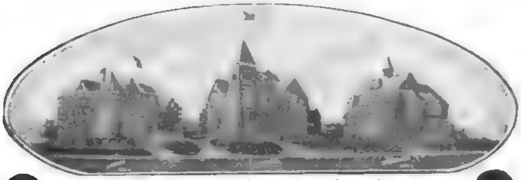

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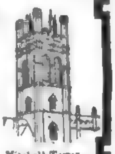

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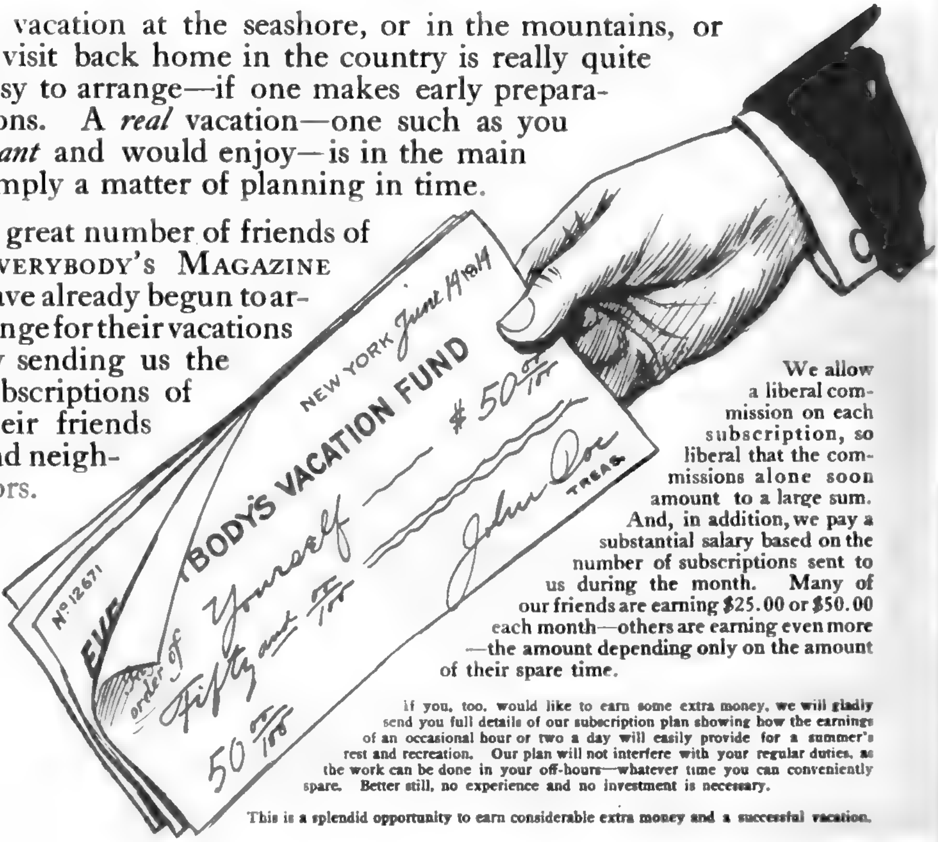

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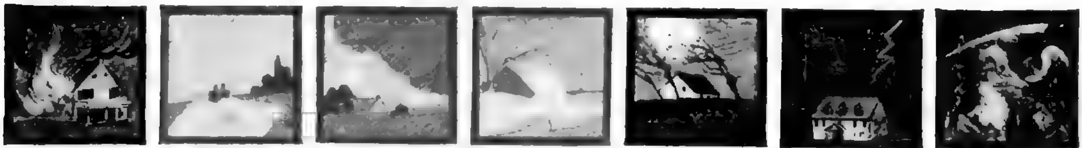

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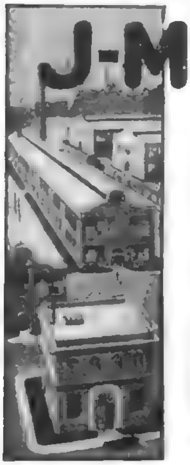

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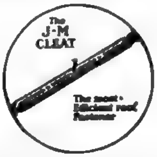
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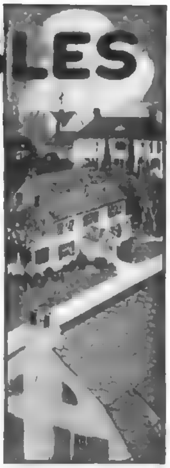

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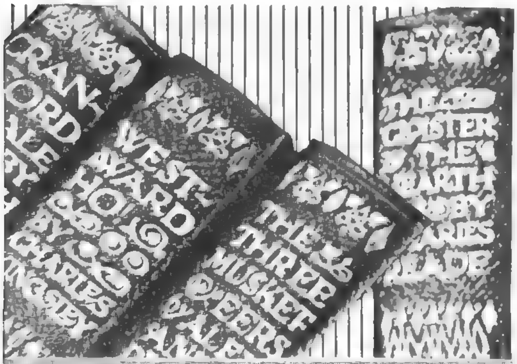

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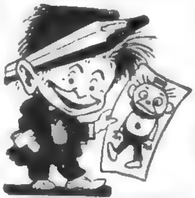

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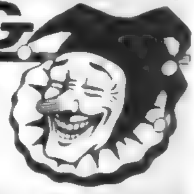

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We will teach you by correspondence the most fascinating and profitable profession in the world. Send for our beautiful prospectus. It's FREE.

PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL
Address either office } Dept. 620 Page Bldg., Chicago
Dept. 620 150 Nassau St., N. Y.

WHY NOT BE AN ARTIST?

OUR HANDSOME ART YEAR BOOK IS FREE TO YOU

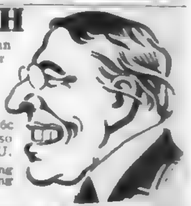
STUDY drawing at home under Expert Faculty. We have successful students in every part of the world. **Turn your Talent into money.** *Our Students are filling high salaried positions.* 14 years successful teaching. Endorsed by high authorities. 18 Courses in Commercial and Illustrative Drawing. Teachers' Normal and Applied Art. Profit or Culture.

Thoroughly Equipped Residence School

Artist's Outfit FREE to Enroled Students

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART, 752 Applied Art Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

COPY THIS SKETCH



and let me see what you can do with it. You can earn $20.00 to $125.00 or more per week, as illustrator or cartoonist. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years' successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you.

Send me your sketch of President Wilson with 6c in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

THE LANDON SCHOOL of Illustrating and Cartooning
1430 Schofield Building, Cleveland, O.

I WILL TEACH YOU LETTERING AND DESIGN

and guarantee to make you capable or money refunded. Signs, Show Cards, Poster Designing, etc., pay $100 to $300 a month. Competent graduates assured positions. No free stuff – no bargain offers. Write for booklet 25 and full information today.

The Rosing School of Lettering & Design
1900 Euclid Avenue **CLEVELAND**

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN

Can be learned quickly, easily and pleasantly at spare moments, in your own home. You hear the living voice of a native professor pronounce each word and phrase. In a surprisingly short time you can speak a new language by the

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD

combined with

ROSENTHAL'S PRACTICAL LINGUISTRY

Disc or Cylinder Records. Can be used on your own talking machine. Send for Particulars and Booklet.

The Language-Phone Method
[illegible] Putnam Building, 2 West 45th Street, N. Y.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

TYPEWRITING SPEED PAYS

"Trained Finger"
Touch Typewriting

This Beautiful and Instructive 48 Pg. Book Will be sent you FREE

It means an assured position—a BIG salary.

It lifts you above competition, makes your work easy, fills your pay-envelope. The one system that will make you *a genuine expert* is the *Tulloss Touch System*, the standard speed-method for 13 years. Entirely different from all others. So easy of mastery that *any one can learn it*. Will quickly double—TREBLE—your speed *AND INCOME*. How YOU—right now—using spare time only—can master this system, change from "sight" to "touch," from mediocre to expert,

Earn $25, $30 per week, AND UP

is told in full, with abundant proof, in big 48-page FREE book, just from the press, which describes this speed-developing method in detail. The *one system* that *scientifically* trains the fingers into *real efficiency*. Delicate, definite *gymnastic* exercises develop every finger every finger muscle—insure perfect accuracy, highest speed. This copyrighted system is never taught in business schools—you can learn it only direct from us. The book gives detailed information.

Every Finger Specially Trained!

STENOGRAPHERS: Stop merely marking time. Mediocre typewriting is keeping your salary down, and always will. Expert ability pays BIG! Be an expert yourself—demand the expert's salary. *Easily—at home*—without interference with regular work, you can master this great system — write 75 to 90 words per minute, absolutely free your work from errors, *add $12 to $20 to your present weekly salary.*

ALL TYPEWRITER USERS: Don't be satisfied with low-speed, inaccurate work. Learn to use *all* your fingers—to write as the pianist plays—*unconsciously*, without looking at the keys. Leave your mind free for thinking *what* to say. Save precious time—do better work. This great system, specifically designed for spare-time study, will quickly make you thoroughly efficient. Send for the facts today.

Write NOW for the Great Free Book

Make your start toward the better ability that will mean *a bigger income.* There is no expense—no obligation. Any typewriter user may have a copy absolutely free. Send for yours today.

The TULLOSS SCHOOL of TOUCH TYPEWRITING
1466 College Hill, Established 1901 Springfield, Ohio

READ THESE STATEMENTS

"Quickly brought my salary up from $10 per week to $[illegible]."
Oscar B. Hunter

"Now write 80 to 90 words per minute. Salary increased from $70 per month to $150."
A. H. Gardiner

"Took me from 30 words per minute to 80 and over. Salary from $900 a year to $1800."
Richard Clarke

These are but sample statements. Complete letters from these students and *scores of others who have done as well or better*, are to be found in the free book.

Dr. Esenwein

Short-Story Writing

A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the **Short-Story**, taught by **Dr. J. Berg Esenwein**, Editor Lippincott's Magazine. *Over one hundred Home Study Courses under Professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell and leading colleges.*

250-Page Catalog Free. Write Today
The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 348, Springfield, Mass.

CIVIL SERVICE

positions are in all parts of the country. Good pay, steady work, life positions, congenial surroundings, promotions on merit, short hours, annual vacation and sick leave with pay. Many thousands appointed yearly. Both sexes. No political pull. Nearly 300,000 classified positions. Common school education sufficient. Full information and questions used by the Civil Service Commission free.

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address, **Chicago Correspondence Schools, 956 Advertising Building, Chicago, Ill.**

Shorthand by Ear

The *TEACHING VOICE* and the *TYPEWRITER come to your home.*

Write for particulars: THE STENOPHONE SYSTEM,
Floor 7, New York Life Building, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

BECOME A NURSE

WE have trained thousands of women in their own homes to earn **$10** to **$25** a week as nurses. Our graduates number 7000—a record unequaled by any institution. Send for **"How I Became a Nurse"**—248 pages with actual experiences of Chautauqua Nurses. *Forty-eight illustrated lesson pages sent free to all inquirers.*

The Chautauqua School of Nursing
281 Main Street Thirteenth Year Jamestown, N. Y.

The Key to Success

Stop Forgetting

Prof. Henry Dickson, Principal

Increase Your Efficiency

The great secret of business and social success is the ability to remember. I can make your mind an infallible classified index from which you can *instantly* select thoughts, facts, figures, names, faces, arguments. I will enable you to *concentrate, develop self control, overcome self-consciousness, bashfulness, think on your feet* and intelligently address an audience without notes. My method is easy, clear, simple, infallible. It is not a theory, but scientific and practical, endorsed by such notables as Elbert Hubbard, Prof. Swing, etc. It is the result of 20 years experience in developing memories—over 50,000 students. I want to prove all I claim, so write today for copy of my book "How to Remember" FREE—also learn how to obtain FREE copy of my book "How To Speak in Public."

Dickson School of Memory, 758 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

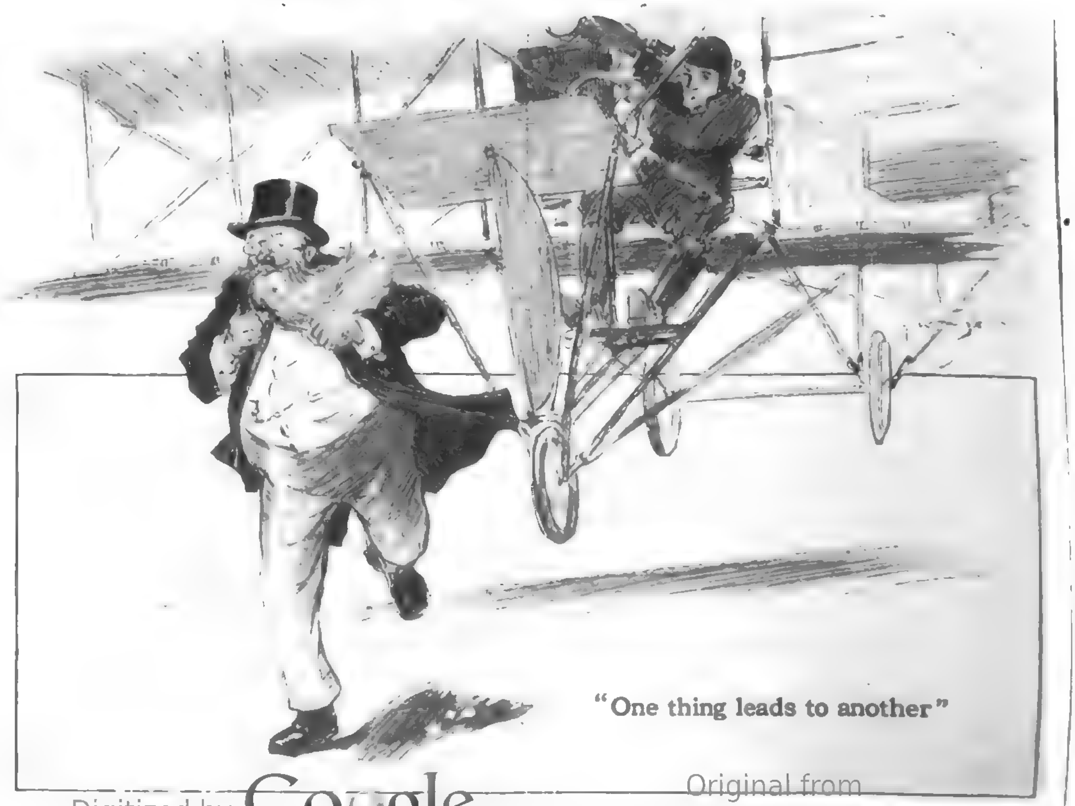
Everybody's Magazine for JULY

"THE BRICK WITH THE YELLOW STREAK"

by

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

Another of Chester's fascinating Fate series. In describing a wonderfully original story like this, it's hard to resist spilling adjectives all over the page. It's written so well. The plot is so intricate. The way the whole theme evolves, so delightfully plausible. One thing leads to another as naturally as going up a flight of steps. From the moment the boy shoots his piece of clay into the pit, you'll begin forgetting everything in life until you discover the tragic outcome of that innocent action.



"One thing leads to another"

"LIVING UP TO LETCHWOOD"

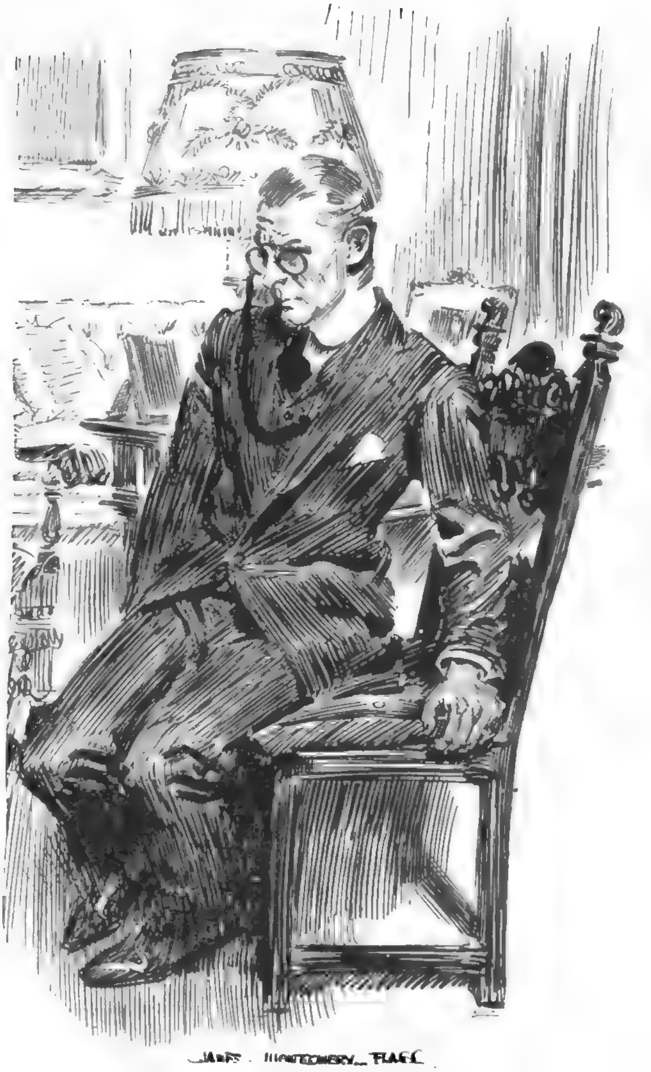
by

JULIAN STREET

Sextra! Sextra!

Don't—
don't—
don't

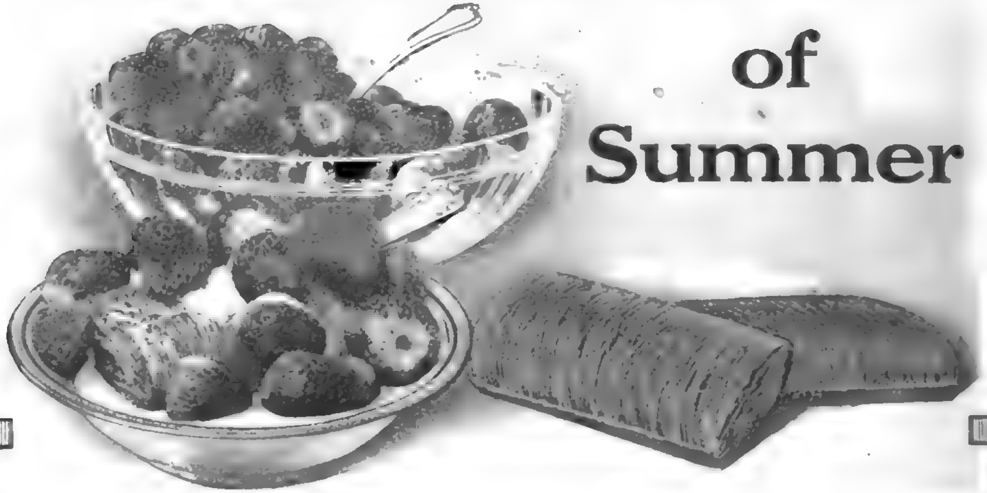
miss this delicious satire on the recent flood of erotic, sexotic, tommyrotic fiction we've all been surfeited with. EVERYBODY'S has gone on record in a serious editorial against this form of emotional measles. We also banged a broadside at it on one of our front covers. Now ridicule enters and ought to just about finish the good work. This story of Street's is one good long chuckle. It absolutely refuses to be taken seriously.



Everybody's Magazine

for
JULY

All the Sunshine of Summer



may be found in this delicious, wholesome, nourishing combination—the choicest product of Northern fields and the most luscious fruit of the American garden—

Shredded Wheat

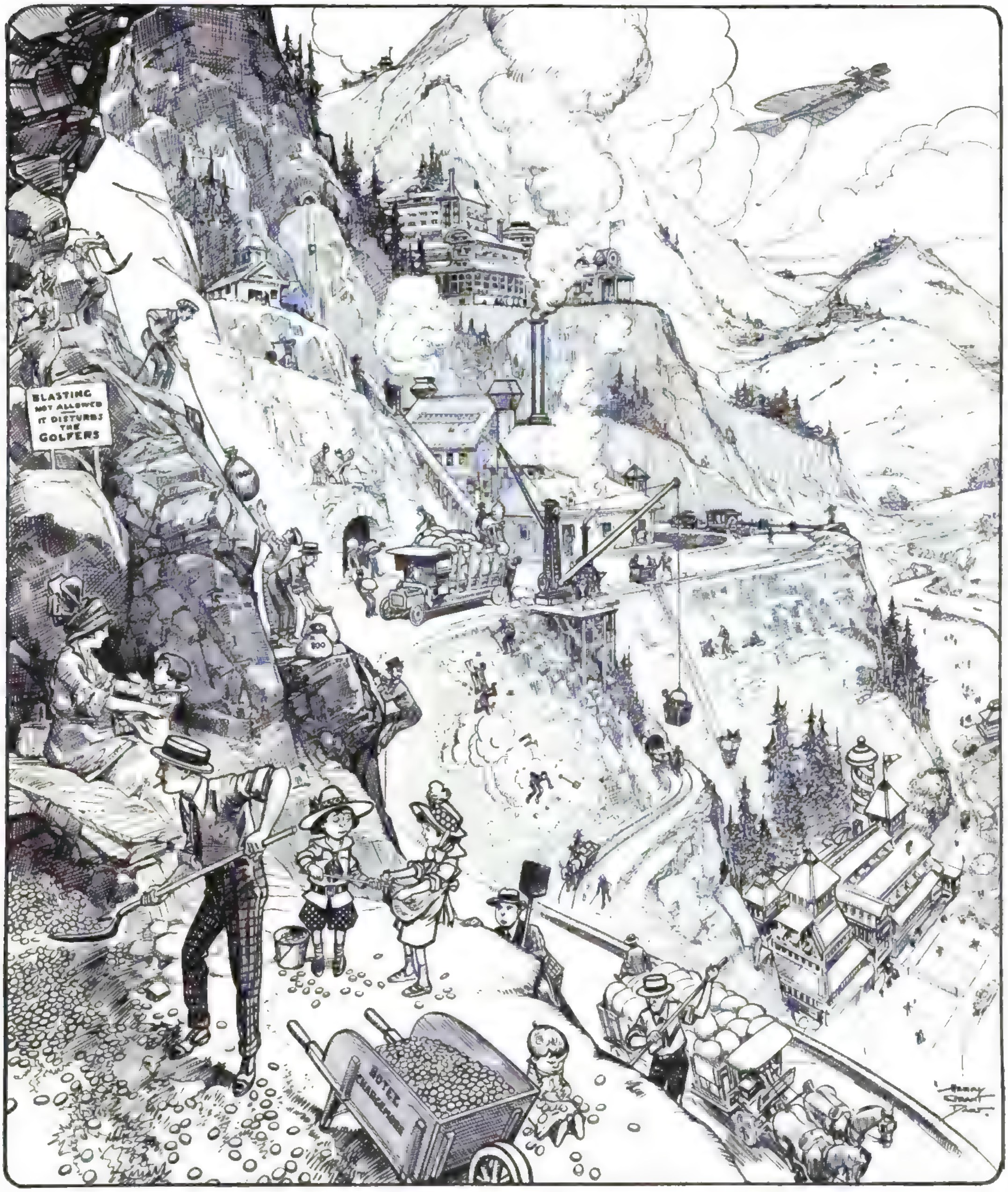
and Strawberries

an ideal dish for the warm days when the body craves relief from heavy foods. All the body-building elements in the whole wheat grain, steam-cooked, shredded and baked in crisp, golden-brown "little loaves." The only cereal breakfast food that combines naturally and deliciously with fruits, fresh or preserved. An easy solution of "the servant problem" as well as the problem of "the high cost of living."

Heat one or more Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness; then cover with berries or other fresh fruit; serve with milk or cream and sweeten to suit the taste. Better than soggy, white flour short-cake; contains no yeast, no baking powder, no fats and no chemicals of any kind—just the meat of the golden wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked.

"It's All in the Shreds"

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.

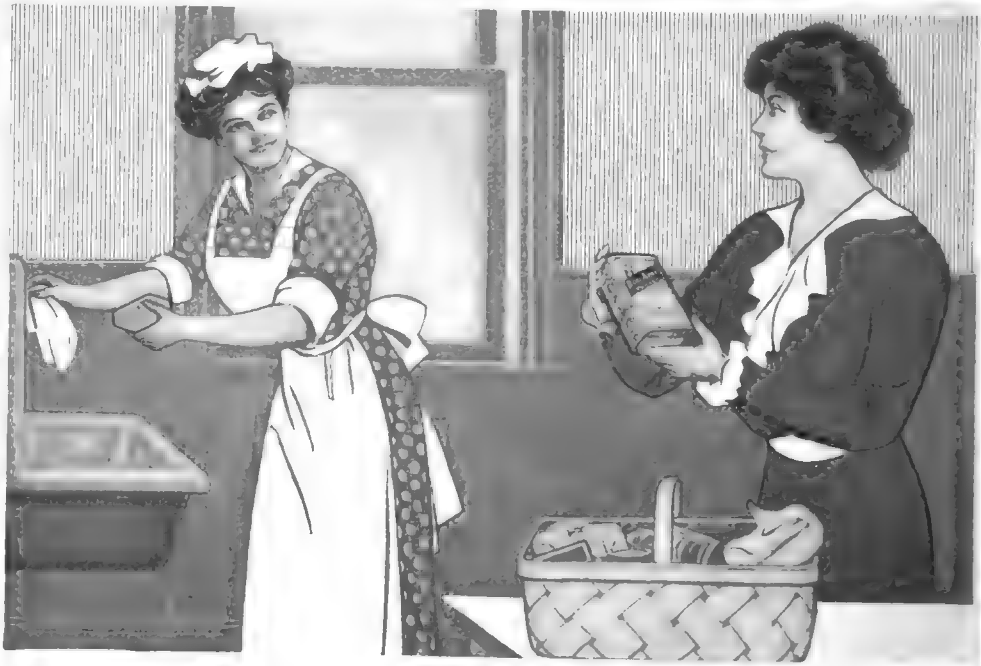

BLASTING NOT ALLOWED — IT DISTURBS THE GOLFERS
100
HOTEL
CARAVANSARY
Harry Grant Dart

EVERYBODY'S PICTORIAL GUIDE TO AMERICA

IN JUNE THE FROST COMES OUT OF THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS AND ENTERS THE HOTELS, AND THEN IS THE VERY BEST SEASON IN WHICH TO EXTRACT GOLD FROM THE ROCKS. MINING IN THIS REGION IS A REAL INDUSTRY, AS IS PROVED BY THE STAMP-REFINERY AND GOLD-BREAKER IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE OF THE PICTURE, BUT IT IS PURSUED ONLY BY TOURISTS.

IT IS QUITE THE CUSTOM FOR HOTEL GUESTS TO BUY PICKLES, MAKE UP LITTLE GOLDING-PARTIES, AND PASS PLEASANT HOURS IN THE PRETTY HILLS. THE MAN WITH HIS FAMILY, IN THE FOREGROUND, IS STOPPING AT THE LARGE CARAVANSARY AT THE FOOT OF THE ESCALATOR, AND HE HAS DUG UP ALMOST ENOUGH MONEY TO TIP THE HEAD WAITER AND PAY ONE WEEK'S BOARD.

TO-MORROW HE WILL COME AGAIN AND TRY TO GET ENOUGH MORE TO PAY THE HOTEL'S PROFESSIONAL TANGO-EXPERT TO TEACH HIM THE MAXIXE.—H. G. D.



"Here's the new Bon Ami Powder, Mary!"

Bon Ami

So far, about a million women have tried Bon Ami in the new powder form. Some of them like it better than the cake, others have decided to stick to their first love and a great many seem to have begun using both—the cake for some things and the powder for others. Some households, for instance, use the powder in the kitchen and the cake upstairs. Many women like the powder for the bath-tub, the oil-cloth cover of the kitchen table and for scrubbing out the sink. To have both kinds in the house costs no more in the end.

At any rate, everybody agrees that a powder which will not scratch is as wonderfully useful as a cake that will not scratch.

And Bon Ami is the *only* powder and the *only* cake which can be used on plate glass mirrors and windows and the softer metals like copper, nickel and aluminum, without danger of scratching. Use it for everything that shines.

"Like the chick that's newly hatched,
Bon Ami has never scratched."

THE BON AMI CO., NEW YORK

A Time Comes

when the recurrence of headache, indigestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, or symptoms of heart trouble leads one to look for a way out.

Coffee is a common, but often unsuspected cause of such troubles.

It contains the drug, *caffeine,* (about 2½ grains to the cup), the action of which tends to weaken normal functions, and leads to serious complications.

Thousands of people have found that the way out is to stop coffee and use

POSTUM

It looks like coffee and tastes much like high-grade Java, but is absolutely free from coffee; the drug, *caffeine;* or any other harmful substance.

Coffee is not a food, but a strong irritant. Postum is a pure food-drink containing nothing but the true nourishment from wheat and a small per cent. of molasses, of which it is made.

Postum now comes in two forms.

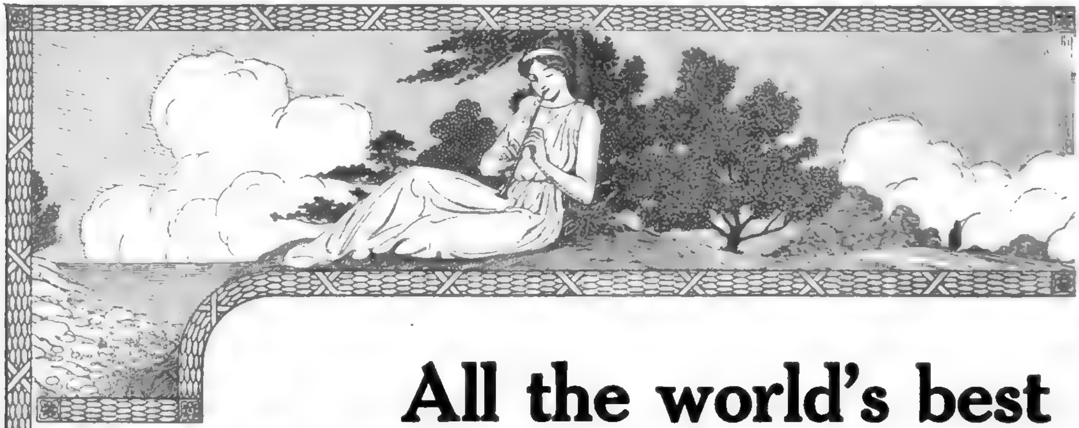
Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder. A teaspoonful stirred in a cup of hot water makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

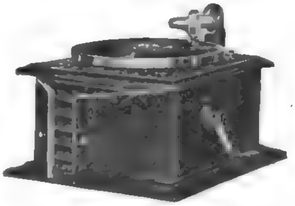
The cost per cup of both kind is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum

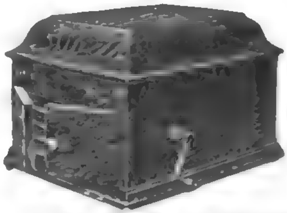
—sold by grocers.



All the world's best from you than



Victor-Victrola IV, $15
Oak



Victor-Victrola VIII, $40
Oak

Victor-Victrola XI, $100
Mahogany or oak

The world's best music, superbly rendered by the world's greatest artists—Caruso, Melba, Tetrazzini, Paderewski, Kubelik, Mischa Elman, Sousa, Pryor, Victor Herbert, Harry Lauder, Christie MacDonald, and Blanche Ring are a few of the famous artists intimately associated with the Victrola.

Its exquisite renditions are a source of cheerfulness and inspiration alike in the homes of wealth and prominence, in the homes of discriminating music lovers, in the homes of thousands upon thou-

Victor-

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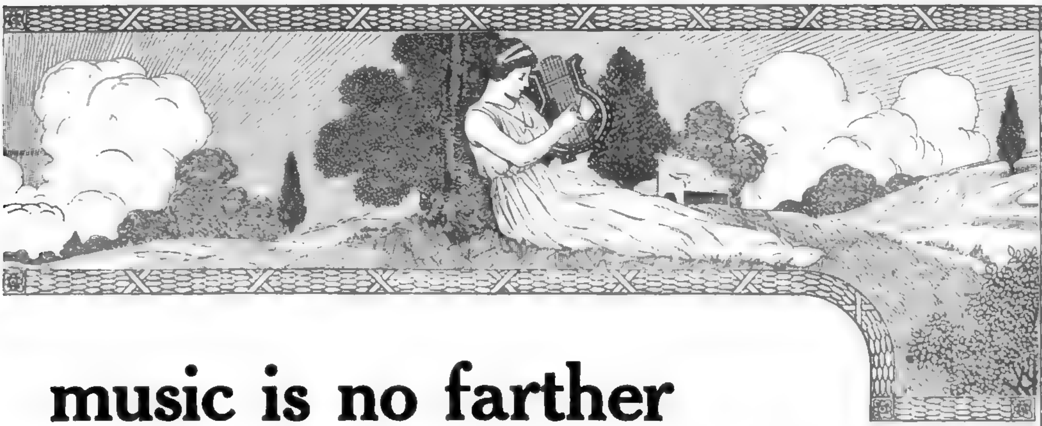


music is no farther the Victrola

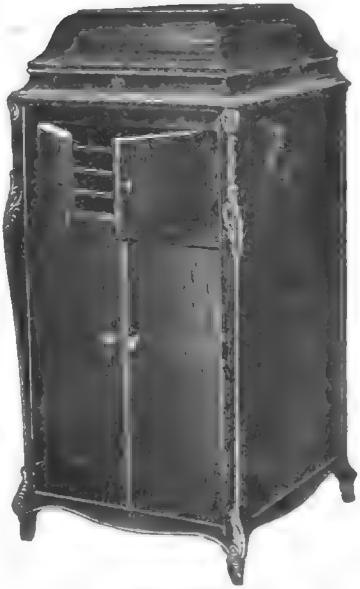
sands who can hear the best music in no other way.

Your home will be brighter under the charm of the Victrola's beautiful music, and it will be a constant delight to every member of your family.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $10 to $200, and any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate them to you.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors



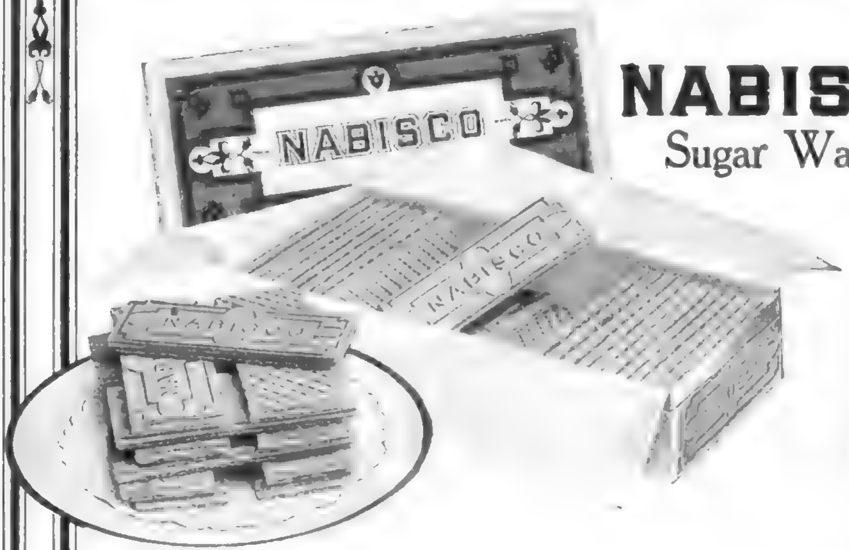
Victor-Victrola XVI, $200
Mahogany or oak

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Victor Steel Needles, 5 cents per 100; 50 cents per 1000
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)

Victrola

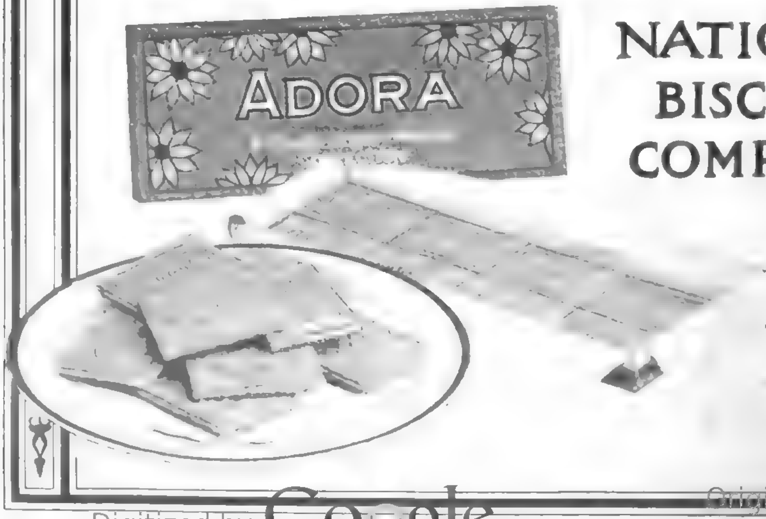


NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

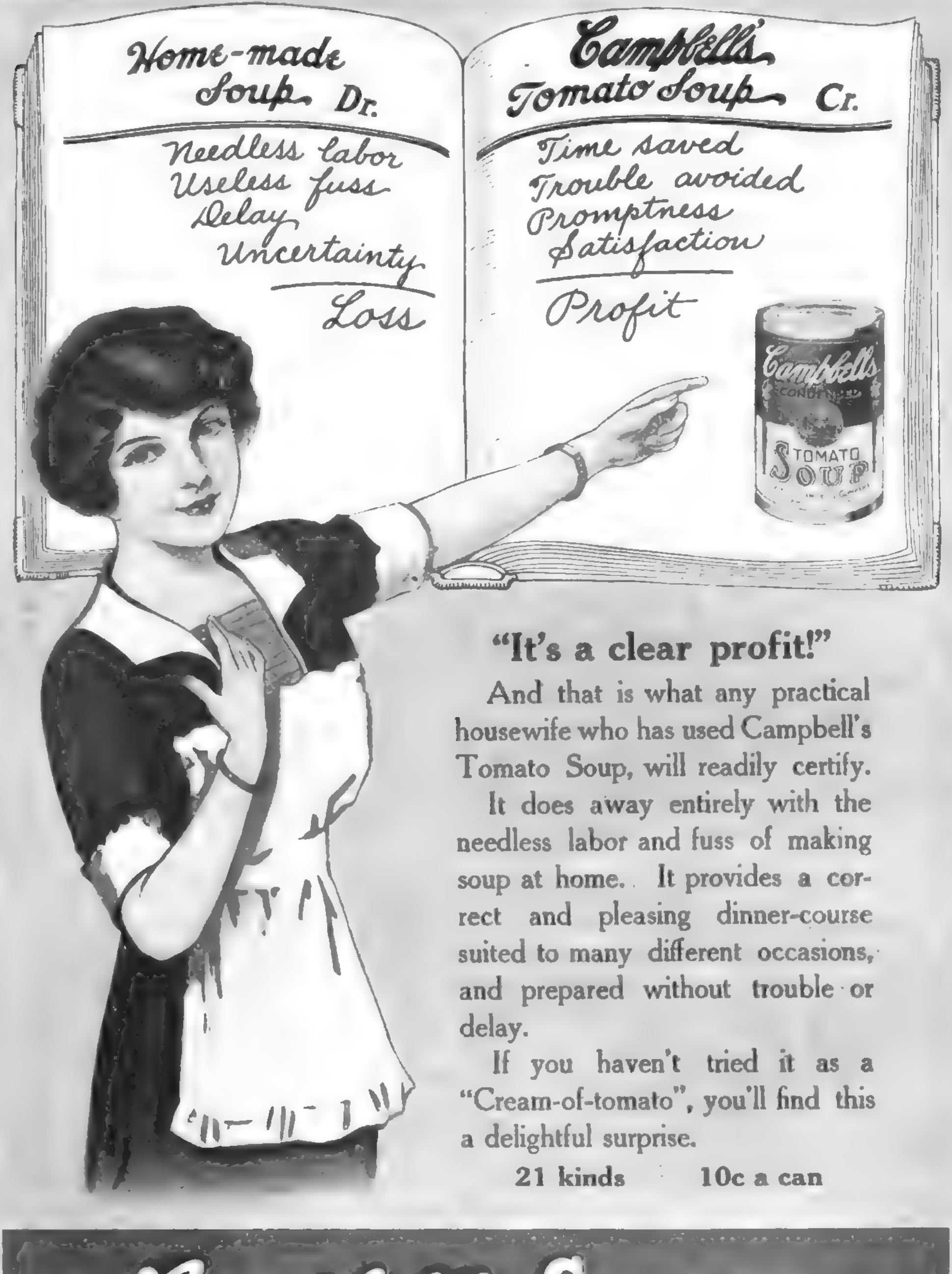
THESE incomparable sweets are the most universally popular of all dessert confections. Whether served at dinner, afternoon tea or any social gathering, Nabisco Sugar Wafers are equally delightful and appropriate. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA

Another dessert delight. Wafers of pleasing size and form with a bountiful confectionery filling. Another help to the hostess. In ten-cent tins.



**NATIONAL
BISCUIT
COMPANY**


Home-made Soup. Dr.
Needless labor
Useless fuss
Delay
Uncertainty
Loss
Campbell's Tomato Soup. Cr.
Time saved
Trouble avoided
Promptness
Satisfaction
Profit
Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP

"It's a clear profit!"

And that is what any practical housewife who has used Campbell's Tomato Soup, will readily certify.

It does away entirely with the needless labor and fuss of making soup at home. It provides a correct and pleasing dinner-course suited to many different occasions, and prepared without trouble or delay.

If you haven't tried it as a "Cream-of-tomato", you'll find this a delightful surprise.

21 kinds **10c a can**

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Resinol Soap

for natural skin beauty

Resinol Soap is not only unusually cleansing and softening, but its regular use gives to the skin and hair that *natural* beauty of perfect health which even the best of cosmetics can only imitate. Resinol Soap does this, too, without drawing one extra moment from the already overcrowded time of the woman of today.

The soothing, restoring influence that makes this possible is the *Resinol* which this soap contains and which physicians have prescribed for years in the care of skin and scalp troubles. This also makes Resinol Soap excellent for the delicate skin of infants and children.

Resinol Soap is not artificially colored, its rich brown being entirely due to the Resinol it contains. Twenty-five cents at all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a guestroom size trial cake, with a miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write to Dept. 11-G, Resinol Chemical Company, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Shaving Stick also contains the Resinol balsams, making it most agreeable to men with tender faces. A trial will be sent on request.

The more pleasant your vacation the more you'll need a

PREMO

A Premo will enable you to keep a picture record of the happiest incidents of vacation days and of all the days that follow.

Light, compact, simple and highly efficient, a Premo can be easily carried anywhere, and will make pictures for you with practically no effort on your part. There are some so small as to go into even a boy's pocket or a lady's hand-bag.

Premos load in daylight, they are fitted with tested lenses, fully accurate, reliable shutters, and are thoroughly dependable cameras in every respect. Prices range from $1.50 to $150.00.

Get the utmost from your vacation this year. Ask your dealer to show you the Premos.

Premo catalogue free at all dealers, or mailed direct on request.

Rochester Optical Division

Eastman Kodak Co. **Rochester, N. Y.**

Take a

KODAK

with you

Catalogue free at your dealers, or by mail.

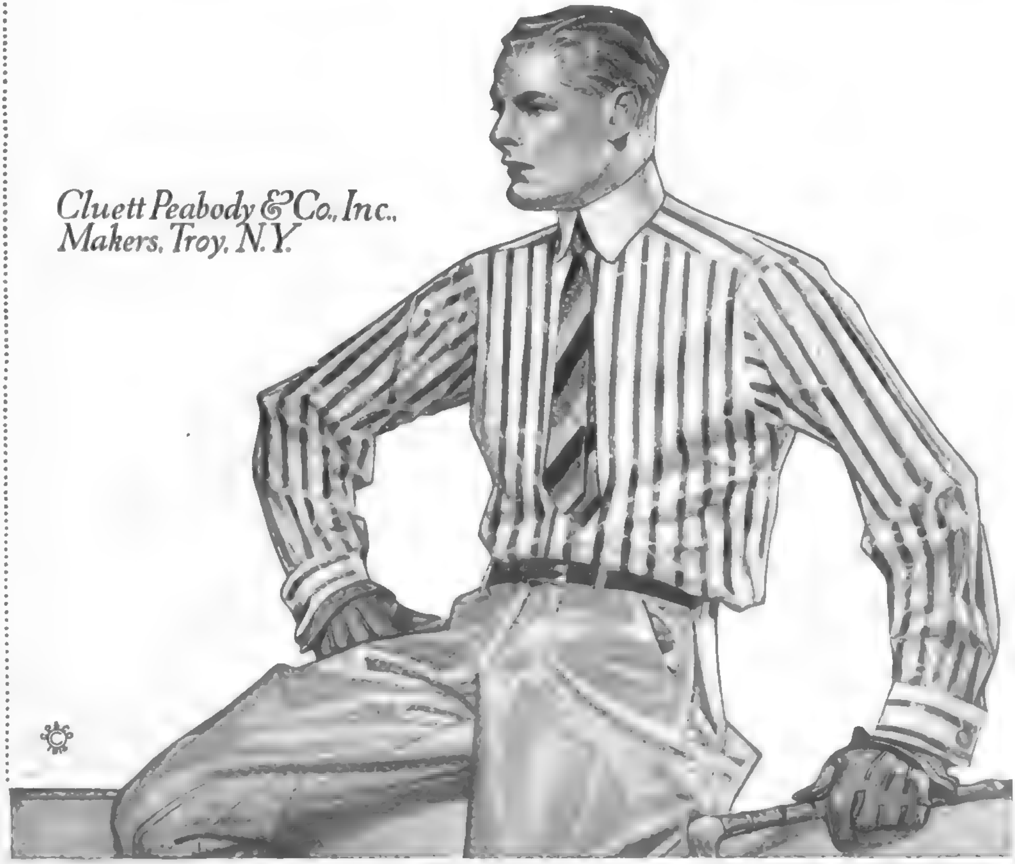
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

ARROW
SHIRTS

Silk—Exquisite colors and patterns in durable washable silks *$3.00 to $10.00*

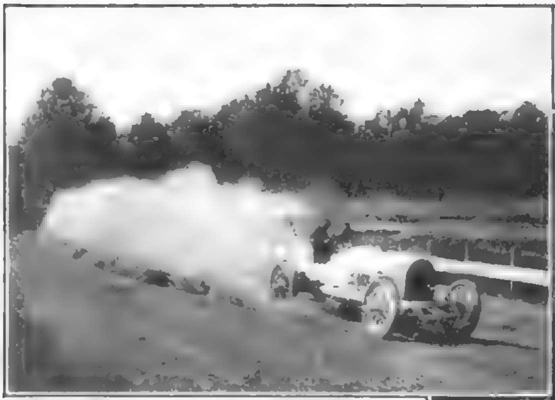
Madras and other desirable shirtings in specially attractive designs, in authentic styles suitable for town and country wear

$1.50, $2.00, $2.50 and up



Cluett Peabody & Co., Inc.,
Makers, Troy, N.Y.

GRAFLEX CAMERAS



THE 80-MILE-AN-HOUR MOTOR, REQUIRING A SHUTTER SPEED OF 1-1000 OF A SECOND

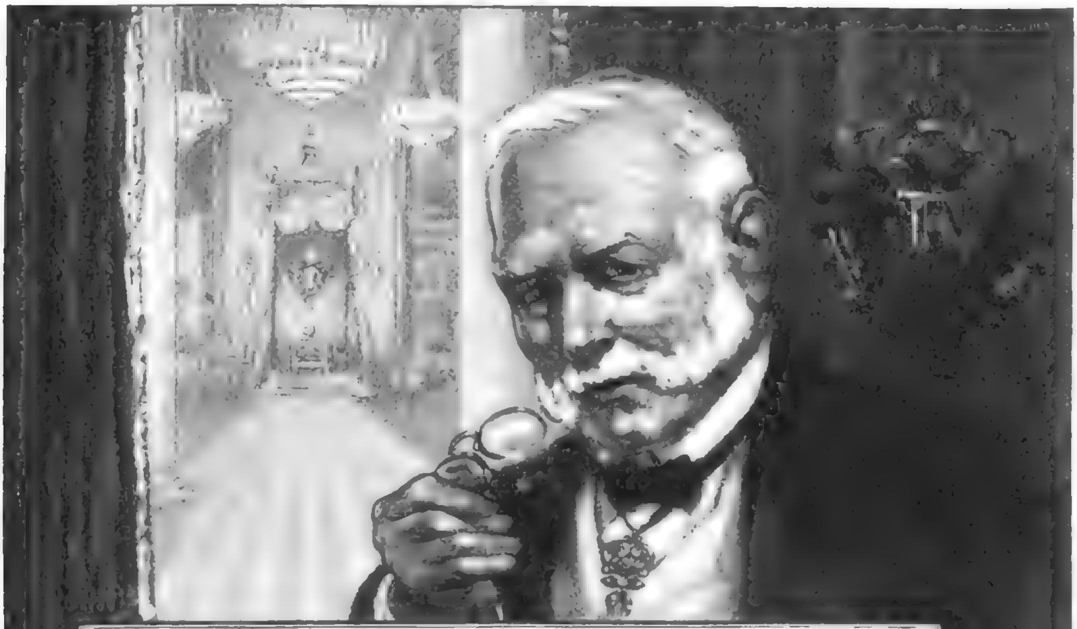
SNAP SHOTS INDOORS, IN THE SHADE OR ON CLOUDY DAYS

The Kind of Pictures You Can Make with a Graflex Camera

AND there is no uncertainty. When you look in the focusing hood you see the image, right side up, the size it will appear in the finished picture *up to the instant of exposure.* Finder and focusing scale are done away with. There is no necessity for estimating the distance between the camera and the subject.

If you will send us your name and address we will mail you our 64-page illustrated catalog, which tells all about GRAFLEX CAMERAS and how they work. Be sure to specify *Graflex Catalog.*

FOLMER & SCHWING DIVISION
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



If a King's Doctor told you to take Sanatogen—

you would be impressed—for you know that a King's Doctor must be a man of highest professional standing. You would take Sanatogen feeling confident that it would do the things promised; give you fresh vigor, fortify your system as no other tonic could.

Now it is a fact that the private physicians to seven Emperors and Kings, after personal observation of its effects, have endorsed Sanatogen in writing. (See, for instance, the accompanying letters of Dr. Ott and Dr. Kuhn.)

So you see a King's physician might recommend Sanatogen to *you*, if you could consult him —indeed there are over 19,000 practising who would tell you to take Sanatogen, because they all have written us of its wonderfully beneficent effect, of its power to strengthen the nerves, to help digestion, enrich the blood and generally uplift the system in a natural, lasting manner.

Such are the credentials of Sanatogen—they should, they must convince you that Sanatogen has a service to perform in *your* case.

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere in three sizes from $1.00 up.

Grand Prize International Congress of Medicine London, 1913

Dr. Ernest Ott,
Late King Edward's physician, Marienbad, writes:

"I have been using Sanatogen for a number of years in my practice with excellent results. These results have been notably good in the case of elderly people when it was desirable to build up the strength, to stimulate bodily functions, and to improve the circulation of the blood."

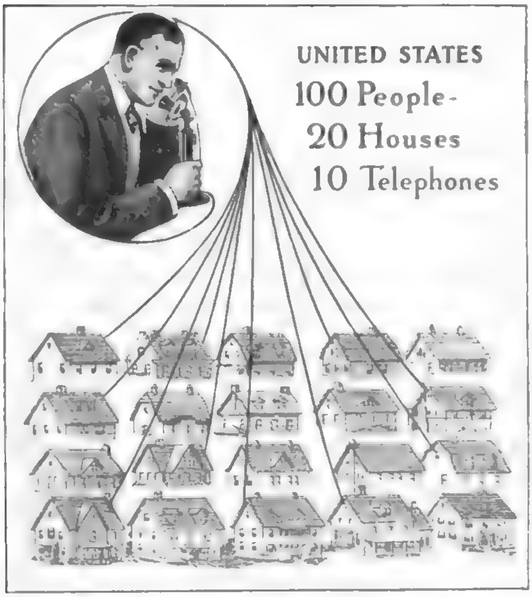
Dr. Conrad Kuhn,
Physician to the Court of H. I. M., the Emperor of Austria, writes:

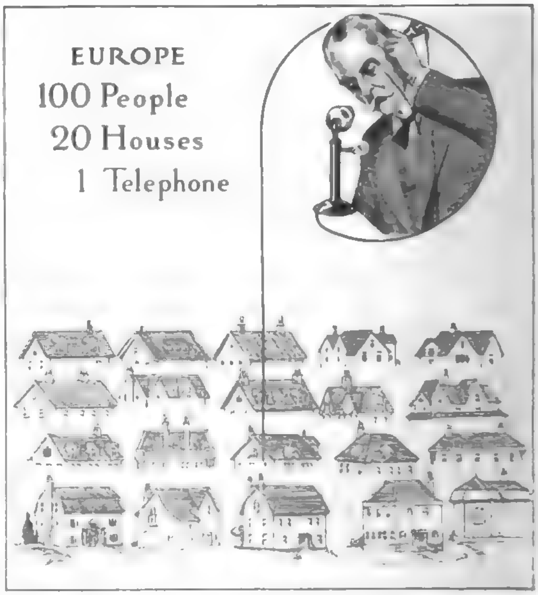
"I have had the very best results from Sanatogen in the treatment of frail, nervous children and patients suffering from wasting diseases."

SANATOGEN

ENDORSED BY OVER 19,000 PHYSICIANS

Send for Elbert Hubbard's new book—"Health in the Making." Written in his attractive manner and filled with his shrewd philosophy together with capital advice on Sanatogen, health and contentment. It is free Tear this off as a reminder to address THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., 30-V Irving Place, New York





Results Compared with Theories

Here we have:

Ten telephones for each hundred persons.

Nearly one rural telephone to every two farms.

Reasonable rates fitted to the various needs of the whole people.

Telephone exchanges open continuously day and night.

Policy—prompt service.

There they have:

One telephone for each hundred persons.

Practically no telephones on the farms.

Unreasonable rates arbitrarily made without regard to various needs of the whole people.

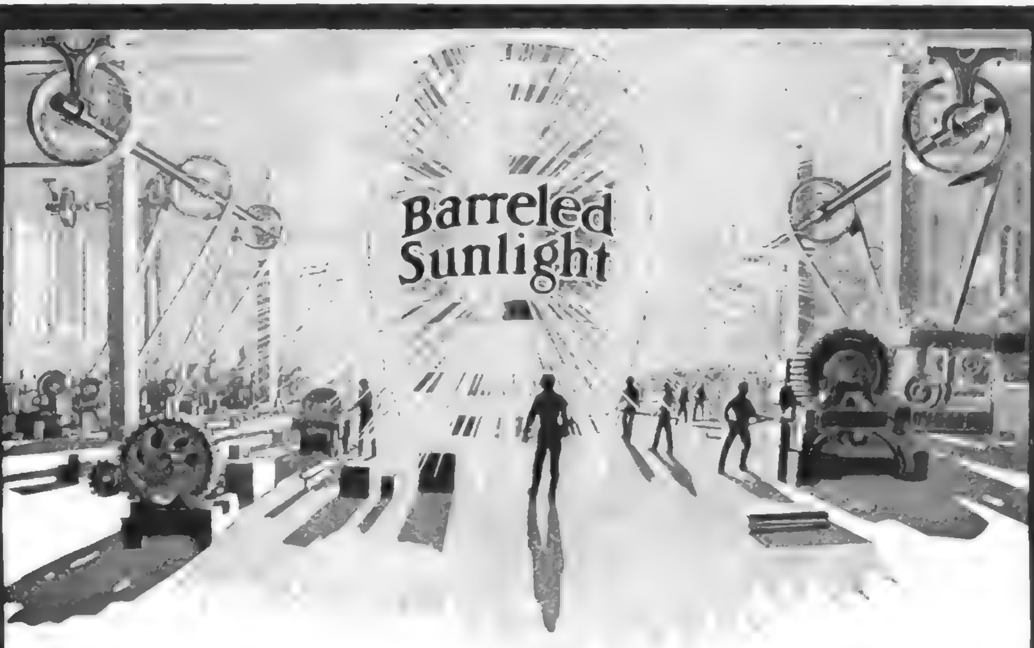
Telephone exchanges closed during lunch hour, nights and Sundays.

Policy—when your turn comes.

America's Telephones Lead the World with the Best Service at the Lowest Cost.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***



Fill your factory with sunshine

Buy it by the barrel and let it penetrate into every corner of your plant. It will give you 19 to 36 per cent. more light than you had before. It will lengthen your daylight day, cut down your lighting bills, improve sanitary conditions. Paint your ceilings and walls with

RICE'S MILL WHITE

The only oil paint (without varnish) giving a glossy, tile-like finish

It will fill your factory with sunshine. Its glossy surface will not absorb light or collect dirt, germs and odors like a flat paint. It can be washed like tile.

Rice's Mill White will not scale and require frequent renewals like a cold-water paint. It will not "alligator" and crack under the jar of machinery like a varnish paint. It flows easily under a 4" brush; two coats equal three of lead and oil. *It stays white longer than any other gloss paint.*

The Original Mill White

Rice's Mill White made a trade name of the words "Mill White." It has no substitute. None of its imitations has its elastic, permanent qualities. No other paint manufacturer can use the Rice process. Rice's Mill White for ten years has proved itself unequalled for illuminating power, sanitary qualities and low ultimate cost.

Rice's Mill White is sold direct from our factory, in barrels containing sufficient paint to cover 20,000 square feet, one coat. If you have that area of ceiling and wall space to cover.

Write for Booklet and Sample Board

Ask for our booklet, "More Light." Write today.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.

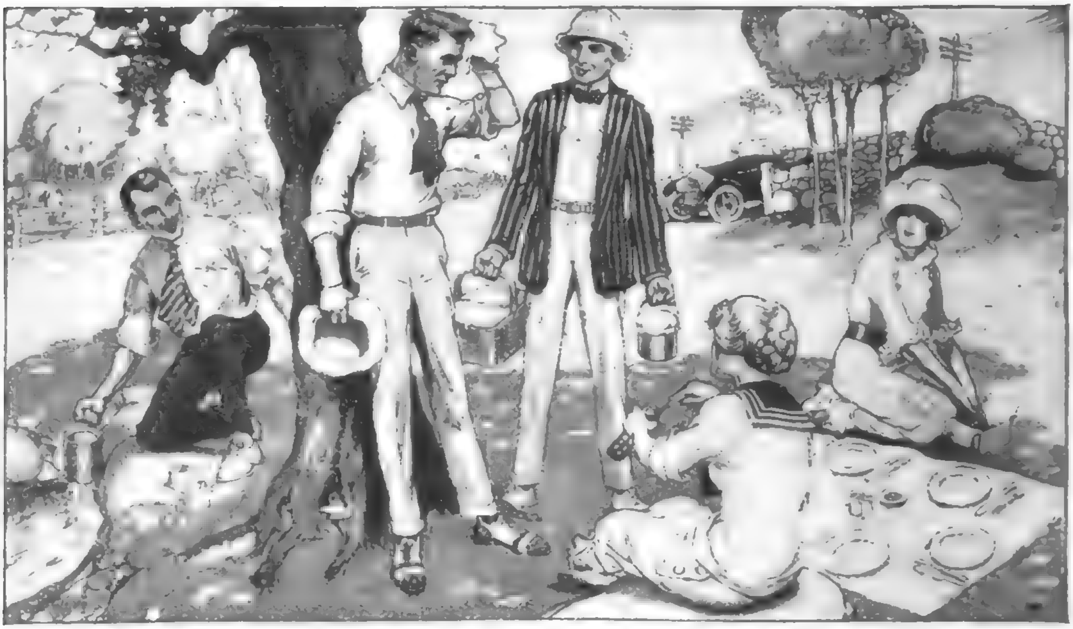
No. 17 Dudley Street Providence, R. I.

Rice's Granolith

A tough and elastic permanent finish for concrete walls. Becomes a part of the cement to which it is applied. One coat sufficient, unless a gloss is desired. Makes the best possible primer on inside concrete and brick for a second coat of Rice's Mill White Paint, giving a tile-like, enamel finish at no more expense than lead and oil paint.

For Concrete Surfaces

RICE'S
MILL WHITE
PAINT
Barreled Sunlight



When Is a Picnic No "Picnic"?—Without B.V.D.

WEAR B. V. D. all day and every day, in town or out. Stow *a few extra suits* into your bag or trunk "for good measure." They'll "come in mighty handy" for a change between sun-up and sun-down—after a tramp—after a dance—after brisk play at the nets or on the links. When you get home from the office in the evening and want to feel refreshed before dinner, cool off with a "shower" and a clean suit of B.V.D.

For your own welfare, fix the B.V.D. Red Woven Label in your mind and make the salesman *show* it to you. If he can't or won't, *walk out!* On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

The B. V. D. Company,
New York.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

The Smuggled Calabash

A Tale of Crime and Reparation

Jones of Philadelphia (not the Jones you know) had business in Detroit. Before returning he crossed over to Windsor with the fell notion of buying a swell calabash to bring back without paying duty. He got away with it, with much less trouble than he expected. But Jones was afflicted with a conscience. He was sorry before he got to Mansfield and it was a contrite Jones who left the train at Broad Street Station.

At home his wife made it worse. She said it sounded downright dishonest, and every time the postman rang she jumped with terror at the idea of Custom men, U. S. marshals, Federal prisons and things.

Poor Jones couldn't make that pipe taste right. He never enjoyed smoking it—got no pleasure out of it. He almost gave it away once, but instead he stuck a $5 bill in an envelope and sent it to the Detroit Custom House, hoping that would ease his conscience. He had no sooner mailed his letter than he found that he wanted to smoke. He felt for his tobacco but he had none, so he walked over to Harrison's desk and asked for a pipeful and got it from Harrison's tin.

He lighted up with trembling fingers. Would his conscience money spent make that beautiful pipe taste as it should—as he had longed for it to taste?

Oh, Joy! Oh, Bliss! Oh, Rapture! The pipe tasted glorious, the smoke was incomparable. He leaned back in his chair and sank into a reverie of pure pipe pleasure. Suddenly he roused himself.

"Harrison," he burst out, "would you believe it? Now that I have repented and paid Government the duty I cheated it out of in this pipe, it gives me the sweetest, nicest, slickest smoke I ever experienced."

And Harrison said, "Oh, forget it, you poor self-deceived man; that pipe got good because I gave you some Edgeworth—if you had started in smoking Edgeworth you would be ahead the $5 bill you just dropped down the mail chute."

Now the question is, Was it conscience or Edgeworth that made Jones begin to enjoy his pipe? We'll let you decide this by testing Edgeworth yourself, and we'll furnish free the tobacco for a thorough test.

If you will send us your address and your dealer's name on a post card we will postpay a sample package for you to try. We want you to try Edgeworth for the same reasons that you would want people to try any product that you had spent years in perfecting and that you made as well as you knew how. So send and get your sample.

Edgeworth is made from the finest Burley that grows on the ground and comes in two forms—Sliced Plug and Ready-Rubbed.

The retail price of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Sliced Plug is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

If you want the free package, write to Larus & Brother Co., 11 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen (10c size) carton by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA
HIGH GRADE
READY-RUBBED
MANUFACTURED BY
EDGEWORTH
PLUG SLICE
EDGEWORTH

Western Electric

The Wall Mark
of
Electrical
Quality

YOU have seen this name on the telephone in your home and office, in hotels and other public places, and on cable reels along the streets and highways.

The universal use of these telephones and cable has given international prominence to their makers, the Western Electric Company.

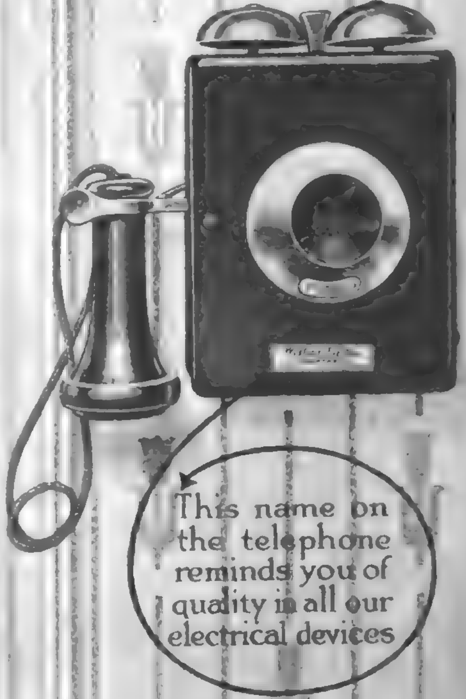
In every Bell telephone — 8,000,000 of them throughout the United States — you see the product of this company. Thousands more are used by other telephone companies and on private systems. Western Electric telephones are also standard on many of the foreign telephone lines.

But the scope of the Western Electric Company's activities goes even further.

The Western Electric Company furnishes equipment for every electrical need. Every article is protected by the prestige of the name and the guarantee of the maker.

Therefore, when you invest in a Western Electric vacuum cleaner, interphone, electric iron, toaster, warming pad, household motor, electric washing machine, or other Western Electric household helps, you may be assured that you have obtained the best procurable.

The booklet, "Western Electric Household Helps," describes all of these home utilities. A postal, asking for booklet No. 168-T will bring your copy.



This name on the telephone reminds you of quality in all our electrical devices

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 8,000,000 "Bell" Telephones

New York
Buffalo
Philadelphia
Boston
New Orleans
Atlanta
Richmond
Savannah
Cincinnati
Chicago
Milwaukee
Pittsburgh
Cleveland
St. Louis
Indianapolis
Minneapolis
St. Paul
Kansas City
Oklahoma City
Dallas
Houston
Denver
Omaha
Salt Lake City
Los Angeles
San Francisco
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Detroit

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

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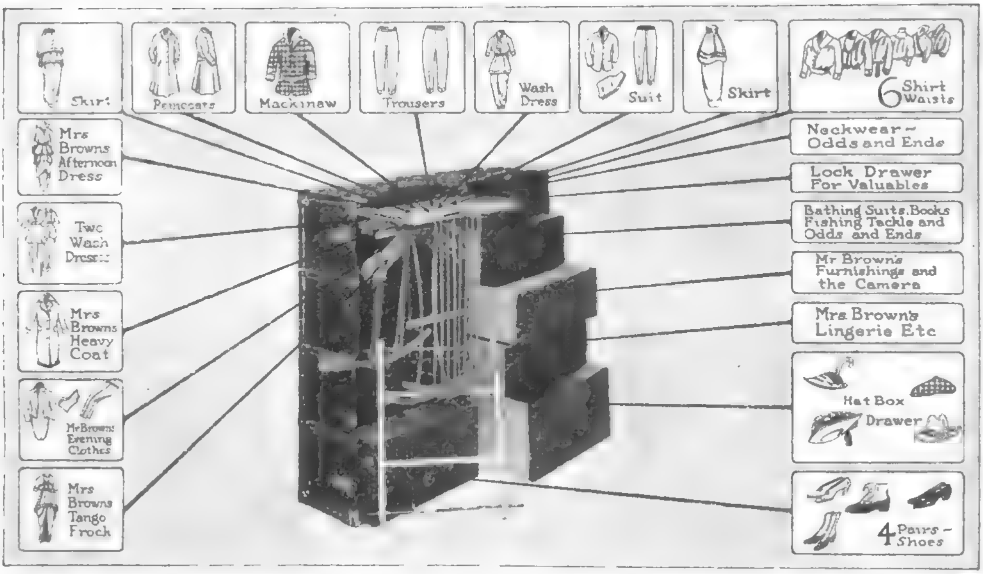

Skirt
Petticoats
Mackinaw
Trousers
Wash Dress
Suit
Skirt
6 Shirt Waists
Mrs Browns Afternoon Dress
Two Wash Dresses
Mrs Browns Heavy Coat
Mr Browns Evening Clothes
Mrs Browns Tango Frock
Neckwear – Odds and Ends
Lock Drawer For Valuables
Bathing Suits, Books Fishing Tackle and Odds and Ends
Mr Brown's Furnishings and the Camera
Mrs Brown's Lingerie Etc
Hat Box Drawer
4 Pairs – Shoes

How to Make a Good Vacation Better

(*and save $4.10 in the Bargain*)

Fan-tods!

You've had them. They come on the night before vacation. You gather up your things. You bring out your old-style trunk. You start to pack. You jam. You crowd. You squeeze. And still you have to lock up leaving out much you wished to take along.

That's the aggravation which brings on the fan-tods. In this summer of 1914 A. D. it is time you banished them.

The diagram above is conservative. It shows that a regular-size "Likly" Wardrobe Trunk will carry without crowding. Any "Likly" dealer will gladly demonstrate. Yet this trunk is no larger than your old one.

How can it hold so much! Because every square inch is planned out. Our strategy board attends to that.

And the saving! At the trip's end each garment comes out as unwrinkled as when you hung it in.

Now for some simple arithmetic. Suppose you took the clothes above in a regular trunk. Without doubt every garment would need pressing at the end of the trip.

Assume the moderate charge of 50c for each suit, heavy coat or gown, and 15c for each skirt or pair of trousers. Leaving out the two raincoats, 6 shirtwaists, and the mackinaw, your pressing bill would be $4.10.

Thus it takes only a few trips for a "Likly" Wardrobe Trunk to save its entire cost.

Do you wonder that we are now called upon to produce over 75 different models of "Likly" Wardrobe Trunks?

Besides the regular size, we produce extra deep wardrobes, small wardrobes and steamer wardrobes.

All come with our unqualified guarantee covering 5 years.

Every "Likly" Trunk foundation is of basswood. Strongly reinforced at each slamming point by "Likly" corner caps and angle protectors.

See "Likly" trunks in our catalog and at a nearby dealer's.

"Likly" Wardrobe Trunks are priced from $20.00 to $85.00. Other "Likly" Trunks, $5.25 to $32.00. Quality considered, you will find our prices as low as any one can make them and stay in business.

LIKLY

This brass trademark is on every piece of "Likly" luggage. It stands for 70 years of experience in producing the highest grade of luggage—**and a five year guarantee.**

The "Likly" catalog belongs with your time-tables and other travel information. Contains 128 pages. Describes the most varied line of luggage produced.

Send today for a copy.

Henry Likly & Company
Rochester, N. Y.

"LIKLY"

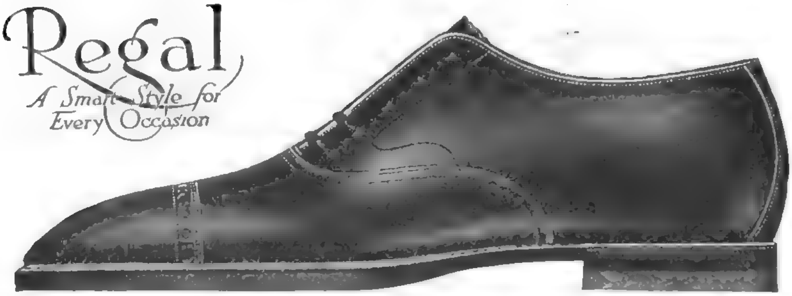
5 Yr GUARANTEED

LUGGAGE

Asks no favors of the baggage man

Regal

A Smart Style for Every Occasion



Exclusive Custom Styles
$4.00
and up

AT LAST—a stylish Rubber-Sole Oxford designed for street wear with all the *springy flexibility* of a Dancing Pump. You don't feel as though, "I'm wearing rubbers." The most comfortable, fashionable and durable shoe for *right-now wear* in city or country.

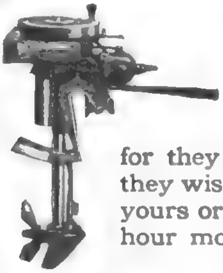
"RITZ" Rubber-Sole Black Oxford—$5

Black Gun-metal Calf; "custom" shaped last; long, receding toe; Black Para rubber sole and heel; leather welt and leather insert in heel; heel is extra wide and attached to the shoe without nails, thus avoiding jarring and scratching; admirable for street, sport, mountain or shore; won't slip on waxed floors. Also available in Russet Calf

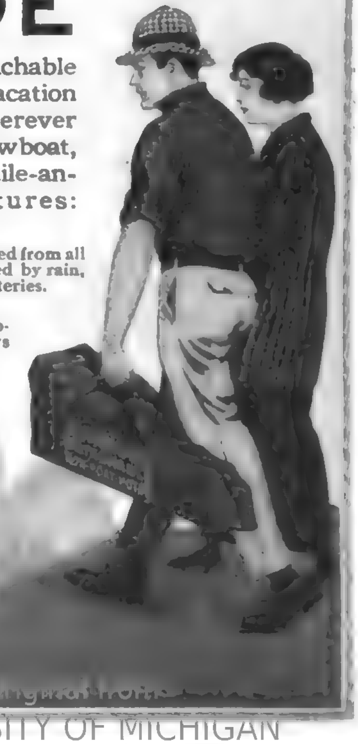
100 Exclusive Regal Shops and 900 Accredited Regal Agents. Summer Style Book Sent Free.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
276 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

EVINRUDE



Those who own an "Evinrude" Detachable Rowboat Motor enjoy an endless vacation for they carry their "Evinrude" with them wherever they wish to go. It clamps to the stern of any rowboat, yours or a rented one, and makes it an eight-mile-an-hour motorboat. Note these exclusive features:



Built-In Reversible Magneto

The Evinrude Magneto is built within the fly-wheel and in that manner is protected from all injury. It has no brushes, bearings or commutators to wear out and is not affected by rain, waves or even complete submersion. It saves carrying 15 or 20 pounds of batteries.

Maxim Silencer

We can now supply special Maxim Silencers for 1913 and 1914 "Evinrudes". The Silencer eliminates practically all noises. No similar motor can use the Maxim Silencer as it is an exclusive "Evinrude" feature.

Compensating Steering Device

The tiller is controlled by a shock-absorbing, Compensating Device which allows the tiller free range in either direction and permits steering without the exertion or strength which is necessary with a rudder.

The Roosevelt Expedition, the Stefansson Expedition and other important parties of explorers are using the "Evinrude". It is on sale at Sporting Goods and Hardware Dealers everywhere. Have you seen it?

Evinrude Magneto Motor, 2 H.P., $80. Evinrude Battery Motor, 2 H.P., $70.

Illustrated Catalog free upon request

EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY, 136 M St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Mfrs. Rowboat and Canoe Motors

BRANCHES:
San Francisco, . 423 Market St.
Jacksonville, Fla , . Main St.
New York, . 69 Cortlandt St.
Portland, Ore., 106 Fourth St.
Boston, ... 218 State St.
Savannah, Ga., Stiles Ave. and W. Gaston St.

Wherever You Go—

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Is Ready Where and When You Want It.

Writes with unequalled ease and lasts a lifetime. Cleanly to use and safe to carry. Pen points to suit every hand. Buy the genuine—the pen with the Spoon Feed.

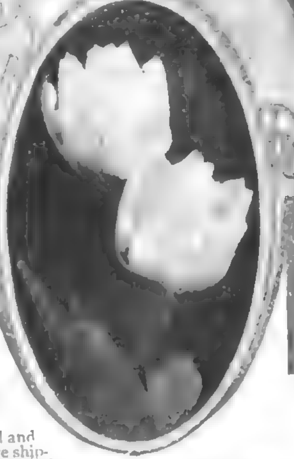
Sold at the Best Retail Stores.

$2.50 to $50.00

Illustrated Booklet sent on request, showing Self-Filling, Safety and Regular Types.

L. E. Waterman Company, 173 Broadway, New York
Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal, London, Paris

DUTCH BULBS



THERE is no more useful garden material than what are known as Dutch Bulbs, Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, Crocus, etc. They give for a small outlay of time and money an abundance of flowers in the house from December until April, and in the garden almost before the snow is off the ground in the spring until the middle of May.

From NOW until July 1st—NOT LATER

These bulbs are grown almost exclusively in Holland, and in enormous quantities, where they are sold at very low prices. Usually they pass through the hands of two dealers, and more than double in price, before reaching the retail buyer in America. By ordering from us **now instead of waiting until fall, you make a large saving in** cost, get a superior quality of Bulbs not usually to be obtained **at any price in this country, and have a much larger list of varieties to select from.**

Our orders are selected and packed in Holland, and are shipped to our customers immediately upon their arrival from Holland, perfectly fresh, and in the best possible condition.

If you wish to take advantage of our very **low prices,** we must have your order **not later than July 1st,** as we import Bulbs to order only. They need not be paid for **until after delivery nor taken if not of a satisfactory quality.** (References required from new customers.)

A FEW OF THE PRICES:

	Per 100	Per 500
Fine Mixed Hyacinths . . .	$3.40	$16.50
Fine Mixed Tulips	.70	3.25
Extra Fine Mixed Tulips . .	.90	4.25

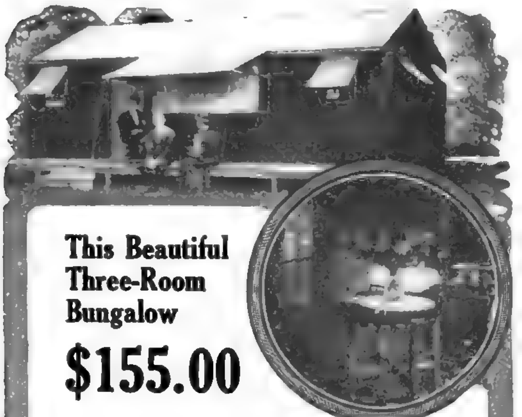
	Per 100	Per 500
Narcissus Poeticus	$ .80	$3.50
Double Daffodils	1.90	8.75
Narcissus Empress (Monster Bulbs)	3.00	13.50

	Per 100	Per 50
Narcissus Emperor (Monster Bulbs)	$3.00	$13.5
Narcissus Golden Spur	2.35	10.50
Spanish Iris, Splendid Mixture .	.55	2.0

For prices [illegible] smaller quantities, see

Our Import price-list, the most comprehensive [illegible] of Bulbs published, now ready and may be had for the asking.

ELLIOTT NURSERY, 346 4th Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.



This Beautiful Three-Room Bungalow

$155.00

It costs less than one season's rent to buy this beautiful three-room Take-Down House.

It has finished hardwood floors, frame of mission stained Washington Fir and rustless steel, perfectly transparent but unbreakable windows, rustless screens throughout, doors, awnings, chimney, ceiling partitions—it's a complete house. It's the

Kenyon Take-Down House

It is rainproof and windproof—a back to nature home without any inconveniences. Ready to ship now. Ready to live in the very day you get it. For sale in one large store in each important city.

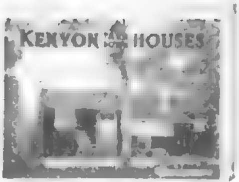
Kenyon Take-Down Houses have solved the Summer problem for thousands of families. Let it solve yours.

Big beautiful book showing Kenyon Take-Down Houses in many sizes at $55.00 and up, free on request. You'll find this book interesting.

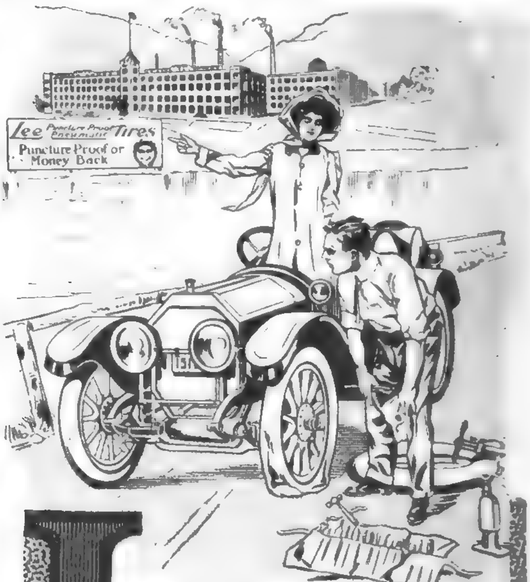
THE R. L. KENYON COMPANY
582 Albert Street Waukesha, Wis.

The Kenyon Pacific Company,
Market and Franklin Sts.,
San Francisco,
Distributors for California.

Colorado Tent and Awning Co.,
642 Lawrence St.,
Denver,
Distributors for Colorado.



Send for catalog today


Lee Puncture Proof Pneumatic Tires
Puncture Proof or Money Back

THE REMEDY
Painted for Lee Tire & Rubber Co. 1913.

Here is the Remedy for Tire Troubles

Thousands of users call

Lee PUNCTURE-PROOF OR MONEY BACK Pneumatic Tires

the tires that put the *sure* in plea*sure*.

Other tires may take you away on your trips, but it takes this *absolutely puncture-proof* equipment to bring you back without mishap.

Resilient as any regular tire—you ride on air, yet freed from all care, and all loss of time by punctures. *And you save inner tubes.* Sold under an absolute

Money-Back Guarantee

Every **Lee Puncture-Proof** must give you your full money's worth. Full mileage, and *no punctures*—or you get back every cent you paid for insurance against puncture.

Could anything be fairer?

Booklet "H," telling the whole story, sent free on request.

Shows also the new perfected

"ZIG-ZAG" TRADE MARK
Non-Skid Tread
"Master of Slippery Situations"

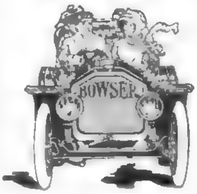
Write for this booklet today to

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

Sold in all leading cities. Look up "Lee Tires" in your telephone book.

VIM

KEEP IT IN YOUR GASOLENE



Get the Utmost Out of Your Car

When your gasolene "weakens" your car runs under protest. Then you must "push" the fuel—and "pushing" the fuel means pulling good dollars out of your pocket book.

To get the *most* and *best* from your gasolene, it should be kept underground. There it is safe from all weather changes. It can't leak, can't vaporize, can't be agitated, can't be mishandled, can't be endangered, can't lose any of its "punch". It holds and delivers *all* its power when stored in one of the

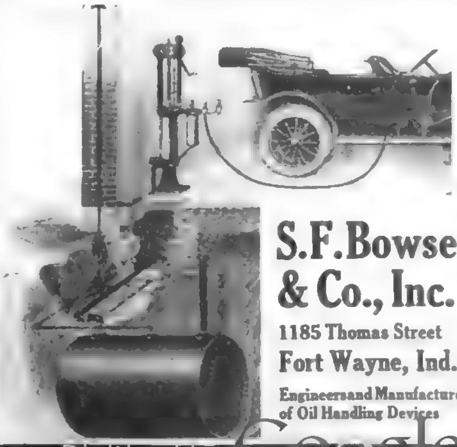
BOWSER ESTABLISHED 1885 **Underground Gasolene Storage Systems**

Pipes and pumps any distance into the garage in *exact predetermined quantities.* No waste, spillage, theft or loss without your knowing it. *No fire hazard.* There has never been a Bowser explosion. Bowser Systems come in any desired capacity, and are easy and economical to install. Bowser equipment also includes large tanks and floor cabinets for lubricating oil. Safe, economical, *money savers, efficiency compellers.*

Write for particulars of just the Bowser System for your garage—the ease—the convenience—the great saving—the utility—the added "VIM" to your gasolene.

In Stores and Factories

If you are a store keeper or power plant owner, write for book describing Bowser Systems—from simple store and factory outfits—to big centralized storage, filtering and circulating systems. No cost or obligation in learning how you can save oil and money the Bowser way. Write today.



S.F.Bowser & Co., Inc.
1185 Thomas Street
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Engineers and Manufacturers of Oil Handling Devices

"Weather Wore Me—Not Age!"

If you could sheathe your house in a vacuum it would last for thousands of years. Weather causes ninety-nine per cent. of house decay.

Rain seeps through defective paint, creeps under cracks and scales. Then your wood rots, your house value is lowered, the tone of the neighborhood, too. Finally, the repair bills come.

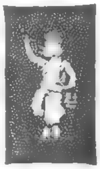
Dutch Boy White Lead

and Dutch Boy linseed oil will save you from paint disaster. They do not vacuum your house but they weatherproof every spot, fill up every crack, sink in every exposed wood pore and rivet on your house a protective film that defies all weather. Pure White Lead and Pure Linseed Oil make a reliable paint—any tint—and they *last.* Watch your painter mix it.

Write for Paint Adviser No. 45

A group of practical helps

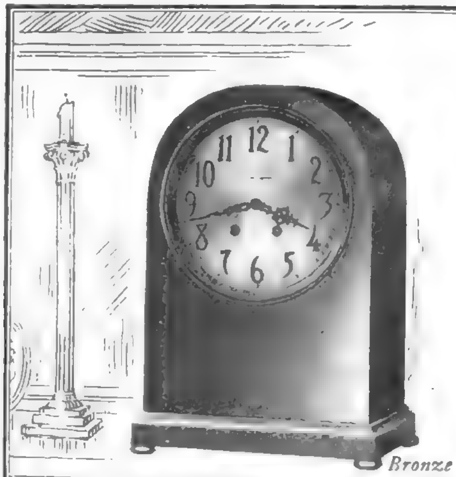
Sent FREE



Tells how to mix materials for any surface or weather condition; how to choose look-best and last-longest colors; how to estimate quantity of paint and probable cost; how to test paint for purity.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Cincinnati Cleveland
Buffalo Chicago San Francisco St. Louis
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia)
(National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh)



Bronze Doric Model

A Precise *and* Kindly Counsellor *in* the ordering *of* your life

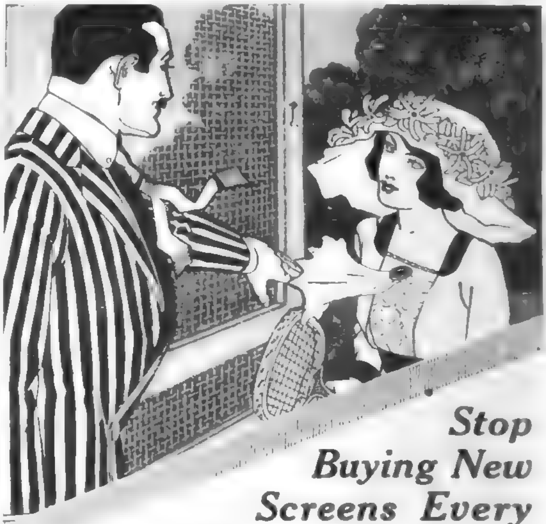
The Seth Thomas Bronze Doric measures the fleeting minutes with unwavering fidelity. Its simple design is representative of the attractive Doric type of architecture. Musical Westminster chimes, Westminster and Whittington chimes or a single Cathedral bell announce the hour divisions. The movement boasts the name Seth Thomas—a pledge of honest merit for a hundred years. Your jeweler will gladly show you the Bronze Doric and other

SETH THOMAS *Clocks*

They have been "for a century the national timekeepers," by reason of their long and able service in homes and public buildings throughout the country.

A booklet describing some of them will be sent to you upon request.

SETH THOMAS CLOCK CO.
15 Maiden Lane, New York City
Established 1813



Stop Buying New Screens Every Season Or So—

The Best Hardware Dealer in Your City Sells "PEARL"

"PEARL" Gives Permanent Protection

Just as long as you continue to use *painted* screens, you're going to have *trouble* and *expense*. Paint cracks off —*rust* sets in—*holes* result and new screens are necessary.

It's decidedly different when you use Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth—PEARL outwears by far any painted screen you've ever used. Its remarkable wear qualities are derived from a permanent metallic coating which is practically a part of the wire itself.

This same rust-proof metallic coating makes "PEARL" as *handsome* as painted screen is *ugly*. To justly judge PEARL you must have samples to compare with the screen you *have* been using. The smooth meshes of PEARL make it easy to keep clean and after a little exposure to the weather it turns to an 'invisible' gray which offers practically no obstruction to the vision.

This year—investigate PEARL before you buy—your only regret will be that you didn't learn of it sooner.

GILBERT & BENNETT
Pearl
WIRE CLOTH

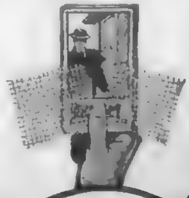
For Screening Porches, Windows and Doors

We make in addition to our Regular Grade of "PEARL" an Extra Heavy, Extra Strong Grade for door, window and porch use.

"PEARL" is made *only* by the Gilbert & Bennett Mfg. Co. Do not accept "galvanized" or any other material as a substitute. Insist upon seeing two Copper Wires in the selvage and a Round Tag bearing our name on each roll and you'll be *certain* of getting the *genuine* article.

The best hardware dealer in your city sells Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth and will gladly supply you.

Or—write our nearest office and we will send samples, literature and the dealer's name.

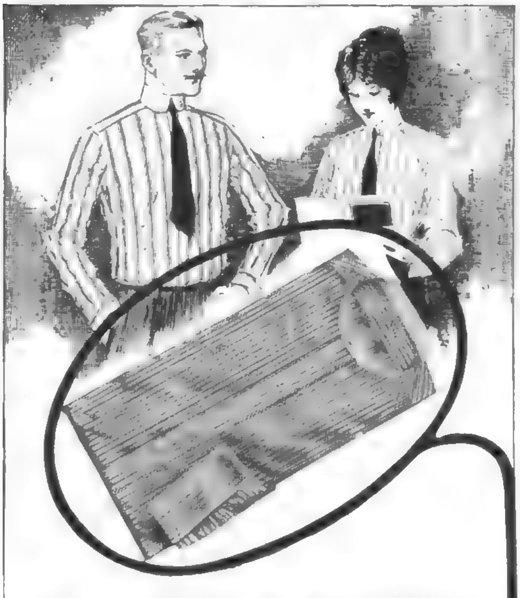


SAMPLES FREE

Write our nearest office

The Gilbert & Bennett Mfg. Co. *(Established 1818)*

Dept. J-106, 277 Broadway, New York
Dept. J-106, 38 So. Dearborn St., Chicago
Georgetown, Conn. Kansas City, Mo.



Acknowledged by the Discriminating as the Summer's Greatest Apparel Opportunity

3 MADE TO MEASURE SILK SHIRTS *For Men and Women* **$10.50**

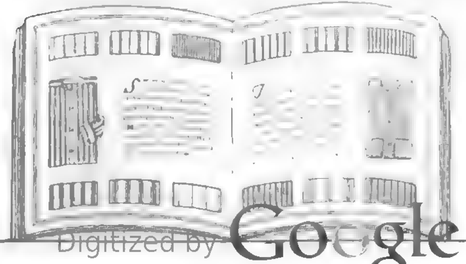
THREE exceptionally high-grade silk shirts, made strictly to your individual measurement from fine quality washable silks—for $10.50. Smart patterns, guaranteed fast colors, superb tailoring and correct style. A Fifth Avenue custom shirt-maker asks $10.00 for a single shirt. This is a great silk shirt season. Order your supply at once direct from the makers. Save the difference in price by purchasing direct from designer to wearer.

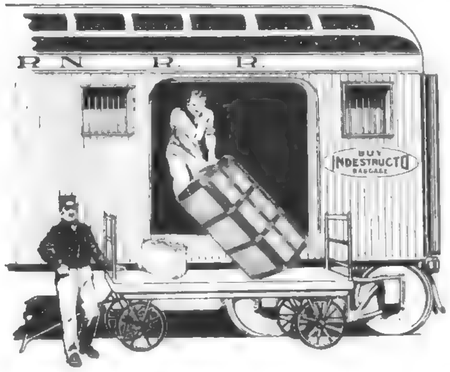
We do not hesitate to state that a silk shirt opportunity of this sort has never been offered to you before.

Our "How to Shop by Mail" catalog deserves instant attention. Write for it immediately It shows a great range of beautiful patterns in silk for shirts and pajamas for men and women, and night shirts and athletic underwear for men. It also contains full descriptions, correct illustrations and prices, and gives explicit directions for ordering.

W. A. LANIGAN CO. 51 East 42nd Street
New York
Suite 407

SILK APPAREL for Critical Men and Women





What kind of a trunk have you; will it last through your next trip?

If it is an Indestructo, you are sure that it will last for at least five years of the hardest kind of service you can give it.

That's our guarantee; five years trunk service, regardless of what happens or how far you travel.

But if you are going to buy a new trunk, what style have you in mind? Have you thought of a wardrobe trunk? A trunk that will enable you to keep your clothes hung up throughout the entire trip as smooth and wrinkleless as they are in your closet at home.

The choice of the right sort of a wardrobe trunk is most important when you consider the tremendous strain to which a wardrobe trunk is subjected.

Indestructo wardrobes embody the famous Indestructo construction and are the strongest wardrobe trunks made.

The box is made of six-ply hardwood veneer, strong as a safe. The interior is built to wear. The clothes hangers will not break.

For your own protection avoid wardrobes built to sell at a price.

Remember! You get what you pay for.

Every Indestructo wardrobe is made to wear indefinitely, and we guarantee five years of service.

If your trunk is lost or damaged of any cause whatsoever, we will replace or repair it free of charge.

If you want trunk service you will buy Indestructo

If you are after low price and the short life that goes with it, let Indestructo alone.

We believe we are morally responsible to our customers for every trunk we sell. Each article is exactly as we represent it.

Why not write today for the Indestructo catalogue.

National Veneer Products Co.
11 Beiger Street Mishawaka, Ind.

Go over in the corner

and have a good half hour's talk with yourself.

Where will you be next year? You have your mind set on a better job, haven't you? You want to earn more money, don't you? You want to make more of yourself, don't you?

Well, what are you going to do about it? Just *wishing* won't get you anywhere. The job you want requires a big man, a well-informed man, a **well-trained** man. Have *you* had the training?

Every month more than 400 men of all ages and occupations gain better positions, bigger pay, as a result of I. C. S. training. These men stopped *wishing*. They **acted.** They **marked the coupon!**

Mark the Coupon

No matter how little you earn, and regardless of your present situation or previous lack of opportunity, the I. C. S. can help **you. Mark the coupon today.**

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1269 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X:

Salesmanship
Electrical Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Telephone Expert
Architect
Building Contractor
Architectural Draftsman
Structural Engineer
Concrete Construction
Mechanical Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman
Civil Engineer
Mine Superintendent
Stationary Engineer
Plumbing and Steam Fit.
Gas Engines

Civil Service
Bookkeeping
Sten. and Typewriting
Window Trimming
Show-Card Writing
Lettering & Sign Painting
Advertising
Commercial Illustrating
Industrial Designing
Commercial Law
Automobile Running
English Branches
Poultry Farming
Teacher
Agriculture
Chemist

Spanish
French
German

Name ____________________

Present Employer ____________________

St. and No ____________________

City __________ *State* __________

LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe

The Elite—Velvet Calf—tan or black—Skeleton Lined for "keep cool" comfort.

READY TO WEAR. No "breaking in." There's comfort from the start if you wear Florsheims. High or low toe models — all made over "Natural Shape" lasts. Priced at $5 — and up to $7.

The Florsheim dealer will show you the season's correct styles.

Free on Request
"THE SIGN of CORRECT STYLES"

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE

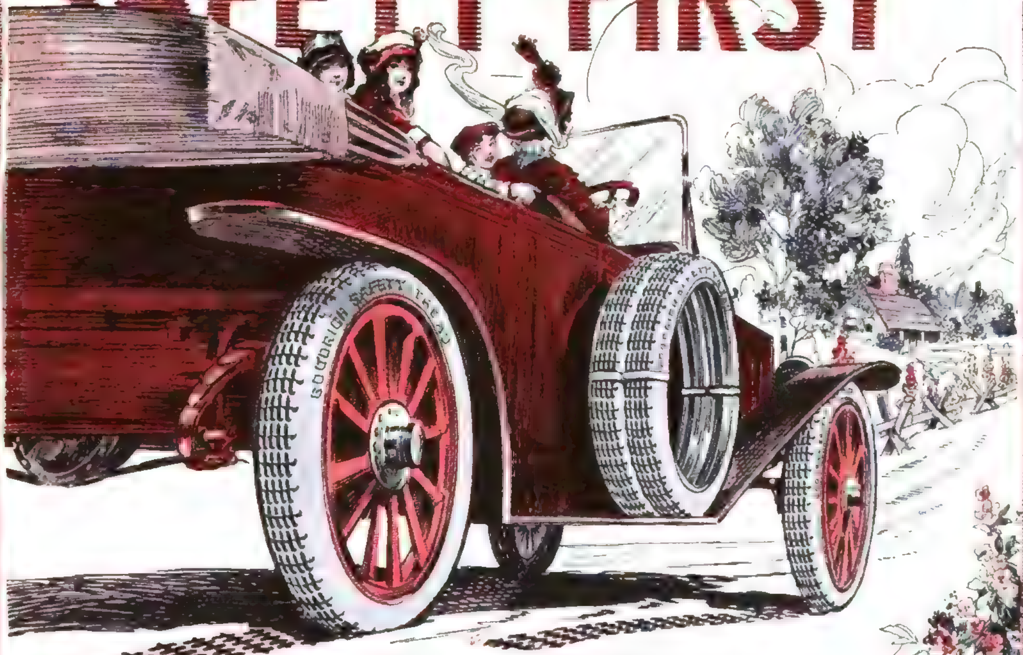
Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot=Ease, the **antiseptic powder for the feet.** It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, tender, nervous feet, and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Just the thing for Dancing parties and for Breaking in new shoes. Nothing rests the feet like Allen's Foot=Ease. **The Standard Remedy for the feet for a Quarter Century.** Allen's Foot=Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold everywhere 25 cts. **Do not accept any substitute.**

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address, **ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.**

SAFETY FIRST



When *"SHE"* Drives

Your first consideration is safety for her and the youngsters. Specify for your new car, or equip your present car with

Goodrich Safety Tread Tires

Best in the Long Run

Goodrich puts safety in the tread—sure-steering and sure-stopping on slippery streets and oozy roads—skid-stopping safety which makes the brake effective. Goodrich construction carries that safety principle through and through the tire.

There is no sound reason for your paying more than the Goodrich schedule for any high-grade tire:

Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices	Grey Inner Tube Prices	Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices	Grey Inner Tube Prices
30 x 3	$11.70	$12.65	$2.80	34 x 4½	$33.00	$35.00	$6.15
30 x 3½	15.75	17.00	3.50	35 x 4½	34.00	36.05	6.30
32 x 3½	16.75	18.10	3.70	36 x 4½	35.00	37.10	6.45
33 x 4	23.55	25.25	4.75	37 x 5	41.95	44.45	7.70
34 x 4	24.35	26.05	4.90	38 x 5½	54.00	57.30	8.35

Dealers almost everywhere have Goodrich Tires in stock or can get them for you from one of our branches or depots.

The B. F. Goodrich Company

Factories: Akron, Ohio **Branches in All Principal Cities**

There is nothing in Goodrich Advertising that isn't in Goodrich Goods

The Orchid of Sweets

The rarity and costliness of orchids add to their fascination, but if they were as common as carnations their perfection of beauty would still make them the most prized of flowers.

Huyler's

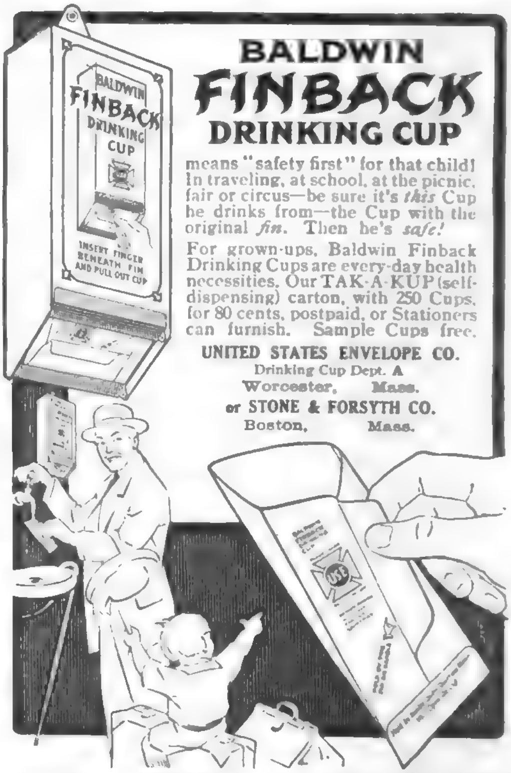
Bonbons Chocolates

are the most prized of sweets, not because rarest, or costliest, but because of their perfection of flavor. If only a hundred boxes a day were made they would be priceless.

The luxury of Huyler's may be enjoyed no matter where you live, because Huyler's Bonbons and Chocolates and many other sweet things from Huyler's are sold by Huyler's sales agents (leading druggists everywhere) in the United States and Canada. If there should be no sales agent near you, write us.

Huyler's 64 Irving Place, New York
Frank DeK. Huyler, President

Ask for Huyler's Cocoa and Huyler's Baking Chocolate at your grocer's


BALDWIN
FINBACK
DRINKING
CUP
INSERT FINGER BENEATH FIN AND PULL OUT CUP

BALDWIN FINBACK DRINKING CUP

means "safety first" for that child! In traveling, at school, at the picnic, fair or circus—be sure it's *this* Cup he drinks from—the Cup with the original *fin*. Then he's *safe!*

For grown-ups, Baldwin Finback Drinking Cups are every-day health necessities. Our TAK-A-KUP (self-dispensing) carton, with 250 Cups, for 80 cents, postpaid, or Stationers can furnish. Sample Cups free.

UNITED STATES ENVELOPE CO.
Drinking Cup Dept. A
Worcester, Mass.
or **STONE & FORSYTH CO.**
Boston, Mass.

Blooker's Cocoa

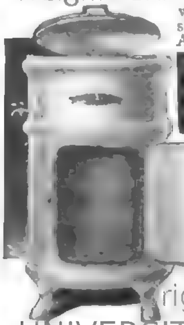
Drink it because "it tastes fine." Blooker's has the richest real "cocoa-taste" you've ever tasted. Drink it for your body's sake, too—for the quick nourishment it gives. Only boiling water needed. And a bit of cold milk or cream if you desire, and a lump of sugar.

Free sample postpaid—address Dept. K

Sold by all Good Grocers

46 Hudson Street New York

30 Days
Free Trial—
Freight Paid

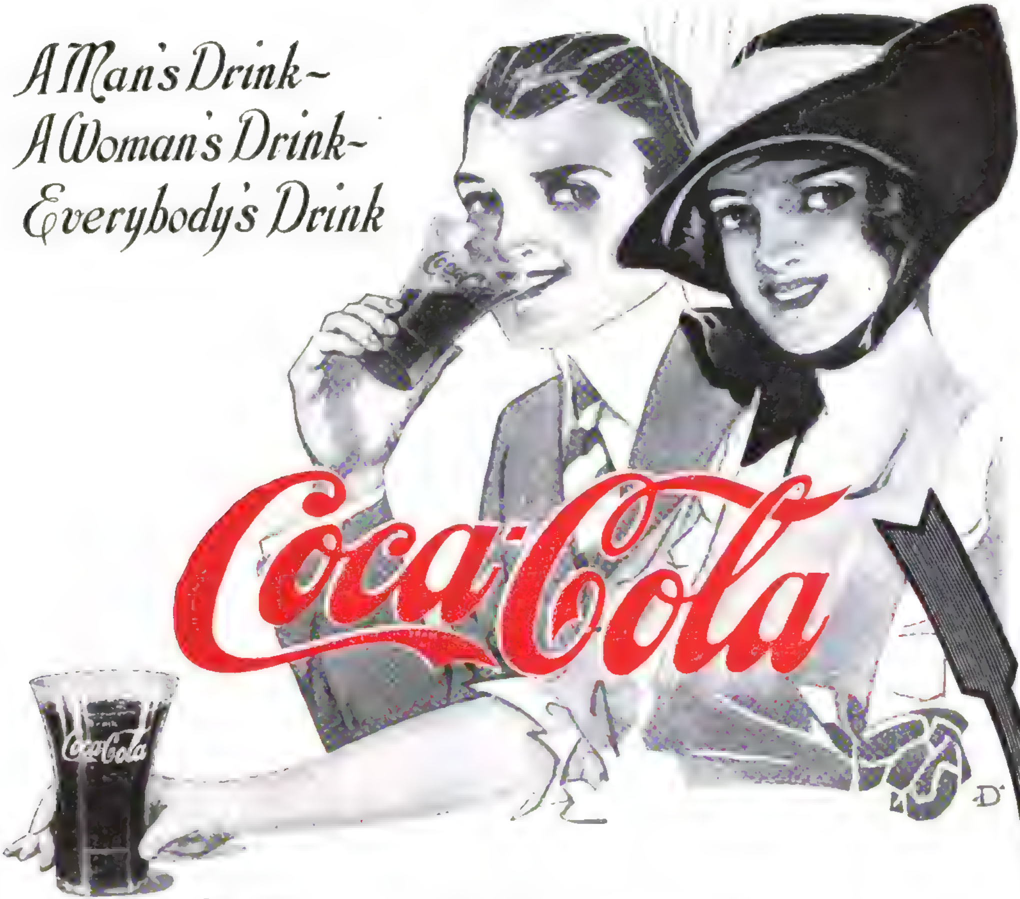


Direct to you at factory prices. Keeps food pure, sweet, wholesome. White enamel inside and out. Revolving shelves. Adopted and used by U. S. Gov't.

White Frost Refrigerator

Easy payment plan. Enjoy its goodness while paying for it. Guaranteed 25 years. Write today for free catalog. Metal Stamping Co., Dept. 646, Jackson, Mich.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.


A Man's Drink—
A Woman's Drink—
Everybody's Drink
Coca-Cola
Coca-Cola
D

Vigorously good—and keenly delicious. Thirst-quenching and refreshing.

The national beverage—and *yours.*

Demand the genuine by full name—
Nicknames encourage substitution.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
Atlanta, Ga.

$50 buys Completely Equipped

Speedaway Detachable Rowboat Motor

The only rowboat motor which contains *all* of these essential features:

- **Built-in Reversible Magneto.** (Motor complete $59.)
- **Silent Underwater Exhaust.**
- **Accident-proof Disappearing Crank Handle.**
- **Phosphor Bronze (sea-water-proof) for underwater parts.**
- **Self-locking Tiller.**
- **Protected Propeller.**
- **Efficient Rudder.**
- **Extreme compactness and unusual beauty of design.**

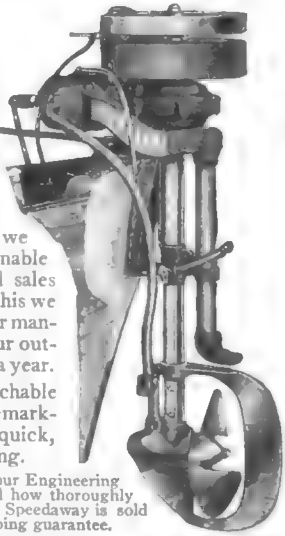
Two of these features, the disappearing crank handle and the self-locking tiller, **are to be found in no other motor.**

Built-in Reversible Magneto

The latest up-to-the-minute Speedaway feature, giving the final touch to its efficiency. Does away with batteries. Fully protected from water. Speedaway Detachable Rowboat Motor with built-in Reversible Magneto—$59.

Buy a Rowboat Motor because of the enjoyment, the recreation, the convenience which it offers to you, your family, and your friends.

Buy a **Speedaway** Detachable Rowboat Motor



because it is a $70 motor, every inch of it, built originally to sell at $70 and selling for $50 since April 1. We offer this unusual price because we want large sales at a reasonable profit rather than limited sales with large profit. To do this we have more than trebled our manufacturing facilities and our output is now 22,500 motors a year.

Get a Speedaway Detachable Rowboat Motor at this remarkable price and get it *now*, quick, while the summer is young.

Send the coupon today for our Engineering Specification Sheets, which tell how thoroughly good the Speedaway is. The Speedaway is sold under a broad and thorough-going guarantee.

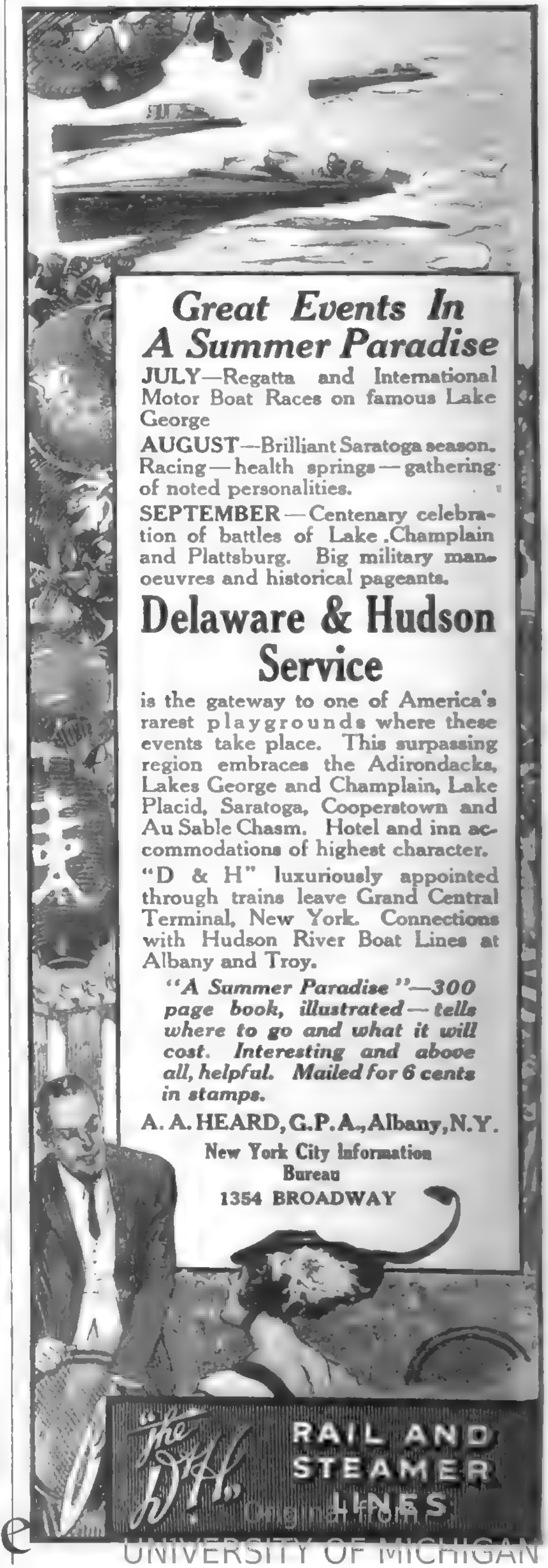
Speedaway Boat Motor Co.
161 Chicago St., Freeport, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Send me, without obligation on my part, your Engineering Specification Sheets describing the Speedaway Detachable Rowboat Motor.

Name ....

Street ....

Town and State ....



Great Events In A Summer Paradise

JULY—Regatta and International Motor Boat Races on famous Lake George

AUGUST—Brilliant Saratoga season. Racing—health springs—gathering of noted personalities.

SEPTEMBER—Centenary celebration of battles of Lake Champlain and Plattsburg. Big military manoeuvres and historical pageants.

Delaware & Hudson Service

is the gateway to one of America's rarest playgrounds where these events take place. This surpassing region embraces the Adirondacks, Lakes George and Champlain, Lake Placid, Saratoga, Cooperstown and Au Sable Chasm. Hotel and inn accommodations of highest character.

"D & H" luxuriously appointed through trains leave Grand Central Terminal, New York. Connections with Hudson River Boat Lines at Albany and Troy.

"A Summer Paradise"—300 page book, illustrated—tells where to go and what it will cost. Interesting and above all, helpful. Mailed for 6 cents in stamps.

A. A. HEARD, G. P. A., Albany, N. Y.

New York City Information Bureau
1354 BROADWAY

Johnson's Wood Dye is equally adapted for use on old and new furniture –
Beautiful results on any wood are easily obtained with Johnson's Wood Dye –
Johnson's Prepared Wax is a lasting artistic finish for floors – new or old –
There is nothing equal to Johnson's Prepared Wax for polishing Automobile bodies.

Johnson's Wood Dye

for the artistic coloring of hard and soft wood—floors, woodwork and furniture. With it inexpensive woods may be finished so they are as beautiful and artistic as hard wood. Made in 17 standard shades, including *Mission, Early English, Golden Oak, Weathered, Fumed, etc.*

Johnson's Wood Dye is a combination spirit-oil preparation, embodying all the good qualities of both a spirit and an oil stain, with the disadvantages of neither. It is unsurpassed for staining reed baskets and manual training models—also for burlap and other wall coverings.

Johnson's Prepared Wax

A complete finish and polish for all wood—floors, woodwork, furniture, pianos, automobile bodies, etc. Apply with a cloth and polish with a dry cloth. Gives perfect results over any finish—varnish, shellac or oil

Johnson's Prepared Wax is unsurpassed as an

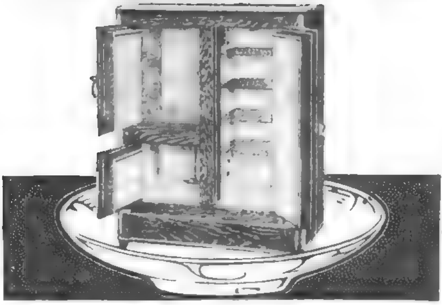
AUTOMOBILE BODY POLISH

It holds the lustre indefinitely, sheds water and does not gather dust. Mud spots can be easily and entirely removed from it. **Johnson's Prepared Wax** imparts a high, smooth, perfectly hard finish which protects and preserves the varnish.

Ask your paint, hardware or drug dealer for a free copy of our 25c book, "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture." If he hasn't a supply, write us.

S. C. JOHNSON
& SON
"The Wood
Finishing
Authorities"
Dept. Ev. 6
Racine,
Wis.

Like a clean china dish



Superb Porcelain Lined—the delight of every woman's heart—the pride of every housekeeper. Here's that famous Refrigerator with the seamless, scratchless dish-like lining, the genuine

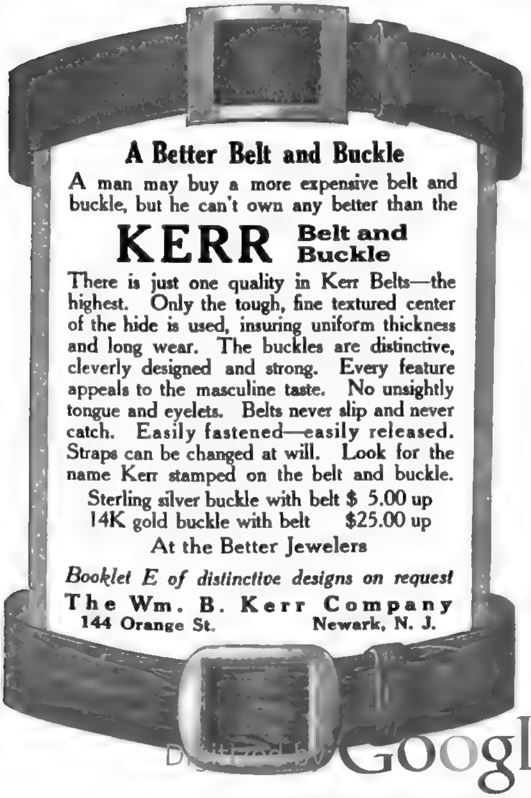
Leonard Cleanable

Don't confuse this wonderful sanitary lining with paint or enamel. I will mail you—free—a sample of Leonard Porcelain that will quickly show you the difference. You can't scratch it even with a knife. It's everlasting—easily kept beautifully sweet and clean. You'll never be satisfied with anything else. Can be arranged for outside icing and water cooler. Style shown is No. 4, in polished oak case. Size, 35 x 21 x 45 . . . **$35.00**

50 Styles — $15 up — Freight Paid

To Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. I take the risk; send for catalog today. Money returned if you are not perfectly satisfied. Ask for sample of porcelain and I'll mail my booklet "Care of Refrigerators." Every woman should have a copy of this valuable book.

C. H. LEONARD, President, Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co.
122 Clyde Park Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich. (1)



A Better Belt and Buckle

A man may buy a more expensive belt and buckle, but he can't own any better than the

KERR Belt and Buckle

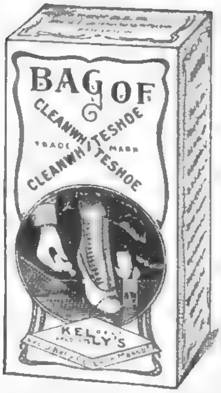
There is just one quality in Kerr Belts—the highest. Only the tough, fine textured center of the hide is used, insuring uniform thickness and long wear. The buckles are distinctive, cleverly designed and strong. Every feature appeals to the masculine taste. No unsightly tongue and eyelets. Belts never slip and never catch. Easily fastened—easily released. Straps can be changed at will. Look for the name Kerr stamped on the belt and buckle.

Sterling silver buckle with belt $ 5.00 up
14K gold buckle with belt $25.00 up

At the Better Jewelers

Booklet E of distinctive designs on request

The Wm. B. Kerr Company
144 Orange St. Newark, N. J.



YOUR TIME
for Enjoyment

will be lengthened if you use BAGOF for cleaning your white shoes. You will not have to wait for them to dry.

BAGOF is the clever idea of combining the RIGHT powder, receptacle and brush all in one article. The powder is contained in a bag with fine enough mesh to properly sift through when rubbed on shoes.

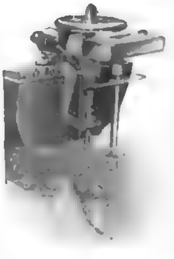
Ladies carry it in their hand-bags on outings and when shopping, as it requires but a minute to whiten their shoes with Bagof if they are soiled.

It's one of the cleverest, best selling, and most profitable novelties ever put on the market for canvassers. Large size 25c. Write today.

GEO. J. KELLY CO.,
510 Washington St., Lynn, Mass.

Waterman PORTO Does It

Makes any boat a motor boat. 1914 Model, 3 H. P. Weight 59 lbs.



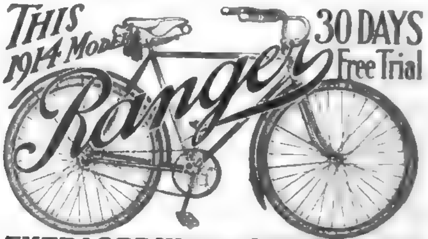
Sold direct from Factory to you, freight paid. Save Agent's profit.

The Waterman PORTO is the original outboard motor. 9th year—25,000 in use. Guaranteed for life. Fits any shaped stern; has Carburetor—*not* "mixing valve"; 3 Piston Rings instead of 1; *Removable* Phosphor Bronze Bearings; Solid Bronze Skeg, protecting 10½x16 in. Propeller and supporting Independent Rudder; Water-cooled Exhaust Manifold; Noiseless under-water Exhaust; Bronze Gear Water Pump; Spun-copper Water Jacket; any ignition equipment desired.

DEMAND these essentials in an out-board motor, or you won't get your money's worth.

Write Today for Free Engine Book.

Waterman Marine Motor Co., 234 Mt. Elliott Ave., Detroit, Mich.



EXTRAORDINARY OFFER **—30 days** one month's free trial on this finest of bicycles—the ***"Ranger."*** We will ship it to you on approval, *freight prepaid*, without a cent deposit in advance. This offer is *absolutely genuine*.

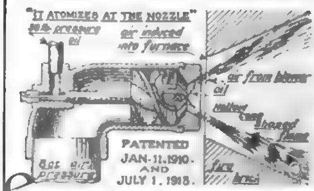
WRITE TODAY for our big catalog showing our full line of bicycles for men and women, boys and girls at *prices never before equaled* for like quality. It is a cyclopedia of bicycles, sundries and useful bicycle information. **It's free.**

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, equipment and parts for all bicycles at **half usual prices.** A limited number of second hand bicycles taken in trade will be closed out at once, at **$3** to **$8** each.

RIDER AGENTS wanted in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1914 model ***Ranger*** furnished by us.

It Costs You Nothing to learn what we offer you and how we can do it. You will be astonished and convinced. **Do not buy** a bicycle, tires or sundries until you get our catalog and new special offers. **Write today.**

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. B 43, CHICAGO, ILL.


"IT ATOMIZES AT THE NOZZLE"
low pressure oil
air induced into furnace
air from blower
oil
mixture cone shaped flame
low air pressure
fire brick
PATENTED JAN. 11, 1910. AND JULY 1, 1913.

AN APPEAL

to **fair** minded **business** men. Neither you nor I are courting

PATENT LITIGATION

with its **waste of money, corrupting** influences and interference with **progress.** And yet—some of you are using oil burners constructed as shown here, others are steaming bakers' ovens with like devices, and some are using humidifiers copied from the illustration in patent 1,066,161. Purchasing, with protection guarantee, from others, who are subsidized to supply the market, is not fair play and may prove costly after all.

H. B. STILZ, 1938 N. Marvine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

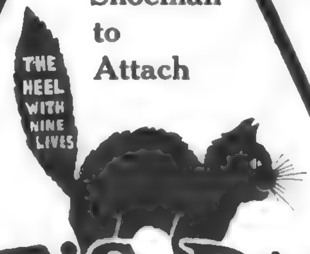
Foster Orthopedic Rubber Heels.

Indispensable for letter carriers, floor walkers, motormen, conductors, policemen, waiters—in fact all who are constantly on their feet.

Note how the corner of the heel is extended to just the critical point so as to carry the body properly—Prevents the arch from falling or the shoe from running over.

75c. attached of your dealer—or sent postpaid upon receipt of 50c. and outline of your heel.

Ask Your Shoeman to Attach


THE HEEL WITH NINE LIVES

CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

to your new shoes and put them on your old ones.

Then your shoes will be more comfortable—they will wear longer—and you will walk with a new buoyancy and lightness.

You will walk *safely* with a sure-footed tread.

Cat's Paw Heels are made of extra quality rubber which gives greater resiliency—no holes to track mud and dirt—insist upon them of your dealer. They cost no more than the ordinary kind. —50c. attached.

FOSTER PATENT
NON SLIP
CAT'S PAW
CUSHION HEEL
FOSTER RUBBER CO.
8

The Foster Friction Plug Prevents Slipping—

and keeps your footsteps from sounding like a gum shoe artist.

Wherever you go—in all walks of life—you will find that the strongest advocates of Cat's Paw Rubber Heels are the millions who wear them year after year.

Once you try them you will never be satisfied with any other kind.

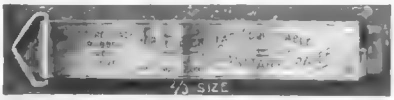
Black or Tan.

FOSTER RUBBER CO., 105 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.

The "SANITARY" ERASER

Handy - Practical - Economical - Always Covered

O  K

⅓ SIZE

THE SANITARY ERASER receives, at its open end, a strip of rubber ⅛ inch thick, of a width and length that of the holder.

By slight pressure at the loop end, clean rubber is fed down until used; its narrow edge allows a letter or line to be erased without injuring another. Two rubbers of best quality are made; one for typewriter and ink, one for pencil.

Handsomely finished; Easy to Operate and "They Always Work"

EVERYBODY should have this NEW ERASER, Price 10¢.

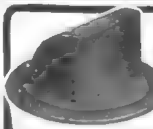
Refills, Typewriter and ink, or Pencil, 5¢ each. *Your Stationer.*

O.K.
TRADE MARK
REG U S PAT OFFICE

When ordering by mail, state whether Typewriter and ink, or Pencil, enclose 2¢ extra for postage.

Booklet of our 3 "O.K." Office Necessities Free.

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U.S.A.



MAJESTIC GARBAGE RECEIVER and REFUSE BURNER Combined

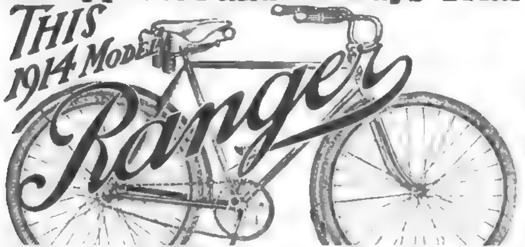
contains a galvanized garbage can below the ground, keeping it free from frost in the winter and from the hot sun in summer.

Cannot be entered by flies, dogs or rats. Operated by the foot.

☞ *Write for catalog, prices and name of your local dealer.*

THE MAJESTIC COMPANY
411 Erie St. Huntington, Ind.

Delivered TO YOU FREE on Approval and 30 Days Trial



SEND NO MONEY but **write today** for our big 1914 catalog of ***"Ranger"*** Bicycles, Tires and Sundries at prices so *low they will astonish you.* Also particulars of our **great new offer** to deliver you a ***Ranger*** Bicycle on **one month's free trial** without a cent expense to you. *It's absolutely genuine.*

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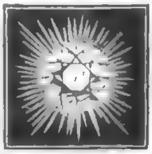

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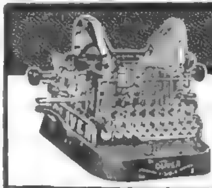

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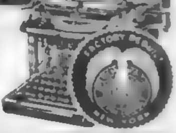

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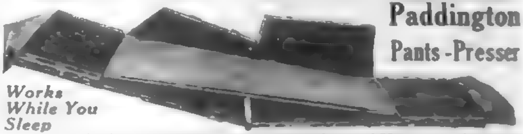

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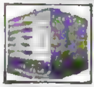

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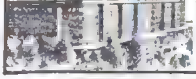

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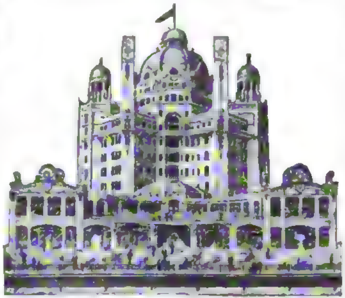

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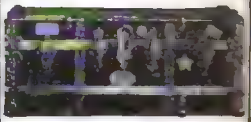

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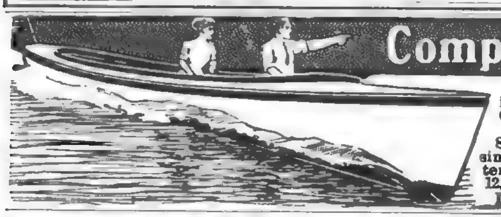

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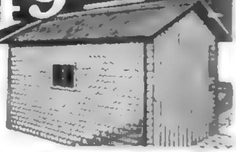

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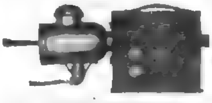

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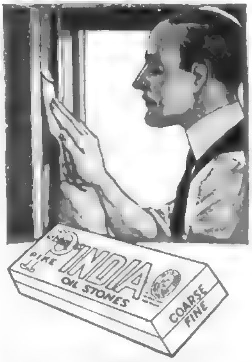

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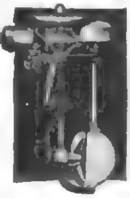

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Save Money Worry and Work on Your Home

Build the Lewis EASY-BUILT way. Find out what Lewis service means to you. Cut out the middleman's profits, exorbitant lumber prices and high labor costs. We ship direct from the mills to you. All materials sawed and worked to fit, your whole home ready to erect. Every detail of construction planned and taken care of by master designers.

The Lewis EASY-BUILT Home Book tells all about our method. Get it and post yourself on the modern, economical way to build. Contains many beautiful plans of EASY-BUILT Homes., If you are going to build, write today and get this book.

Lewis Manufacturing Co., 1121 Lafayette Ave., Bay City, Mich.

LEWIS EASY-BUILT HOMES

The first cost of a Mullins Boat the last cost. Outside of painting, they cost nothing to keep in commission-Never need new ribs-Never need new planks-Never need calking. Designed by Expert Naval Architects. Guaranteed Absolutely Against Puncture-Built of heavily galvanized, tough steel plates like Government Torpedo Boats-Fitted with air-tight compartments like Life Boats. Equipped with Sterling 4 Cycle and Pierce-Budd and Ferro 2 Cycle Motors-Never stall-Never balk-Exhaust silently

MULLINS STEEL BOATS CAN'T SINK

under water For Safety [illegible] Comfort and Enjoyment there's nothing can equal a Mullins Boat. Send for beautiful book illustrated in color—It's Free.
THE W. H. MULLINS CO. The World's Largest Boat Builders. [illegible] Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio

COST LESS LAST LONGER THAN WOOD BOATS

Don't Throw Them Away

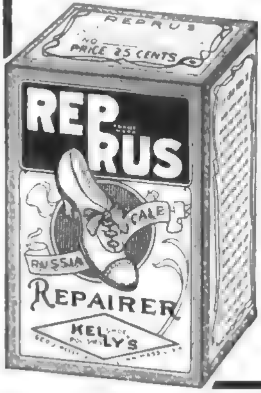
Use Reprus And Wear Them For Best

Your shabby tan shoes can be made to look new by one application of REPRUS.

Tan shoes soil so quickly, that, after they are worn a few times, they must be discarded or the wearer must submit to looking poorly dressed.

REPRUS makes tan shoes practical for people who care to have their feet well dressed and do not like to spend the large amount needed to buy many pairs of tan shoes.

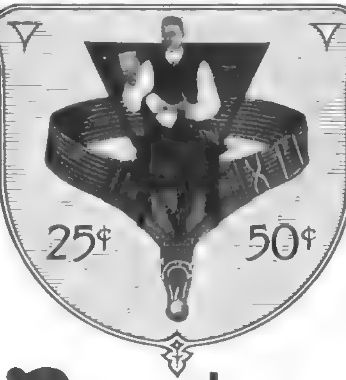
The finish on tan shoes, particularly Vici Kid, soon peels. By trimming ragged edges and applying REPRUS they can be made to look new again. Dark tan shoes can be made to look light, or light tan shoes dark, by using REPRUS, as REPRUS is made in many shades. Shoe factories use REPRUS—why not you?



Insist on REPRUS from your dealer. Price 25c per bottle.

All Kelly's Shoe Polishes are guaranteed to give satisfaction.

GEO. J. KELLY CO.
510 Washington St.
LYNN, MASS.



Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

Holds Your Sock Smooth as Your Skin

Men who wear the better things for the satisfaction they afford, buy the silk Boston Garter at 50 cents.

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, - - BOSTON.

Use "Mum" after the bath

"Mum"

(As easy to use as to say)

the snow-white, disappearing, odorless cream which gently

neutralizes the odors of perspiration

as they occur and retains the sense of cleanliness.

A comfort at all seasons—a necessity in hot weather.

25c at drug- and department-stores

"Mum" Mfg Co 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

You Can Weigh Exactly What You Should

You can—*I know* you can, because I have *reduced* 32,000 women and have *built up* that many more—scientifically, naturally, without drugs, in the privacy of their own rooms.

You Can Be So Well!

—if you only knew *how* well! I build up your vitality—at the same time I strengthen your heart action; teach you how to breathe, to stand, walk and relieve such ailments as

Nervousness, Torpid Liver, Constipation, Indigestion, Etc.

One pupil writes: "I weigh 83 pounds less, and I have gained wonderfully in strength." *Another says:* "Last May I weighed 100 pounds, this May I weigh 126 and oh! I feel SO WELL"

Won't you sit down and write now for my FREE booklet. Don't wait, you may forget it.

I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

Susanna Cocroft
Dept. 20, 624 Michigan Boulevard, CHICAGO

Miss Cocroft is a college bred woman. She is the recognized authority on the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

TEST IT WITH A HAMMER

THIS is the varnish that made famous the words, "You may dent the wood but the varnish wont crack." Send for free booklet, and sample panel finished with "61". Test it with a hammer! Heel-proof, mar-proof and water-proof. If not at your dealers' write Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 93 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 35 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

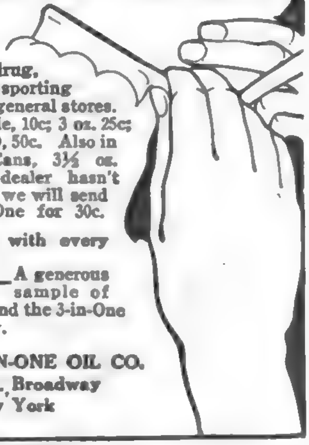
American Factories: New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Bridgeburg, Canada. Foreign Factories: London, Paris, Hamburg.

Don't Scrape—Shave!

Put 3-in-One on the strop before sharpening your razor! Also draw razor edge between thumb and finger, moistened with

3-in-One oil

This will keep razor so keen that you'll never gouge your face or fail of a smooth shave. Don't scoff. Try it.

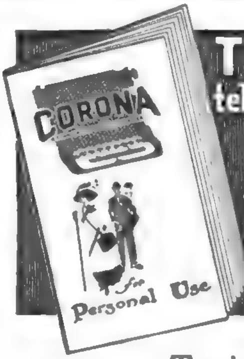


3-in-One is sold in drug, hardware, sporting goods and general stores. A 1 oz. bottle, 10c; 3 oz. 25c; 8 oz. (½ pt.), 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 3½ oz. 25c. If your dealer hasn't Handy Oil Cans, we will send one full of 3-in-One for 30c.

A Library Slip with every bottle.

FREE—A generous sample of 3-in-One and the 3-in-One Dictionary.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
42CYM. Broadway
New York



This Booklet tells about the New $50 Typewriter Send for it NOW

Travelers, Authors, Teachers, Scholars, Actors, Doctors, Druggists—all men and women who have writing to do, should send now for this booklet. It tells about the remarkable

CORONA TYPEWRITER

the only standard machine with all these features:—Patented folding carriage (dimensions when folded 3¾ in. x 10½ in. x 9 in.), visible writing, two-color ribbon, back spacer, universal keyboard, front stroke type bar and stencil cutting device. The Corona is the logical typewriter for personal use—it can be carried anywhere, easily, as it weighs but 6 lbs.

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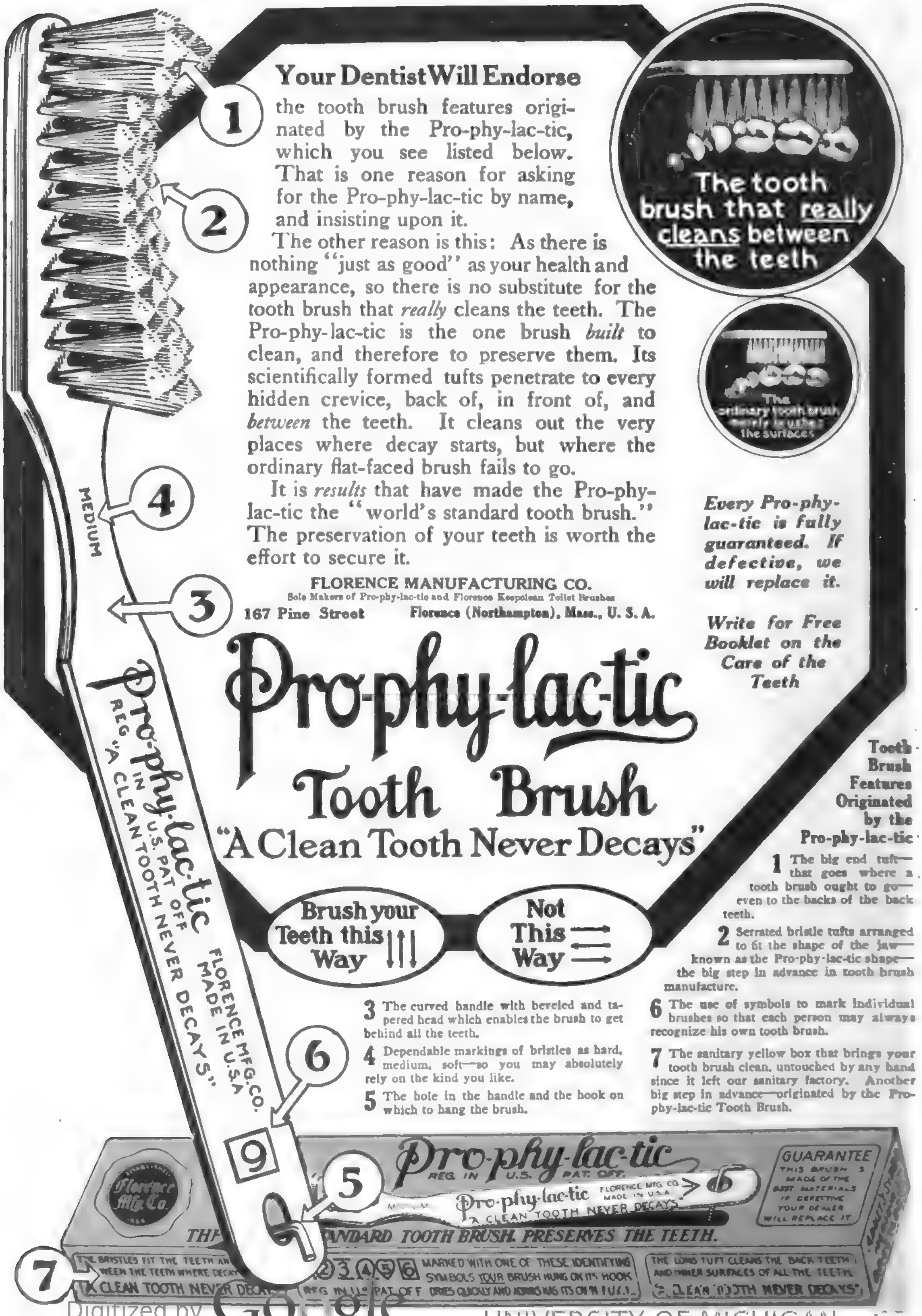
LISTERINE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

Use it every day

MOUTH hygiene is incomplete without a safe mouth-wash. Rinse the mouth with Listerine after brushing the teeth. It imparts a sense of cleanliness and purification and neutralizes breath odors. Listerine has enjoyed the confidence of physicians and dentists for more than thirty years.

All druggists sell Listerine

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.


1
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MEDIUM
Pro-phy-lac-tic
IN U.S. PAT OFF
REG. "A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"
FLORENCE MFG. CO.
MADE IN U.S.A
9
The tooth brush that really cleans between the teeth
The ordinary tooth brush merely brushes the surfaces
Brush your Teeth this Way
Not This Way
Florence Mfg. Co.
Pro-phy-lac-tic
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
Pro-phy-lac-tic
FLORENCE MFG. CO.
MADE IN U.S.A.
"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"
GUARANTEE
THIS BRUSH IS MADE OF THE BEST MATERIALS IF DEFECTIVE YOUR DEALER WILL REPLACE IT
THE ANDARD TOOTH BRUSH. PRESERVES THE TEETH.
THE BRISTLES FIT THE TEETH AN WEEN THE TEETH WHERE DECAY
"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DEC
2 3 4 5 6 MARKED WITH ONE OF THESE IDENTIFYING SYMBOLS YOUR BRUSH HUNG ON ITS HOOK DRIES QUICKLY AND ALWAYS HAS ITS OWN PLACE.
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF
THE LONG TUFT CLEANS THE BACK TEETH AND INNER SURFACES OF ALL THE TEETH.
"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"

Your Dentist Will Endorse

the tooth brush features originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic, which you see listed below. That is one reason for asking for the Pro-phy-lac-tic by name, and insisting upon it.

The other reason is this: As there is nothing "just as good" as your health and appearance, so there is no substitute for the tooth brush that *really* cleans the teeth. The Pro-phy-lac-tic is the one brush *built* to clean, and therefore to preserve them. Its scientifically formed tufts penetrate to every hidden crevice, back of, in front of, and *between* the teeth. It cleans out the very places where decay starts, but where the ordinary flat-faced brush fails to go.

It is *results* that have made the Pro-phy-lac-tic the "world's standard tooth brush." The preservation of your teeth is worth the effort to secure it.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO.
Sole Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic and Florence Keepclean Toilet Brushes
167 Pine Street Florence (Northampton), Mass., U. S. A.

Every Pro-phy-lac-tic is fully guaranteed. If defective, we will replace it.

Write for Free Booklet on the Care of the Teeth

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

Tooth Brush Features Originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic

1 The big end tuft—that goes where a tooth brush ought to go—even to the backs of the back teeth.

2 Serrated bristle tufts arranged to fit the shape of the jaw—known as the Pro-phy-lac-tic shape—the big step in advance in tooth brush manufacture.

3 The curved handle with beveled and tapered head which enables the brush to get behind all the teeth.

4 Dependable markings of bristles as hard, medium, soft—so you may absolutely rely on the kind you like.

5 The hole in the handle and the hook on which to hang the brush.

6 The use of symbols to mark individual brushes so that each person may always recognize his own tooth brush.

7 The sanitary yellow box that brings your tooth brush clean, untouched by any hand since it left our sanitary factory. Another big step in advance—originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

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Vacation Trips on the Ocean

2,000 miles on palatial 10,600 ton
SOUTHERN PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS
"Morgan Line"
NEW YORK to NEW ORLEANS

Stop-over in this quaintest of American cities. Your choice of returning by steamship or rail. If you are going further west, take the

SOUTHERN PACIFIC—SUNSET ROUTE
"The Exposition Line 1915"
SUNSET LIMITED
Every Day—No Extra Fare
Full information from
L. H. NUTTING, General Passenger Agent
Room 36, 366 Broadway, at Franklin St., N. Y.
39 Broadway 1158 Broadway

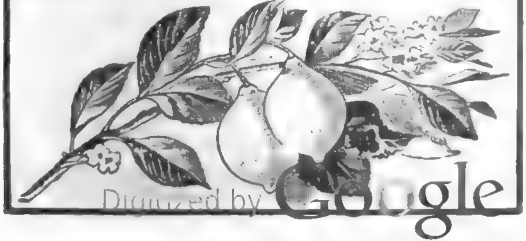
Invigorates—quenches your thirst—preserves your health—drink

ROSE'S
LIME JUICE

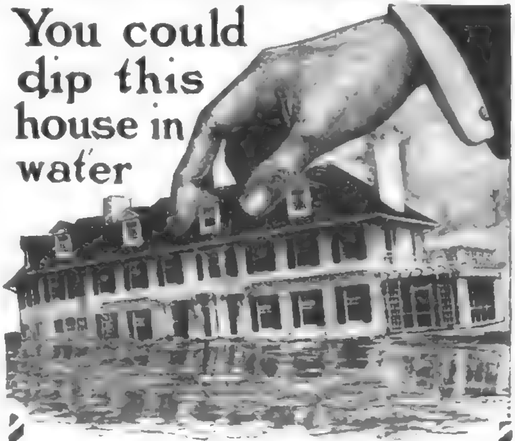
The best beverage. A tonic; a bracer for the nerves; a refresher for the whole system. A wineglassful in water makes a most soothing drink, pleasing to the taste.

ROSE'S
Pure West Indian
Lime Juice

At fountains, druggists and grocers.
JAMES P. SMITH & CO., Importers
90 Hudson St., New York 83 and 85 E. South Water St., Chicago



You could dip this house in water



Stucco, concrete or brick walls absorb much water, becoming damp, unsanitary and disfigured. But they can be water-proofed and beautified with

TRUS-CON
STONETEX
APPLIED WITH A BRUSH

A liquid cement coating which becomes an inseparable part of the wall, sealing all pores and filling hair-cracks. Hard as flint. Damp-proof, weather resisting. Gives uniform, artistic color. Applied to new or old walls. Furnished in a variety of pleasing tones.

It will pay you to learn about Trus-Con Waterproofing Products. Write for full information, telling us your needs.

THE TRUS-CON LABORATORIES
134 Trus-Con Building Detroit, Mich.
Waterproofings Dampproofings Technical Paints

IMPROVE YOUR COMPLEXION

CUTICURA SOAP

Assisted when necessary by light touches of Cuticura Ointment does much to prevent pimples, blackheads and other unsightly eruptions, cleanse the scalp of dandruff, allay irritation, arrest falling hair and promote permanent skin and scalp health.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each with 32-page book: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, U.S.A.

☞ Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

The Dimple or the Teeth

Which is it, after all, that makes a woman's smile radiant? Ask any husband.

And remember this: the brilliance of white teeth can be kept only by guarding against the enemy that ruins teeth—"acid-mouth." The sure protection against "acid-mouth" is

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

Any good dentifrice will serve the needs of today by cleaning the teeth.

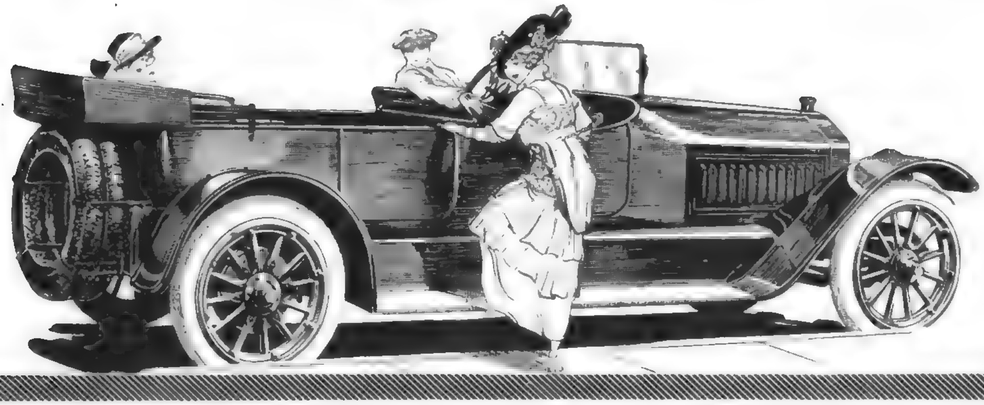
Pebeco serves the needs of tomorrow—the needs of a lifetime—by keeping the whole mouth clean and by overcoming enamel-destroying acids.

Send for Free Ten-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

They will show whether you have acid-mouth (as nine out of ten people have), and how Pebeco counteracts it.

Pebeco originated in the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and is sold everywhere in extra large size tubes. As only ⅓ of a brushful is used at a time, Pebeco saves money as well as teeth. For trial tube and test papers address

LEHN & FINK, Manufacturing Chemists
118 William Street, New York
Producers of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum



National

Beauty, Luxury and Utility

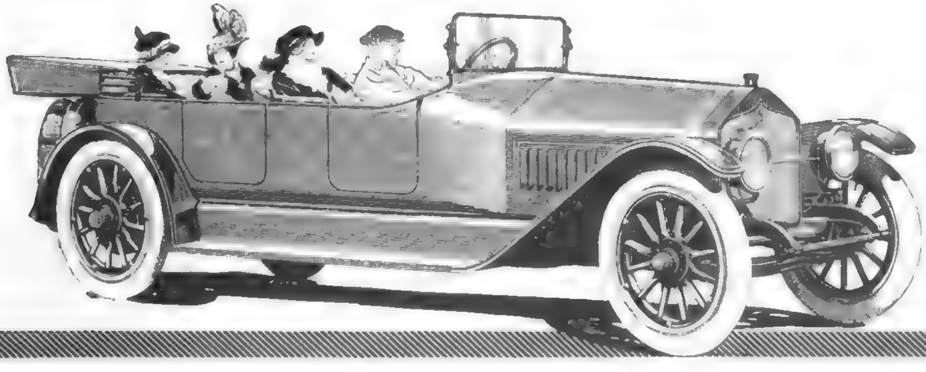
OUR advanced design, the symmetry of creative lines—beautifully and distinctively original—reflect your good taste and judgment.

The smart, sloping hood and pointed effect of the *National* (due to the body converging towards the radiator) adds a distinct note of attractiveness. The wide metal guards are enclosed, continuous and unobstructed. These points of refinement and care help to give the *National* its *ensemble effect* of a long, low, graceful craft.

The admitted mechanical superiority of the *National*, added to its comfort and convenience, gives you the ideal combination of a quality car, built and guaranteed by an old, reliable and successful institution. The rear springs on the new "SIX" are of the Cantilever type, which, combined with the *National's* wide, deep, resilient, spacious body and general balance enables you to enjoy unexcelled comfort in riding. The left side drive center control, convenient and simple dash equipment and easy access to all four doors add to your comfort and satisfaction.

National cars are built for service, proved by their fourteen years of dependability and reliable performance; their ample reserve force and speed when you need it, or two miles an hour if you prefer.

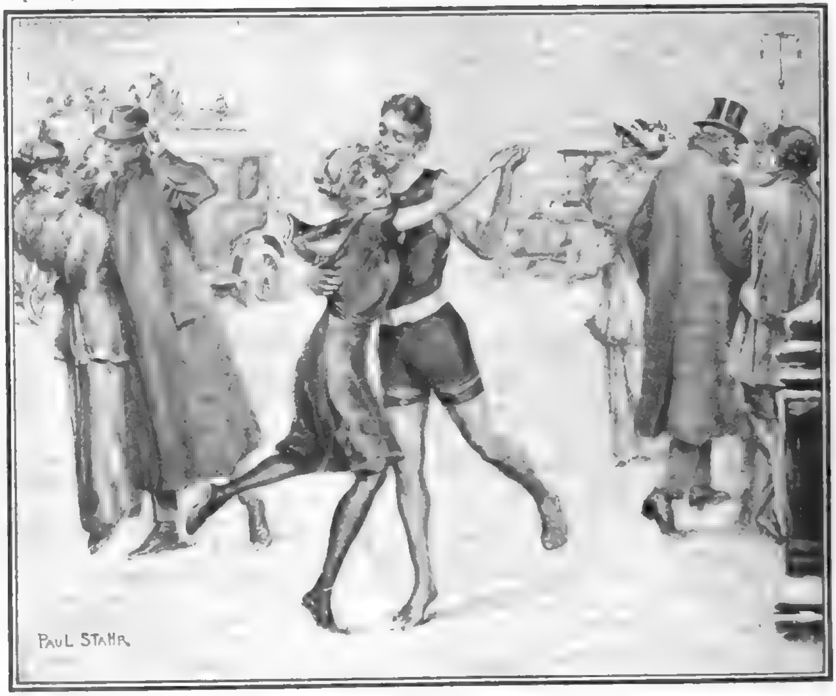
We say "you don't have to raise the hood" because the *National's* success justifies your confidence in our mechanical ability.



Write for illustrated catalogue. Department B.

SIX--$2375
FULLY EQUIPPED

National Motor Vehicle Co.
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



Copr. Life Pub. Co.

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For the best title to this picture in 20 words or less

Life

will pay $500

The current issues of Life contain full information about the conditions of the contest.

SPECIAL OFFER—THREE MONTHS—ONE DOLLAR

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian $1.13, Foreign $1.26). Send Life for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 24 West 31st Street, New York J

One Year, $5.00. **(Canadian, $5.52, Foreign, $6.04.)**
Single copies 10 cents. Every Tuesday. All news-stands.

Tarvia
Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust

New York State Highway,
Mapleton, N.Y.
Constructed with "Tarvia X."

Do dusty roads bother you?

DON'T you often find the fun of a ride or a walk through the country marred by the dust—aren't there days when you are fairly choked with the clouds raised by passing automobiles, your shoulders white with dust, your clothes all but ruined?

And haven't you seen that dust float over the lawns into fine homes, making the verandas uninhabitable and ruining costly furnishings?

And did you ever notice how rain on a grade gullies out the side of the macadam, making it rough as the rocky road to Dublin, necessitating costly repairs? By way of contrast, how would you like to live in a township *that bonds its macadam with Tarvia?*

The roads then are dustless, mudless, smooth—the air is pure and clean—the adjacent lawns green and fresh, and you can ride or walk in comfort.

What's the use of paying taxes to maintain roadways that not only create a nuisance but don't stand the stress of modern traffic?

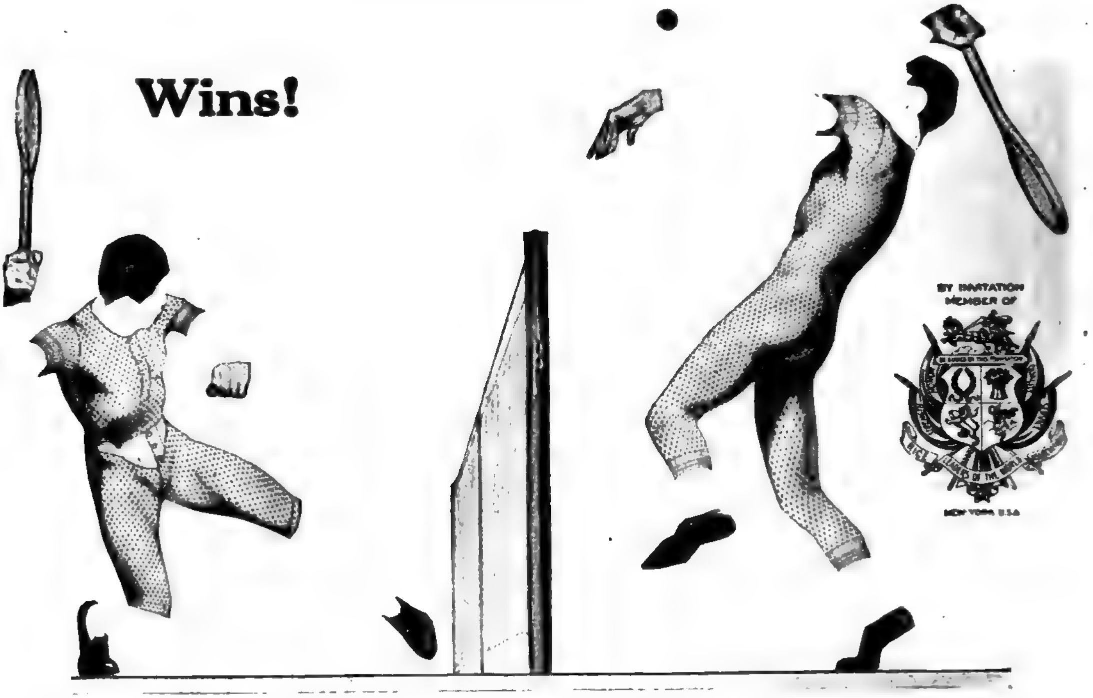
If *your* town isn't a Tarvia town yet, why not get after the local road authorities till they make it one!

There's economy as well as civic beauty in tarviated roads.

Booklets regarding the Tarvia treatment free on request.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Kansas City Cleveland
Cincinnati Minneapolis Pittsburgh Seattle Birmingham
THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver
St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.


Wins!
BY INVITATION MEMBER OF
NEW YORK U.S.A.

Real Coolness in Real "Porosknit"

But be *sure* it's Chalmers "Porosknit" Guaranteed. Judge by the *label*—not by mere "holes"—or "pores."

Many men and boys merely ask for "Porosknit"—and get *imitations*. That's because they fail to look carefully for the genuine *Chalmers* "Porosknit" *label* (sewn in the garment) and the Guarantee Bond. Because they never have worn the genuine—and in *that* way learned the difference.

They get imitations that *look* something like Chalmers "Porosknit." Then they wonder why the *real* is so popular.

Don't let that happen to *you*. Buy by the label. For those who once wear Chalmers "Porosknit" swear by it.

The Label's Meaning

There is so much *extra* quality—extra care in making—in Chalmers "Porosknit" that none may match its special comfort, durability, lightness, elasticity, *coolness!*

It is made in *all* styles—for man, for boy. The Union Suits are particularly comfortable. Open in texture, and of soft, absorbent yarn, Chalmers "Porosknit" keeps you cool by absorption and evaporation of perspiration. Your pores breathe the needed air. The yarn's softness eliminates irritation of the skin.

You are *dry*—even when the mercury soars high. Many like the ¾ length.

CHALMERS
TRADE MARK
FABRIC PAT. DEC. 12. 1905.
"Porosknit"
DESIGN PAT. DEC. 19. 1905
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
GUARANTEED

This Label on every Garment

Read the No-Limit Guarantee

Because it's so well made, Chalmers "Porosknit" is guaranteed unconditionally (a bond with every garment) as follows:

> **"If any garment bearing the genuine Chalmers 'Porosknit' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Imperfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage."**

Insist that the actual label be shown you—sewn on the garment. For none can duplicate genuine Chalmers "Porosknit"—none.

Ask your Dealer

CHALMERS KNITTING CO.
9 Bridge Street Amsterdam, N. Y.

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

FOR MEN		FOR BOYS
50c	Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment	25c
FOR MEN $1.00	Union Suits Any Style	FOR BOYS 50c

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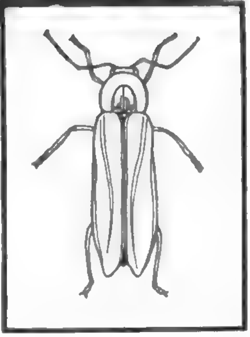
The "Efficiency" of the Fire-fly

Talks about MAZDA-No.2

"Not the name of a thing but the mark of a Service"



The light produced by the fire-fly has challenged the lamp experts of two continents.

PRIMITIVE man once used lanterns holding swarms of fireflies to guide him when he went forth at night.

Today, as Waldemar Kaempffert points out in an article on "The Light of Our Descendants" printed by the *Outlook*, the illuminating specialists of two continents are studying the firefly for a solution of one of mankind's greatest problems—artificial light.

To imitate the firefly—to get a great deal of light with but little heat waste—has been the steadfast aim of technical experts in electric lighting since the study of electric light became a science.

Step by step science has advanced in its search for this *economy in the fuel of light.*

That is what the much used word "efficiency" means to electric lighting science—*more light without increasing cost.*

The farthest advance in this study of lighting economy has been reached in the work of the famous group of scientists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady. These experts selected and approved the features of a lamp that gives a beautiful light—*three times as much light*, with the same amount of current as you get from the old style carbon lamp.

On the bulb of this lamp is etched the mark "MAZDA."

"MAZDA" is the mark of a Service. It tells you of the great work that these busy men have done for the manufacturers of "MAZDA" lamps. It tells you what they are doing while you are reading this article. It tells you also of what they will be doing tomorrow, and next month, and next year because it is the trade mark designation of the incessant effort "MAZDA" Service is making toward the ideal light.

On the lamps themselves the mark "MAZDA" means the selection of every "efficiency" discovery these Research Laboratories may find applicable and practical. Not content with wide investigation and experiment in these Research Laboratories, and in the active developing and manufacturing centers at Harrison and Cleveland, there is close touch also with progress that may be made by great experimental laboratories of Europe. From whatever source the new knowledge comes it is impartially considered with reference to its possible value in enabling the manufacturers to produce for you a lamp more "efficient" or adaptable. The proved advances, year after year, are transmitted by this "MAZDA" Service to the General Electric Company factories and the factories of other Companies entitled to receive this Service.

The result is that when you buy a "MAZDA" lamp, today or at any future time, "MAZDA" Service will shine in that lamp. You will know when you see that word "MAZDA" that you have the utmost result of all this indefatigable labor—the summed up successes of these keenest lamp experts in the world. For the lamp so marked will always mean that this Service has been applied, and the manufactured product backed by this Service will always be marked "MAZDA."

Not only the volume but the quality of light in experimental lamps is subjected to long and exact study. "MAZDA" Service to the manufacturers of "MAZDA" Lamps enters every detail that might possibly advance manufacturing efficiency and improvement in the product itself.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

The Detroit Electric Special

A Common-Sense Electric Car

$2550

IN the Detroit Electric Special we have brought out the most common-sense electric car ever made—from the standpoint of general satisfaction, service and economy in the hands of the average owner. Such value has never before been offered at such a price—$2550.

The Detroit Electric Special is a thoroughly sensible car in every way. It is moderate in first cost—in fact, the lowest priced high-grade electric ever put on the market. Light weight and perfect balance make it an excellent hill-climber and economical in battery and tire cost under all conditions of use.

This car has Detroit Electric quality in-built all the way through. In design and construction, in mechanical features and refinements, in beauty and luxury of appointments, this model measures up to the exacting Detroit Electric standard.

Sixteen optional trimmings are offered, hand-buffed leathers, broadcloths and imported whipcords.

This new Detroit Electric Special (Model 43) is so designed that it can accommodate four adults comfortably, with clear vision in every direction for the operator.

It is equipped with our 40-cell, 13-plate guaranteed lead battery (washing unnecessary); large tires, either cushion or pneumatic, our standard full aluminum body, aluminum roof, aluminum fenders; powerful Detroit Electric motor; our well known direct shaft drive (chainless); two distinct braking systems with automatic cut-out switch in connection with foot brake pedal.

This car is ideally simple to handle and absolutely safe in operation.

Write us for special information on this model or call at our nearest dealer's for demonstration.

Model 43—$2550

Tire Equipment: Goodrich Cord Pneumatic or Motz Cushion

THE *Detroit* ELECTRIC

SOCIETY'S TOWN CAR

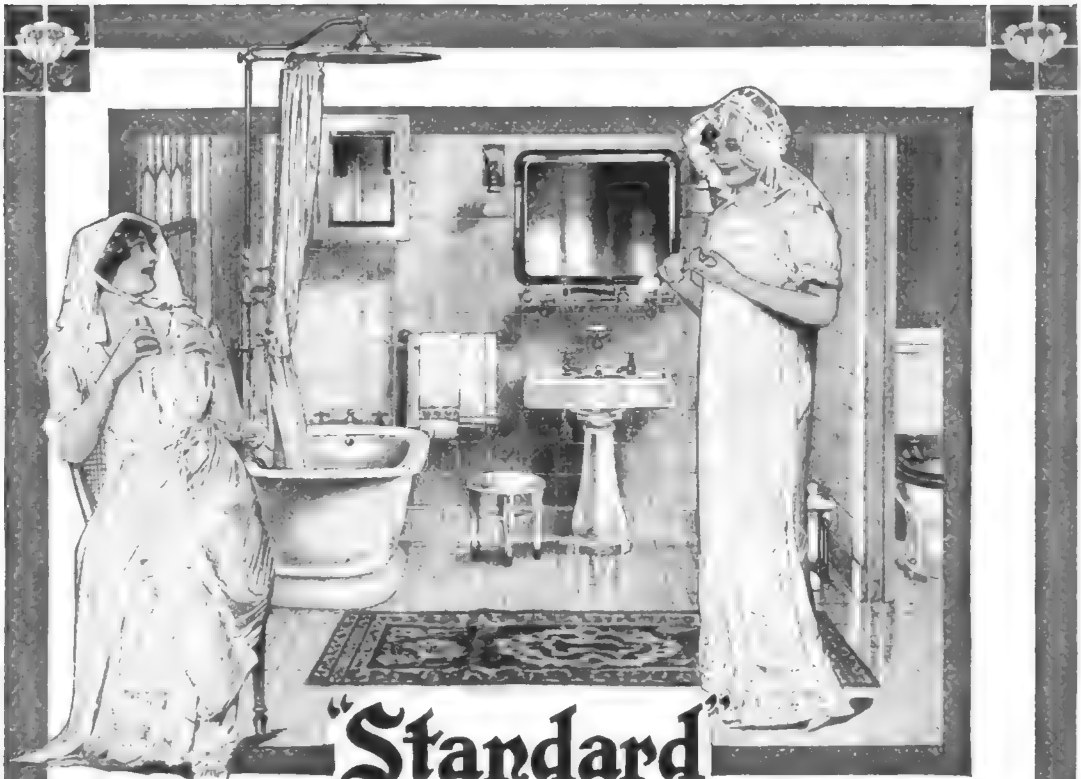
Prices

With Bevel Gear Axle	
4-passenger Brougham Rear seat drive - - -	$2550
5-passenger Brougham Front seat drive - - -	2800
With Worm Gear Axle	
Gentleman's Roadster -	$2500
4-passenger Brougham Rear seat drive - - -	2850
5-passenger Brougham Detroit Duplex Drive -	[illegible]

Anderson Electric Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

Builders of the Detroit Electric

World's Largest Manufacturers of Electric Pleasure Vehicles



"Standard"

PLUMBING · FIXTURES

THE name, reputation, and appearance of "Standard" plumbing fixtures should make your choice of bathroom equipment easy. Their sanitary quality and moderate cost make them the best at any price.

"Modern Bathrooms"—Everyone who is planning to build should send for a copy of "Modern Bathrooms"—100 pages in color. It shows practical, modern bathrooms at costs ranging from $78.00 to $600.00 with prices of each fixture in detail. Floor plans, ideas for decoration, tiling, accessories, together with model equipment for kitchens and laundries, are also shown. Sent free.

Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the home and for Schools, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of baths bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of those who demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label.* In order to avoid substitution of inferior fixtures, specify "Standard" goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. G **Pittsburgh, Pa.**

New York . . . 35 W. 31st Street
Chicago . . 900 S. Michigan Ave.
Philadelphia . 1215 Walnut Street
Toronto, Can. 59 Richmond Street, E.
Pittsburgh . . 106 Federal Street
St. Louis . . . 100 N. Fourth Street
San Francisco . . 719 Rialto Bldg.
Erie, Pa. . . 17-19 West 11th St.

Cincinnati . . 633 Walnut Street
Nashville . 315 Tenth Avenue, S.
New Orleans . . 846 Baronne St.
Montreal, Can. 215 Coristine Bldg.
Boston . . 186 Devonshire Street
Louisville 319-23 W. Main Street

Cleveland . . . 4505 Euclid Ave.
Hamilton, Can. 20-28 Jackson St., W.
London, E.C. 57-60 Holborn Viaduct
Houston, Tex. Preston & Smith Sts.
Washington, D.C. . Southern Bldg.
Toledo, Ohio . 311-321 Erie Street
Fort Worth, Tex. Front & Jones Sts.
San Antonio, Tex., 212 Losoya Street

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Marie Mancini
Famous beauty of the Seventeenth Century
Your loveliest woman is quite as fascinating. Through your efforts she may be chosen one of America's loveliest women.

$5,000 for Photographs of America's 50 Loveliest Women

Ansco Company will present to the world at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915, photographs of America's fifty loveliest women. Camera users of the United States and Canada, whether amateur or professional, are invited to make these photographs. Ansco Company will pay the sum of $5,000.00 for the fifty chosen pictures.

IN little villages and great cities of America live women whose grace and beauty and personal charm would easily place them among the most fascinating in the world. *You* of the little village, and *you* of the great cities know these women. And you can present their beauty before the world. Does that interest you? Will *you* help?

Poets, artists and historians have perpetuated the glories of Helen of Troy, of Cleopatra, of Salome; Poppæa Sabina, Francesca da Rimini, Marie Antoinette, Mary of Scotland, Josephine, and many other beauties of ancient days; but what of the lady of your own home-place whose loveliness excels them all?

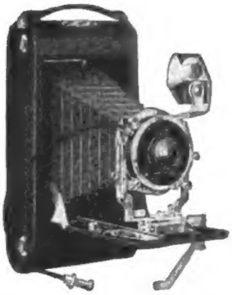
Will you help Ansco Company perpetuate her glories?

Women whose charms have made and unmade kings are unquestionably fascinating, but in America—in the smallest villages and largest cities—one sees hundreds of feminine faces that for genuine loveliness eclipse the renowned beauties of olden times.

Somewhere in this land your "loveliest woman" lives—a wife, a mother, a sister, or a sweetheart or a friend, but surely *someone* somewhere. It should be *your* pride and *your* effort that places *your* "loveliest woman" among the fifty whose fascination excels those of whom the poets sang. *Her* picture should be among "America's 50 loveliest women."

Will you place your faith in *your* "loveliest woman?" Will you make this exhibition the most notable presentation of womanly beauty the world has ever gazed upon?

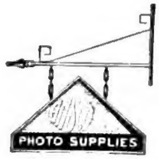
Conditions of this $5,000.00 contest are very simple. The Ansco dealer in your town will present you with full information and instructions with our compliments, or we will gladly mail you copies of the contest folder, if you will write



No. 3A Ansco Speedex takes 3¼ x 5½ size pictures, and is equipped with a high-grade Ansco Anastigmat lens and Optimo shutter with a maximum speed of 1/300th of a second. The price is $55.00.

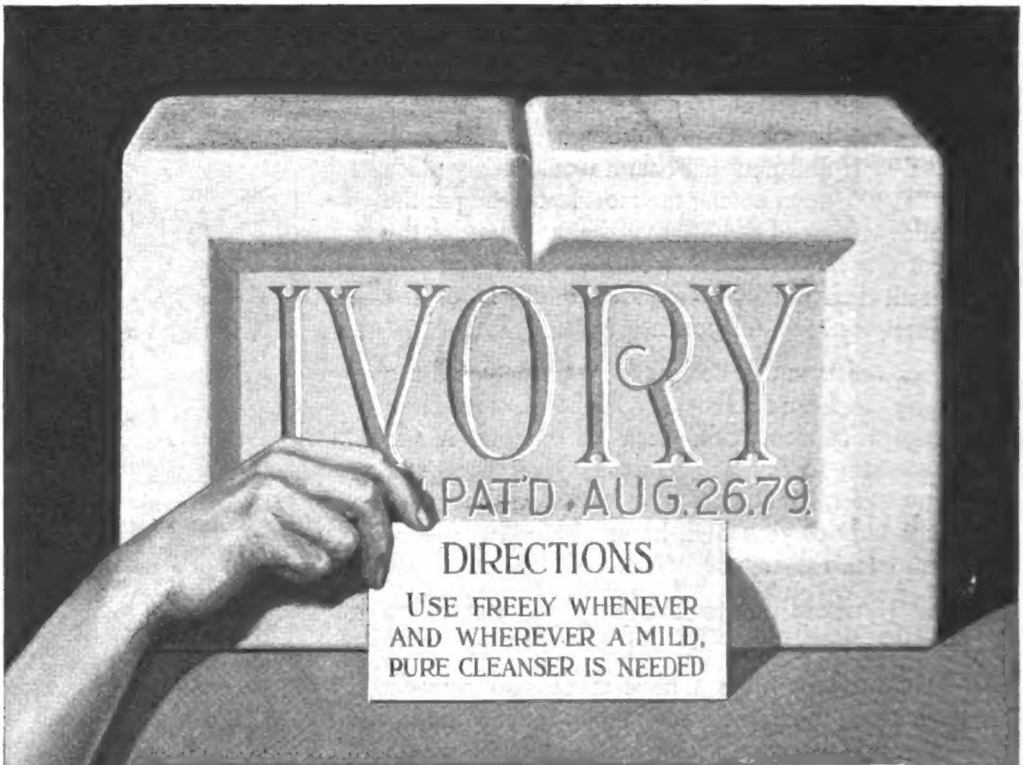
ANSCO COMPANY

produces the Ansco, the amateur camera of professional quality; Ansco color-value film; Cyko, the paper that gives prints of rich, soft quality that never fade, and Ansco photo chemicals. Their value in producing superior results has been proven many years by amateurs and professionals.



The sign of the Ansco dealer

ANSCO COMPANY, Dept. E, Binghamton, New York


IVORY
PAT'D. AUG. 26.79
DIRECTIONS
USE FREELY WHENEVER
AND WHEREVER A MILD,
PURE CLEANSER IS NEEDED

FOR the toilet, for the bath, in the nursery, in the laundry, in the kitchen, about the house—"whenever and wherever a mild, pure cleanser is needed"—Ivory Soap is needed.

IT FLOATS

IVORY SOAP . . . . $99\frac{44}{100}\%$ PURE

PEARS
holds Royal
Warrants of
Appointment
from
Four Queens
and
Three Kings

PEARS
holds 20
Highest
Possible
Awards won
in competition
with the
Whole World

READ THIS PLEASE

TO be fair of face is to have a beautiful complexion. Blonde or brunette, it does not matter, unless the complexion is smooth, clear and healthy, the face is lacking in the leading essentials of beauty.

"Pears' Soap

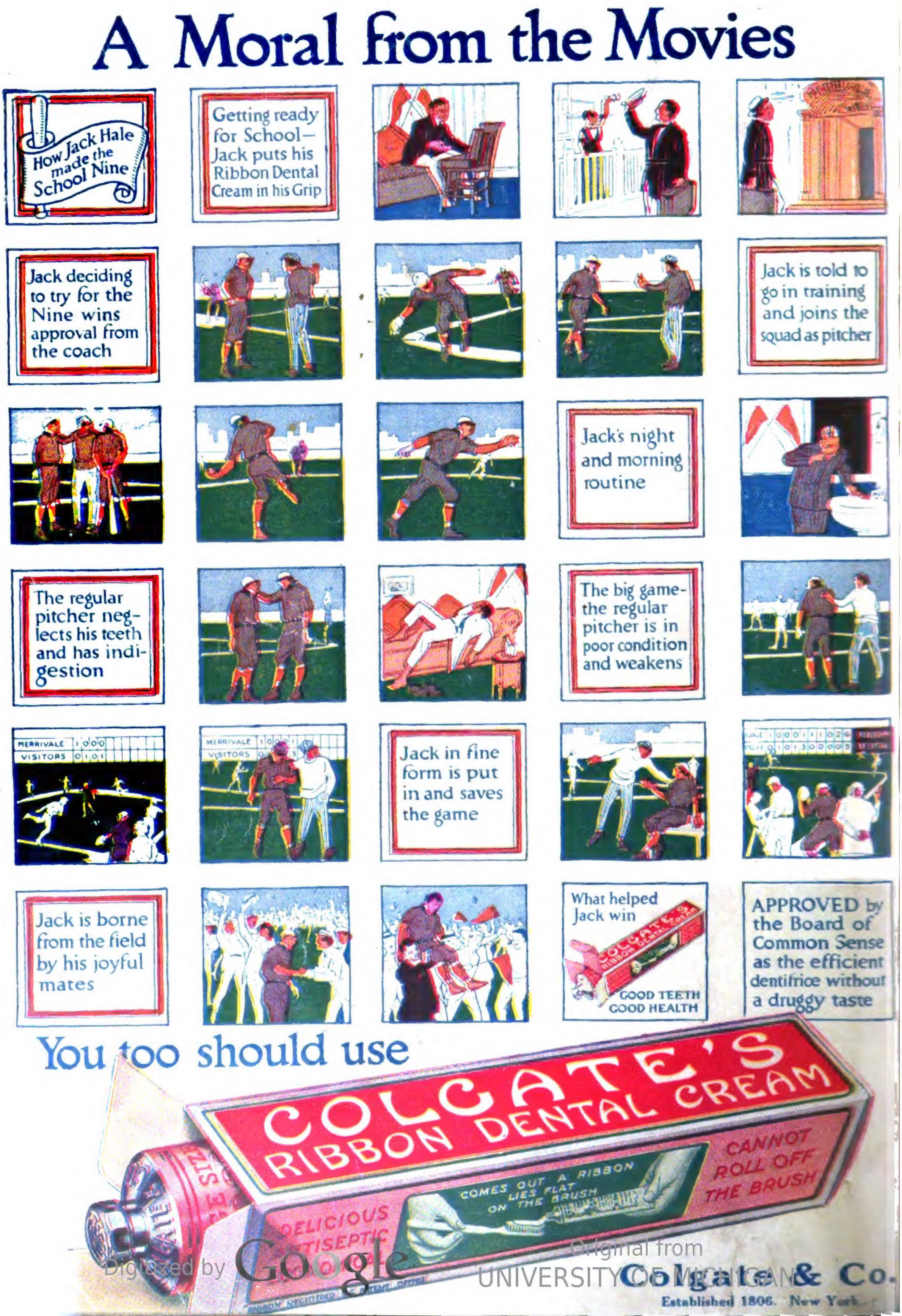
has been making beautiful complexions for the past century and a quarter. The leading beauties of six reigns have borne warm testimony to the beautifying effect of this specialty of specialties in toilet soaps, at once as pure as can be made; thus indeed

The King of Soaps and Soap of Kings

Matchless for the Complexion

"All rights secured"

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST



A Moral from the Movies

How Jack Hale made the School Nine

Getting ready for School—Jack puts his Ribbon Dental Cream in his Grip

Jack deciding to try for the Nine wins approval from the coach

Jack is told to go in training and joins the squad as pitcher

Jack's night and morning routine

The regular pitcher neglects his teeth and has indigestion

The big game—the regular pitcher is in poor condition and weakens

Jack in fine form is put in and saves the game

Jack is borne from the field by his joyful mates

What helped Jack win

GOOD TEETH
GOOD HEALTH

APPROVED by the Board of Common Sense as the efficient dentifrice without a druggy taste

You too should use

MERRIVALE
VISITORS
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COMES OUT A RIBBON LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH
CANNOT ROLL OFF THE BRUSH
DELICIOUS ANTISEPTIC

Colgate & Co.
Established 1806. New York